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From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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PIERPONT MORGAN, HIS ADVISERS AND HIS ORGANIZATION.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

FEW, even among those in the circles of highest finance, seem to have fully grasped the momentous consequences which the extraordinary aggregations of capital now forming must have in their train. It may be safely said that no mind is large enough, or far-seeing enough, to fully grasp just what the possession of a thousand millions will entail, not only to those now in business but to generations yet unborn.

Yet there are to-day two men each of whom controls more than a thousand millions — Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Morgan, it is said by those connected with him, is "not so rich." But he has behind him some of the greatest capitalists of the

world who, from long experience of the man, have confidence in his judgment, and are willing to advance hundreds of millions at his request, almost blindly, knowing that there will be profits and a

fair distribution when they shall be counted.

As will be presently shown, he works not merely for money but for the sense of power; probably most of all for the

intellectual exercise which is afforded by moving the world's greatest interests as an ordinary man places pawns and knights and queens on a chess-board.

Mr. Rockefeller is believed by many men, in close touch with finance, to actually have a thousand millions of dollars at his personal command; or, if not already the owner of a thousand millions, he will very shortly be, at the present rate of accumulation.

Each of these two men have behind them a

band of the greatest captains of industry of this or any age. Each stretches out the hand of authority until, between them, they cover the American world of transportation, banking and manufacturing,



GEORGE W. PERKINS.

and overshadow not a little of Europe.

I have the word, on the one hand, of Mr. Stillman, who stands at the head of New York's greatest bank, and is the most intimate associate of Mr. Rockefeller, and on the other, of Mr. George W. Perkins, Mr. Morgan's partner, that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller work in entire harmony.

Incidentally it is worthy of notice that, while this good-will prevails, it will be almost impossible to cause such disturbance of business as will result in financial panic. There are other causes, as will be presently explained, working to the same end. And this is the most important fact, if true, which can be stated to the American people.

This paper will be devoted to Mr. Morgan. In another issue of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, Mr. Rockefeller, his chiefs of staff, and his organization will be treated.

An understanding of these men and their ideals is, it goes without saying, of vast importance to all conditions of business.

Before going farther, it is worth while to try to form some estimate—it can only be done in a very crude sort of way—of what a thousand millions of dollars means.

Ex-Governor Francis, Director-General of the World's Fair, happened recently to comment to the writer on the fact that a little church in Pennsylvania had just celebrated the thousand millionth minute since Christ's coming on earth. "Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan, each of whom controls a billion dollars, should have been present," was remarked, jokingly.

But the suggestion started a train of thought. If one man owned as many dollars as there had been minutes since Christ's coming on earth, it was worth while estimating what that sum meant.

Here is the rough calculation:—

One thousand millions of dollars represents the labor of ten thousand men, given uninterruptedly every day of every year, at the average wages paid from the time of Christ up through the Middle Ages to the higher rewards of labor in the twentieth century.

Think of it! Ten thousand men, laboring every day, at average wages, for two thousand years, could only roll up an aggregate equal to the sum accumulated by one man in a short lifetime preceding 1903.

If this extraordinary disparity exists, the next question which arises is: "What may not a thousand millions in the hands of one man be used to accomplish, if, instead of being utilized for great universities, or in pursuit of such scientific researches as will benefit mankind, the owner should resolve to take over the empire which attaches to such wealth.

Let us suppose these millions in the hands of a thoroughly ambitious man. He determines to exercise to the fullest such power as they give.

The preliminary and most difficult step would be the conversion of his resources. When this would be completed he would have invested:—

First: In the controlling banks of the country:—

Two hundred millions.

Second: In the controlling railways of the United States:—

Two hundred millions.

Third: In mines and most important manufacturing operations:—

Two hundred and

seventy millions.

Fourth: For control of the leading newspapers of the United States:—

One hundred millions.

Fifth: For control of the commercial agencies:—

Five millions.

Sixth: For control in strategic charities and churches:—

Twenty millions.

Seventh: For retaining fees for leading lawyers and orators:—

Five millions.

Eighth: Deposited in safety-vaults in gold and legal tenders:—

Two hundred millions.

We will suppose all of this money to be placed with an eye to that strategical advantage which is so well understood to-day by men in haute finance.



CHARLES STEELE.

What then would be the situation? The investor would control by his investments:

First, all the leading banks in the country, and, in fact, the entire banking situation. No conservative banker would be likely to oppose plans backed by interests so gigantic. If any one dared to do so, he could quickly be bought out, and removed from a sphere where he might be in any way disagreeable.

Two hundred millions, also placed strategically, would control every railway in the United States. If any man presumed to "kick," his position could be made intenable by means of other influences at command.

Two hundred and fifty millions, invested in the United States' steel, copper and kindred interests, would give control of the great industries.

Then comes the question of the press for controlling public opinion. One hundred millions would buy the controlling interest in the leading papers of every city on this continent, with something to spare for London, Paris and Berlin.

Five millions would cover the commercial agencies. Twenty millions, again "strategically placed," would give such influence among church orators and dispensers of charities as to create a decidedly friendly sentiment. Five millions more as retaining-fees to orators and leading lawyers would not be without its efficiency. But, as a matter of fact, this would scarcely be needed. The ablest minds of the law would already have been attached to this interest, because of their legal connections with the banks, the transportation companies, the manufacturing and mining interests.

All the bright men in the newspaper world would either be engaged, or anticipate engagements, upon their press. In fact, there would be practically no journalistic career outside, except to the man willing to sacrifice his material prosperity to advocacy of a cause.

But all the powers already enumerated are feeble in comparison with the two hundred millions of gold and legal tenders held

in reserve. Placed to-day in circulation, next week withdrawn, again circulated and again withdrawn, the control of such a sum is a power sufficiently vast to make or wreck any institution or set of institutions. There have been times when the sudden withdrawal of even fifty millions from Wall Street at a time of monetary stringency would have been sufficient to have spread the widest ruin.

Through the railways and industries which he controls the investor has now in his employ not only the best brains in the legal profession but also subservient to his interests the ablest minds in the business world. The editor who would not find in the great aggregation of newspapers, dominated by a financial monarch, his best opportunity for employment, would be only he who held unpurchasable opinions. There

might even be organized a bureau, modeled on General Von Moltke's staff, whose business should be to pick up, at an early age, young men giving signs of marked ability. And as for national government! The most absolute monarchy that ever existed was merely an independent people in comparison with the solidarity of government by a thousand millions of dollars.

Having made the review of the powers which control at the close of the year 1902, I may now proceed.



F. L. STETSON.

In preparing this article, I had occasion to ask two questions of a member of Mr. Morgan's firm.

The first was: "Does Mr. Morgan believe in a republic as the highest type of government?"

The second was: "All great successes are founded upon certain underlying principles. What is it that has brought about Mr. Morgan's progress in affairs?"

The gentleman to whom I proposed the first inquiry came back at me with a question:—

"Do you believe that any man can secure permanent success in a large way along lines which are inimical to the interest of the general public?"

"No."

"Mr. Morgan holds the same opinion. He is a firm believer in the republic as the highest type of government. He also believes in the common sense of the average American. It is true that he takes large profits in payment for his own brain-work and capital and the brain-work and capital of those associated with him. But the enterprises themselves are for the public good inasmuch as all work of organization, culminating in a saving of labor, increased production of better quality, must eventuate in lower prices. Every dollar of unnecessary labor done away with is a step toward greater leisure and greater comfort for the mass of humanity." These are not the gentleman's own words, but they express, I think, fairly, the ideas underlying a lengthy conversation.

From the same talk I gathered this conception: Mr. Morgan bases his dealings with those associated with him upon such principles of fairness and liberal treatment as inspire confidence. He never wavers from this idea, never descends to a lie, to prevarication or subterfuge. His preparation of a plan of operation is so inherently strong as to command the respect of the able brains to which it must be submitted.

I do not believe that Mr. Morgan has a very clear comprehension of a government by the people, as an organization. Perhaps this is a mistake, and his ultimate plans may develop a character the like of which the world has never seen. It is possible that, like Napoleon, he makes use of warfare to get into his hands a power to accomplish; and, having secured this, he may exhibit such a profound understanding of government as was shown in the Code Napoleon and in the development of an industrial and social system beside which the beet-sugar factories, the national highways, and the financial system of Napoleon were mere crudities. But I doubt if he has made studies which will enable him to follow up his preliminary successes, and

bestow permanent benefits upon his country.

Extraordinary power has been given this man. He will be judged in the future not by its acquisition but by the use he makes of it. It is impossible to believe that a purely selfish desire to make or the mere desire for excitement in carrying out plans should be underneath schemes so far-reaching. Such a brain must have an ambition far beyond. History will say that all efforts up to this time have been petty if, having the power, he fails to produce commensurate benefits for his country. Take the one question of a financial system. Petty schemes, instigated by private interest, have at all times stood in the way of a truly scientific money system for the United States—one founded on such broad

lines that its benefits must be permanent. Half a dozen trivial, selfish and unworthy schemes will be presented at early sessions of Congress. If Mr. Morgan should be instrumental in having this one problem well thought out, his countrymen would have eternal cause for gratitude.

If not, then we may well ask ourselves: "What is to be the ultimate outcome of these vast aggregations?"

Personally, I do not fear for the country. Education is so rapidly developing the American mind

that ideals are every day becoming higher. No man or set of men may stand in the path of this progress toward the highest form of republican institutions. There will be at all times enough men ready to step to the front, and say "No," in words that will carry across the continent. Having these two fundamental thoughts in mind as the basis for Mr. Morgan's system, we can now proceed to the organization which is required to carry out such comprehensive schemes. First: A banking-house in New York, on the most prominent corner of the financial district, at Broad and Wall Streets. Here Mr. Morgan sits, so to speak, under the eye of the public, in direct touch with all classes



GEORGE FISHER BAKER.

of men. There are chief clerks in many establishments who surround themselves with more safeguards, and are more difficult of access, than Mr. Morgan. The general public comes to within a few feet of his desk, and stands separated only by a glass partition.

The man experienced in affairs knows that, if he incases himself in mysterious recesses of inner offices, some well-intentioned employee or associate may prevent him from seeing persons whose work might become of vast importance. This quality of easy accessibility to the right men is one which makes for success in the large man. All in all, I think Mr. Morgan's management of this detail is one of the best I have ever seen.

The Morgan firm also has houses in London, Philadelphia and Paris. In Philadelphia the house is Drexel & Company. In London it is J. S. Morgan & Company, and is under the direction of Mr. Morgan's son, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr. The Paris house of Morgan, Harjes & Company is rather doing a miscellaneous banking business than conducting the large affairs transacted by those of London and Philadelphia. In Philadelphia the partners are Mr. Edward T. Stotesbury and Mr. James W. Paul, Jr.

There are six men in New York who stand closest to Mr. Morgan in large affairs. These are Mr. George F. Baker, President of the First National Bank, which is one of the two largest banks in New York, with whom Mr. Morgan keeps in touch, and doubtless not only finds a general adviser but one who brings to his aid the most intimate knowledge of the banking world; Mr. Samuel Spencer, now so intimately connected with southern railways, was formerly a partner, and probably he was Mr. Morgan's strongest adviser on all subjects relating to land transportation.

Mr. Clement A. Griscom, President of

the International Mercantile Marine Company, is in direct command of the most recent of Mr. Morgan's enterprises which has taken over the American, Red Star, White Star, Atlantic Transport, Old Dominion and Leyland lines, a total of above one hundred and twenty steamships. Newspaper report makes the estimate of savings by this combination to be from eight to ten millions of dollars annually.

In Wall Street it is commonly said that Mr. Perkins is the Secretary of State of the Morgan cabinet. In the closest personal touch with his chief, possessing a mind of striking independence, he brings to the conference fresh views and arguments

which are always his own. He can quickly grasp the presentation of points of view not previously covered by his own scope. He does not hesitate to concede the vantage-ground to an opponent in argument. The average organization is so apt to be a mutual-admiration society that it is difficult to overestimate the strength secured from a counselor of fair mind, great capacity for clear analysis, and absolute loyalty even to the extent of criticism.



MR. MORGAN AND MR. STEELE.

Mr. Perkins may be overestimated in this judgment, but such was the reading I made in the course of some eight or ten interviews which I had with him while passing between Mr. Mitchell's and Mr. Morgan's offices in an attempt to settle the coal strike on a basis of equity for the several parties concerned. Mr. Perkins has the advantage of having spent some years of his life in the West. His first great success was as Manager of Agencies for the New York Life Insurance Company. He knows well the people of nearly every part of the country, and has a good working knowledge of nearly every city—an equipment that cannot easily be overestimated.

While vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, he was brought

into contact with Mr. Morgan. My recollection is that it had something to do with a Russian loan which Mr. Perkins financed. Shortly after, a tender was made to Mr. Perkins to come into the firm as partner. A little later the tender was again made. Both of them were on the condition that he should resign the vice-presidency of the New York Life Insurance Company. Later on, this was waived, and Mr. Perkins is not only the partner of Mr. Morgan but the vice-president of one of the world's three largest insurance companies. As a director in the United States Steel Company, he represents Mr. Morgan in the government of that company.

Mr. Charles Steele, another partner, occupies a particularly close relationship to Mr. Morgan. Possessing a trained legal mind, fully conversant with the interests and endless ramifications of the many organizations, he is able to keep the most vigilant watch over any trend likely to lead in an unfavorable direction. I had occasion to state to him in an hour's talk the result of an interview with Mr. Mitchell which covered the situation in the anthracite region. He went carefully over the points made, seemed ready to assent to any reasonable view, and was sympathetic with those less fortunate than himself—a quality which must be a considerable factor in the success of any man who will hereafter deal with large affairs.

At that time, during the coal strike, when the newspapers were most severely criticizing him for his indifference, Mr. Morgan was devoting a considerable portion of his days to the most careful study of the situation, and in attempts to relieve it. On at least one day these conferences were carried into the evening with entire disregard of the dinner-hour. And when it is not the coal strike, it is some other subject equally engrossing and making demands upon every hour. His life is strenuous to a degree unknown even to

the occupant of the White House: because the problems are so complex, and the results of failure to properly differentiate all elements involved are so serious.

Incidental to the organization of business, comes a widespread upheaval of values and conditions. The thousands being thrown out of employment have not felt great personal inconvenience, because prosperous times have made work for all. More serious, however, is the extra tax levied upon the laboring man through the gradually advancing prices of the necessities of life. An added capitalization of three thousand millions, at six per cent., means an interest charge of one hundred and eighty millions. If that were all perhaps it would not be too heavy a burden. But

every hour piles up increased capitalization, and new taxes in the shape of increased prices, until it is impossible to estimate the figures upon which the public will eventually be called to pay interest.

Because around him revolve such tremendous plans and forces, Mr. Morgan is and must remain the most interesting figure to-day before the public. Working silently, the world knows but little of his projects until they are finally launched,

full rigged, with sails stretching and colors flying. But the passion for organization is one that takes full possession of the soul, and the imagination has a wide range as to what his future plans may encompass, if health holds. Each day brings forth some new suggestion in the columns of the press as regards either Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller: "Giant Trust! Consolidation of all Gas, Electric and Street-car Companies—Plan to Make Electricity from Oil—Cars by Day, Light by Night—Supply by Pipe-line." That is the weird head-line of the modern newspaper. But yet it does not equal the marvelous plans that are doubtless in preparation.



SAMUEL SPENCER.



A "FIVE-O'CLOCK."

PARIS, CITY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

BY VANCE THOMPSON.

IT was the hour when, in the Parisian world, it is quite fashionable to "five-o'clocker." On the heights of Bellevue, at the Pavillon Bleu of Saint-Cloud, at a half dozen leafy resorts in the Bois de Boulogne, society was taking its tea—taking it knowingly with lemon, immorally with rum, humdrumly with sugar and cream—in any case doing its best to "five-o'clocker" in the smartest English way. Already the yellowing leaves were falling in the alleys of the Bois, although the sun shone with summer insolence. In the Avenue des Acacias was an endless stream of carriages, automobiles, cavaliers, "five-o'clockeurs." Charming, intelligently idle, the Parisians from all parts of the world took tea or took the air or took their ease under a sky as violet as that of Athens. I was walking there with a man who had just come from the western rim of the American continent. He was, however, a professor of belles-lettres, and Boston was neatly graven, I am sure, in small capitals upon his heart. A tall man, resolutely beardless, he carried his hands behind him as he walked—as Napoleon did, and, I believe, Mr. Pickwick. He looked at the shifting crowd—the shining horses, the

splendid women, the turning wheels and the patches of white and color—and he said: "Has it ever struck you how hideous modern civilization is?"

"It struck Ruskin," I said.

At that moment a swift, white automobile went past us, trailing a faint cloud of steam, and vanished down the road among the purple, slim poplars.

"Is that hideous?" I asked him.

He told me what Ruskin had said about trousers and steam-engines and corsets; and he believed it all because it had been printed in a book by a lonely, soured and dogmatic old man. In his day Ruskin probably did more esthetic evil than most men manage to do, simply because he talked more cant. And he has left so many disciples! Some of them are artists, some of them are



MADemoiselle NANON.

painters, some of them are critics and professors; they are all honorable men and, I dare say, amiable, but they will persist in decrying top-hats, tall chimneys, frock coats, steam-engines. Now this is all cant, and indeed old and faded cant. In every age the artists of the thoughtless sort have sought for beauty in a period other than that in which they lived. Ruskin was only the most flagrant of them. Both Taine and Renan were victims of this optical illusion.

eighteenth century; some of the more daring ones even admit the charm of the berlines and diligences of 1835, and the coats with brandenburgs and gilt buttons which Beau Walsh invented about that time. But they can't see the beauty in a trolley-car. Indeed, for them, nothing is really beautiful unless it has the patina of the past upon it. In a way, they are right. There is no patina like the dust of time. Love for Notre Dame or the windows of Chartres, should not, however, render one un-



A PUBLIC FUNCTION.

Think you the car of Achilles was as beautiful—had the esthetic import—of the swift, white automobile that swept past you a moment ago? That there was more harmony in the peplos of a smart Athenian dame than in the jimp-waisted frock the Parisian girl flutters along in? That Doctor Goldsmith's peach-colored velvet was more graceful than the evening coat you dine in? Not in the slightest degree. Artists who derive their esthetics from the Ruskins and Taines have come now to the point that they admit the beauty of the

just to the esthetic significance of a spidery elevated railroad or a many-windowed factory, flying windy pennants of smoke. Science has given a new aspect to things. Democracy has modified the souls of men. These changes have been so recent and so tumultuous that we are not yet quite in tune with them. Ruskin was completely bewildered by them, and scolded. A harmless, necessary pair of black trousers (or gray) was to him anathema. A few great painters—like Courbet, Manet, Millet—a sculptor, Rodin, have been wiser; they

have found the essence of a new beauty in the corsetted or trousered figures of our day. They do not envy Van Dyck his cavaliers, nor Watteau his beribboned shepherdesses. Our grandchildren, looking back into these days of ours, will, I am sure, sigh nostalgically for our silk hats, and find them far more esthetic than their own, and they will be as artistically interested in railway-engines, steamships, factories and tenement-houses of our building as are we in the post-coaches, sailing-ships, castles and churches of the past.

"And why," I asked the resolutely beardless man who walked the Bois with me, "and why should we rob ourselves of the fun our grandchildren are going to have? Get in tune with the Eiffel Tower! Your grandchildren will come and stare at it as reverently as you stare at the spire of the Sainte Chapelle. They know what's what—those unborn descendants of ours—imitate them, my dear professor. And this silk hat of mine—admire it!—they will, ranking it with the plumed hat of Cyrano for forthright picturesqueness."

But the professor would not admire my



MADemoiselle WALLÉRY.



man, except William Tell, so obstinate on the matter of hats—it would have served him right if I had stuck an apple on his little son's head, and made him take pot-shots at it.

"And the women, delicate and expressive, who pass, sheathed in perfect garments?"

"Have they the sane beauty of the Venus of Milo?" he retorted.

Ah, that old and empty answer! That great marbly, stomachic female of whom the Ruskins have raved merely by way of belittling



AN HEIRESS OF THE AGES.

the modern woman who resembles her no more than a modern race-horse does one of the cart-horses on the Parthenon frieze. She is beefy, ventripotent, the Venus, with a decided look of underbreeding. Beside any of the beautiful women of our day—these glorious creatures who ride and dance and go out on the links in red, whose perfect bodies are perfectly trained and perfectly appareled, the Venus of Milo looks like a peasant girl, deformed by the overeating of carrots. Race tells. In race-making, time tells, also. We breed finer women than they did in Greece. Some slim and faultless Otéro, some Cléo de Mérode of visionary charm, could she slip back through a loophole of the years into antique Greece, would set the world by the ears as never Helen did.

There is more beauty in the Bois of an afternoon than ever was in the ancient world. Our horses outrun Bucephalus. Our women outcharm, outgift, outimpulse all the dead women of whom there is so much pother.

THE VENUS OF CAPUA.



MADemoiselle DARTY.

stream of pretty women. "In twenty years not one of them will be beautiful," he said, cynically. It seemed to be a consolation and a vengeance. It was the first real pleasure he had had all afternoon—



MADemoiselle LOTY.

in a couple of decades these riant and splendid women would be faded and unlovely, the main point is that they are beautiful now and have a distinct esthetic influence upon life. They are painted on canvas, cut into stone, enshrined in verse, caught in the net of



MADemoiselle MICRIS.

These things I said to the professor who came from the rim of the new continent. He took them as frigidly as the iron negro at the Moulin-Rouge takes the blows that muscular youth implants upon the leather stomach-*pad* he wears.

He looked at the stream of pretty women. "In twenty years not one of them will be beautiful," he said, cynically. It seemed to be a consolation and a vengeance. It was the first real pleasure he had had all afternoon—the entertainment of a morose and brutal thought.

Will they not? I am not so sure of that. A beautiful woman is always beautiful. There is the beauty of gray hairs. Men have known it. But even if it were true that

in a couple of decades these riant and splendid women would be faded and unlovely, the main point is that they are beautiful now and have a distinct esthetic influence upon life. They are painted on canvas, cut into stone, enshrined in verse, caught in the net of prose. They are links in the chain of beauty. They took up the torch that fell from the hands of the grandes dames of the Second Empire; and they will hand it on. And that is their function—as it is the function of Pierrot to be white. They carry on the ideal, they perfect the type, and they

widen the esthetic significance of feminine beauty.

Fletcher of Saltoun was more concerned about songs than laws; a sagacious philosopher might better neglect a nation's statesmen than its women. It is from them that he will deduce the axiom upon which any given society lives. Those crinolined women who danced and flirted at Compiègne during the Second Empire were the makers of Sedan. From Empress to ballerina they danced in an apotheosis of gold and pleasure and prosperity; always the piper gets himself paid. They were women of blood and gold. Their daughters take the air of the Bois to-day. It is a different generation. You may see them pass in Paul Bourget's books, even as they do in the Bois, slightly amused at life, a trifle bored by it, indifferent to it as to a comedy in which they have negligible rôles. The sagacious philosopher would deduce that the Third Republic is not all it promised to be; should he consult the statesmen he would find the same disillusion, not so clearly expressed, not so definitely felt.

In Paris, I believe, is the most violent life, both intellectual and nervous, that man may find to live anywhere upon the contemporary globe. Do you remember a song the señoritas of Seville sang in the sixteenth century? Something like this:—

To the German wars my Bartolo is gone,
But soon will he come back,
A-leading for me a little Lutheran
With a rope round his neck.

More or less, and each man in his degree, we are all little Lutherans, whom Paris leads with a rope round the neck. And that is true chiefly because Paris is not a French city, but is indeed Cosmopolis. What is thought or done in science or art or democracy at the heart of this spider-web trembles along innumerable filaments to every spot on earth. In a truer sense than ever Rome was, Paris is Cosmopolis. Her work is done by men who have come up to her from all lands. Englishmen, Italians, Germans, Poles, sit in her parliament, and have sway in her civic affairs; you may have your pocket picked any day by an Englishman; any night a German will burglarize your house; Italian coiners give you false money, and Polish beggars cadge to you. The Parisian



MADEMOISELLE ST. CYR.

They are not French; In vague chateaux the France still keeps its purity. have made for themselves babel of Cosmopolis, but they The Parisians are of another the wide world. True as dames it is truer, it may be, entertain the folk of Cos- and sing and dance on the is alien by birth or origin. types of Parisian beauty de Mérode has the fragile astray from dim cloisters of Bruges; Otéro summons up for you visions of Seville—masks and naked knives, the cries at the bull-fight, the yellow tumult of an auto da fé; the Cavalieri brings with her the pathos and fervor of Naples; in Vera Dimidoff's fatidic eyes you see the eternal mystery of the steppes. Thus might one tie a tag of racial distinction to every famous or fashionable woman of the Parisian hour. They have come from all lands; almost you might say they have come up out of all the centuries, so strangely atavistic are the types you see.

"Paris, my dear philosopher from the western rim, is not a city—it is a mirror, before which art folk, beauty folk, literary folk, lovers of life, pose, posture and try on new clothes."

financiers have come from the palaces or ghetti of Hamburg or the Orient, her artists from the four points of the compass, and her great men are of every race and land.

In fact, you will find everything in Paris—even Frenchmen.

In this ferment of nationalities, in this class of racial prejudices, instincts, social habitudes, inevitably life is violent in its intellectual play. Frenchmen built the hall; they still sit at the head of the table; but more and more they are being jostled and crowded by uninvited guests—which is the penalty for having created Cosmopolis, and writ large upon the entrance-gate: "Egalité, Fraternité." Now what I have said of the complexity of Paris is applicable, of course, to the women whose beauty may be, in a way, publicly admired, be it in a box at the Opéra, be it at the riding-hour in the Bois, be it at the Salon or some charity fête at the Trianon. They are children of Cosmopolis. These coroneted women have come from the lakeshore drives of the middle west, from the avenues of New York, from Russian oil-fields, from strange Galician outposts of trade and thrift, or from the mysterious Orient.

they are Parisian.

old, half-royal blood of The great nobles of the land a little stately world in this are a negligible quantity. race; they are daughters of this is of the grandes of the beautiful women who mopolis. Of those who play stage a notable proportion It is for this reason the vary so widely. Your Cléo beauty of some Beguine nun



MADEMOISELLE DE VERE



AN ARTIST'S MODEL.



LA CAVALIERI.

The professor did not deny it; what was there to deny? He remarked that French cigars were very bad. Then he lighted one, and smoked it without visible tokens of joy. He smoked, as

"Let us walk on," he said; we walked on.

Society was going home; it streamed past us—a cascade of beautiful women; the purple shadows Monet loved to paint were growing denser among the tree-stems. In silence (for each of us was trying to think of something stunning to say) we came to the Lac Inférieur. It was beautiful as molten tin. So I told the professor about my friend Steneka, long dead, who loved the Volga. Once, coming back from the wars, he came suddenly upon the



AN AFTERNOON GATHERING AT THE PETIT TRIANON.

he took his other pleasures, in a spirit of obstinate self-sacrifice. He drank three cups of tea, not as though he liked it—he seemed to be a good Samaritan, putting it away where it wouldn't get cold. I poured him out a fourth cup. It was by way of testing his moral nature. I wondered whether he would leave that lonely, little cup to chill and fade on the cold table in the windy Bois, or whether he would house it safely with its three little orphan sisters. He hesitated—I could see the hesitation in his gloomy eyes; then charity prevailed—he housed the little stranger under his waistcoat.

shining stream.

"Oh! Volga, my lady!" he cried. "How I love you!"

Then, by way of tribute, he cast into her fondling waves a Persian princess. 'Twas a splendid compliment, and not undeserved. Now the Lac Inférieur was beautiful as glass, beautiful as tin. An American professor would have been a fitting tribute—a splendid compliment, and not undeserved—but I am thriftier than Steneka; I don't waste Persian princesses in that way, nor even



MLLE. ORMY.

casual professors. In this case I was rewarded, for my professor spoke, and he said: "I've been thinking of what you said."

"'Twas the reason I said it—whatever it was—it is a pleasure to stimulate your intelligence."

"Of what you said of our having improved the race of women," the man from the western rim continued. "I've been thinking it over—it's bosh."

Some men would have answered the professor's argument; I let him talk on.

"As a race, we go round and round in a circle, like a mill-horse. We change, but we don't get ahead. Now look at woman——"

"I will," I agreed. "I will look at any woman."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the professor. "There is no humor in mere nonsense. My purpose is to instruct you. In the first place, then, let us look upon woman from a physical point of view——"

"'Tis a good way to look at her," I acquiesced.

"And then, if it can be made clear that she has advanced physically, has, as I might say, developed in bodily beauty or adaptability, we can go on to discuss her intelligence. I take as the type of feminine beauty the Venus of——"

The trouble Mr. Dick had with the head of the lamented King Charles was nothing to it;



MADemoisELLE DAINOT.



MADemoisELLE WALLERY POSING.

the professor simply couldn't keep that fragmentary woman out of his conversation.

"That really proves nothing at all, my dear professor," I said.

"There are, to-day, women who have far larger waists than your Venus, only—they do something for it."

The professor was disgusted. (Even so looked Odysseus, when, doubling Cape Malia on his way home from Troy, he met the north-



THE VENUS OF MILO.

east wind.) He threw away his cigar, and went on with his argument. It lasted us till we came to St. Cloud. It went with us down through the forest of Sevres. It mounted with us in the funicular railway which spun us up into the lights and laughter of Bellevue. And there, among a rout of merry and "developed" women from all the big dots on the map, it died away.

Were they more beautiful, those women of the great, dead years? Those heroines of Greece who have come down to us in marble? The Tarpeias and Volumnias round whom cling the awful odor of Latin grammars? I do not know. I love the white lady who leans down from her eternal balcony of romance, watching the lists wherein her lover takes so gallant a career; and Yvonne, riding through the dewy uplands, a hawk



MADMOISELLE CAVALIERI IN EVENING COSTUME.

the woman of our day, she is have gone before her, for is wiser than they because and suffered in the years. and crumbled bread on the Paris. Her face was sad, as were fatidic, as though she saw the future. They brought soup to us. Silently we ate. (One should, I believe, eat one's soup as noiselessly as possible, if one is really fashionable; and we were fashionable folk.) They brought us eggs à la Russe—large, firm eggs, frozen in a white sauce that was winy and spicy and glorious. The Russian eggs were a compliment to the eyes in which glimmered the mystery of the steppes. I swallowed mine as though it were a Persian princess. The American professor fed his eggs into himself, one by one,



MLLE. DIETERLE.

on her gauntleted wrist; and Lady Bellamour, who ogled and idled through the patched, raddled, rouged eighteenth century; and the ardent girl who wore the red Phrygian cap of liberty, and girdled her slim frock under her arms, and danced in sandals; and my grandmama in her curls and prodigious crinoline—but were they more beautiful than this woman who leans on the parapet, staring down into the valley of the Seine where Paris lies, a tangle of night and light and mystery? More beautiful, think you?

It is here we are to dine, O western-rimmed professor! See, yonder is our table—the white linen and silver and crystal of it shining like a good deed in a naughty world—and you shall sit by her side, and she will answer the question. She is the woman of our day. And being



MLLE. ROBINSON.

more beautiful than all the women who she is the heiress of their beauty. She her heritage is all they knew and learned

The heiress of the ages sat with us white cloth, and looked down upon though she knew the past; her eyes



MADMOISELLE MARVILLE.



MADemoisELLE REGNIER.

A puzzled look came over her face.

"Milo?" she said, tentatively, "why I thought it was Gounod's."

A puzzled look came over our faces.

"Oh," she cried, "how stupid of me! Why, I was thinking of Sappho."

And so there was no answer and no decision. The professor with the Boston-engraved heart, will go back to the western rim of the continent, and spread his opinion; I shall button up mine under my waistcoat, and keep it for myself. I didn't mind at all, but the professor looked at her



MADemoisELLE DE VRIES.

her fatidic eyes, and asked her the question that had haunted us all afternoon.

"Are the women of to-day," said the professor, wagging his forefinger, "as beautiful as the Venus of Milo?"

MADemoisELLE CAVALIERI
POSING.MLLE. DIETERLE
POSING.

disapprovingly—as if she were a French cigar. The coffee cooled in our little gilt-rimmed cups. The

table-candles tossed flickering lights on our faces. Beneath us, far down the hill, the Seine coiled away into the blue and yellow marvel which is Paris. The lady tapped strange Russian rhythms on the dumb piano of the table. Peace

was upon us. The professor spoke first.

"I was at Fontainebleau yesterday," he said. "A fine, old place—vestibule d'honneur, salon de reception, the old library—very interesting."

"And you?" she asked. "You have been there?"

"Many times," said I, "to feed the old carp in the pond."

"And the mirror—have you seen the mirror?" she added, leaning across the table. "It was the first looking-glass sent into France. It was given to Catherine de' Medici, long, long ago."

The professor told us the year; I have forgotten it, not out of disrespect to him, but because it didn't interest me.

"It is there—in a gilt frame on the wall—it is old and cloudy—very dim—it is like looking into a pool of water," she went on in a pretty mill-race of Russo-French.

"And what did you see in it?"

And she told us what she had seen—first herself, and then, as she looked longer and more intently, she saw other faces—all the dead women who had bathed their beauty in that mirror as in the

pool—all the dead women with coiling hair and bright eyes, who had loved and laughed and ruled the world at Fontainebleau—all the women who had drowned their beauty in the green depths of it, and lay there, dead and deathlessly beautiful. It was very strange. In an awed way, the professor whispered to himself: "Two and two are four!" over and over again, as

A CELEBRATED
MODEL.

MADAMOISELLE
CLAIRVAL.MADAMOISELLE
TALME.MADAMOISELLE HAYGATE
POSING.

though reason were tottering on its throne. Gradually he pulled himself together, and told us that of all the bosh he had ever heard——

The heiress of all the ages looked at him with enigmatic eyes; they were the eyes of the Monna Lisa in the Louvre.

"Don't mind him," I said. "He doesn't understand."

"Oh," said the heiress, "I see—he is not the kind of folk who drown themselves in mirrors!"

The professor was so busy with anxious thoughts as to whether two and two were really four that he did not hear. Yet, had he known it, all evening the heiress of the ages had been answering his question. Woman's divine right to be beautiful grows stronger by the exercise of it—like all tyrannies, good or bad.

It is not strange then, Paris being the city of beautiful women, that it should likewise, as it is, be the city of beautiful gowns. The two are a unit and inseparable, and the artistic temperament that has effected the one is surely the cause for the other.

Paris is the one great city in the world where luxury is universal rather than aristocratic. The little dressmaker's girl has a sentiment for luxury. While others may have more costly toilets, there is nothing to prevent her from

having a "chic" toilet. She knows how to cut out the symbol of simplicity, the "robe légère d'une entière blancheur" so that it will look distinguished.

The women of Paris, as no other women of the world, make their toilet their art. They alone seem to hold the secret that to make up dresses well there must be the innate feeling of what one is carrying out. The American woman (and, not unlike her, the English and the German woman) places her order for a gown in the hands of some so-called art dressmaker, and the matter rests there. It is all in the hands of the modiste, and her ingenuity is expected to design artistic individuality into a hundred different gowns. The Parisian dressmaker not only has her own native artistic conceptions at her command but she is never left to act as the sole architect of her designs. The Parisian women have studied carefully their own individual needs and limitations in colors and their various shades. Living in the fashionable, aristocratic and, above all, "comme il faut" world, these ladies suggest ideas, innovations and changes in detail, and this is why the women of Paris are gowned in that distinguished fashion, true fashion, the fashion beyond the ken of the crowd, the quintessence of the superlative of beauty.



MADAMOISELLE VERENA.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

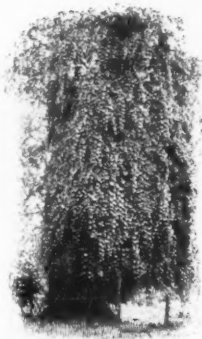
BY HELEN LUKENS JONES.

EACH phase of Nature voices its own individual harmony. Each landscape, be it bleak or luxuriant, teems with some rich melody that sings its way into the heart of man.

Nature in her most entrancing moods may be absolutely silent, but the great waves of light and shadow that illumine and soften her outlines, and the wealth of colors, meek or gay, that clothe her, make her beauty sing and pulsate with visible melodies. Fields, mountains, desert and sea abound in grand, vibrating, pictured harmonies, allegro vivace among high lights and brilliant colors, religioso, misterioso and andante sostenuto among the shadows. Ever resounding from God's great canvas, on which he has painted the world, comes the grand chorus—a chorus where marvelous cadences rise and fall in response to the coqueties and moods of the Nature-world. Birds, bees, butterflies and all



CON TRANSPORTO.



SCHERZO.

wild children join in the grand concert; hurrying winds toss and broadcast their sonorous notes; the stream adds its murmur, and the torrent its roar, while every leaf and flower and twig rustle a glad accompaniment and a joyous chorus. To be in the midst of such music, even for a day, gives man a new lease of life, and perhaps he realizes for the first time that it is splendid to have eyes that see the beauties, and ears that catch the messages of forest, stream, clouds and all Nature-life. Perhaps he is just a little glad also of the feet that carry him through the fern meadows, or take him to the crest of some grand mountain, where he may stand above the world, alone with God.

The very heart and soul and character of the human performer irrepressibly flood his music, making the keyboard ring with the melodies and discords of his inner being. The tears in his heart cry out, while happiness pulses forth and frolics among the notes. Love, passion and despair have their own wild melodies, while all the wickedness and vindictiveness of his heart dance through the music like a drove of demons. And so it is in Nature: each and everything, great and small, revealing the musical synonym of its heart.

Human music is technique in league with the soul. The music of Nature is life in league with the Infinite.

It is literally true that inanimate Nature sings its own song, for by using a tuning-fork, and listening carefully when out-of-doors, the results are most interesting. By this method the different tones can be ascertained, each cañon and each crest at different elevations having individual themes, while the music of field, desert or sea is revealed in the same way.

The music of the deep, which resounds

of moonlight illumine and halo shadowy outlines, the sea murmurs a rhythmic benedictus, full of solemnity, power and prayer. In the height of the tempestuous fury, "when the top of the sea tumbles under, and the bottom leaps out in the air," its voice vibrates with discordancy, antagonism and death. It is a wild, fierce melody—one that threatens to shatter the firmament, and tear asunder the cords of the earth; the clouds, belching forth their thunder like titanic drums, link voice with the tumult; while, amid the chaos, sea-birds shriek and flutter.

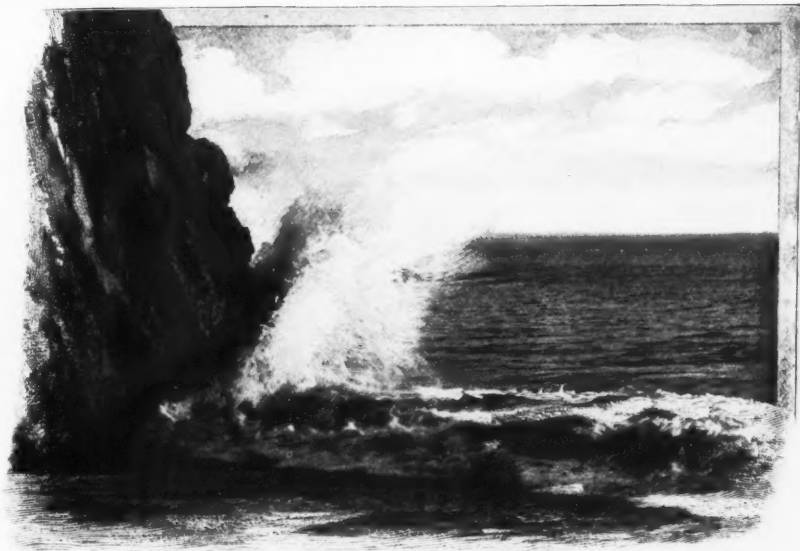
The moods and melodies of the fields are less erratic and more harmonious than those of the sea. In the sun-tossed areas, where the grasses shimmer and flowers frolic in festive array, there is neither pathos nor tumult, but an unending, joyous tranquillity. Before the winter rains refresh the thirsty earth fields gleam in garments of golden brown, but soon after the coming of Jupiter Pluvius, tiny specks of green crowd among last year's weeds, grasses and flower-stalks, and the weaving of Nature's



TRANQUILLO.

with the wild crescendos of tempests, the allegretto scherzando of play, and the lento sostenuto of peace, is bewildering in its majesty and seductive in its calm. There is a sparkling brilliancy in its melody when it gambols among the coast-rocks; but in the vast silences of night, when golden shafts

spring garments is carried on with a vim. Miles and miles of uncultivated areas shake their huge sides with the laughter of spring, while the guiding hand of the Infinite garlands them with marvelous flowers, each blossom a living thought from the Creator, a message of comfort, encouragement and



AGITATO.

cheer to all mankind. In very joy these blossoms sing the Frost King's requiem, and take even icy winter from the chilled heart of man.

Caste and class distinctions are quite as prominent in the floral world as among humanity, and perhaps most exclusive in their tendencies are the California poppies. They have their own individual haunts, from which other flowers are banished, and with luminous animation scurry along the foot-hills and over fields wreathing garlands of gold. This flower was originally named by Chamisso, an eminent German botanist, in honor of his friend, Doctor Eschscholtz, who accompanied him to America in 1816, both men being members of a Russian exploring expedition. Later on, because of its golden profusion, and because it was almost exclusively Californian, the poppy was selected for the flower of that state. At midday great areas are carpeted with golden bloom, and in their brilliancy make the sun turn pale. They are the *allegro con spirito* of light and color as they gleam on the earth's bosom like billows of fire. In the midst of their own fern-like foliage they sleep with the night, while fragrant winds caress

them, and sing their lullaby. The poppies are revered by the Indians, who believe each petal that drops sinks into the earth, and turns to gold, and, according to the legend, thus the wealth of California is supposed to have originated.

In response to the industry of spring, blossoms of every species and hue rush in floral torrents from mountain-top to sea, skipping the cultivated areas in rainbow curves, then continuing their flight. They snuggle in aromatic profusion about the old missionbuildings, enliven the green of the pastures, and carpet the



ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.

forests of live-oaks, whose grand trunks and gnarled branches dignify the fields of Southern California.

After listening to the delicate harmonies of the fields, the weird overtures that resound from the desert startle with their discord. There seems to be a confusion of themes among broken harp-strings and tuneless voices. The notes of Nature's great organ are writhing in minor chords, not the soft, dreamy minor of pathos and twilight but the wild, thrilling, passionate minor of a soul's unrest. These discordances predominate in fall and winter when the elements rage, but when spring comes and wild flowers peek from their embryo seed homes California deserts burst into song. Some of the most curious and interesting flowers in the world have birth on the desert. Besides their beauty and wonderful medicinal qualities many of them furnish playthings for children. One plant produces the children's play-toys, delicate silken puffballs, which, when tied together, float in the air like balloons. Then there is the rattle-weed, whose produce jingles merrily and delights the hearts of small youngsters, while little boats obtained from another plant are equally amusing.

Many varieties of prickly plants thrive on the desert—cacti of all shapes, sizes and

dispositions, all bearing beautiful blossoms of various colors, even green included. Looming sternly fierce among the throng are the tree-yuccas, or *Yucca brevifolia*, harsh, straggling things, that breathe of defiance as they stretch their barbed arms to wrestle with the world. The trunks, from two to three feet in diameter, support ten or twelve branches, on the ends of which are crowded spine-tipped leaves,

like bayonets, averaging eight inches in length. Dingy white, ill-smelling blossoms spring from the branches in March, and later on a pulpy fruit from two to three inches long takes their place. This fruit has a savory, date-like flavor, and is a popular food with the Indians, who eat it both fresh and dried. The flowers and buds are used in making stews, while the dry seeds are ground into meal. These trees, though formidable in appearance, are golden at heart, and,

when taken into the ingenious hands of the world, furnish an endless amount of useful and artistic things.

When several hundred of these trees unite in a forest, their huge, horned branches intertwined as if in mortal combat, they present a picture of demoniacal discord. Rattlesnakes wriggle from their holes, and coil contentedly in the writhing shadows. Lizards whisk about, winking



ANDANTE MAESTOSO.



GRANDIOSO.

appreciation from their bright eyes. Then out of the silence comes the wail of a coyote, a cry that speeds through the heat mists, quivers to an echo, and dies.

Near the center of the Colorado Desert, in Southern California, is an oasis set with palms, whose majestic luxuriance contrasts strangely with the verdureless brown wastes. But the grandest musical pictures of this desolate region are where the shifting sands creep among the toes of the San Jacinto Mountains. Here thousands of great palms are snuggled among the rock cliffs, where desert influences predominate, while all about are crystal pools that reflect their glory.

The mighty strength and majesty of the mountains are reflected in their music. Through rivers and rock gorges that vein them, grand orchestral symphonies reverberate to cañon-gates, where they float out and away, becoming mere echoes.

The Sierra Nevada ranges in California are rich in scenic grandeur, and in their great forested heart where Nature's fountains leap and sing, music is dominant. It is an immense musical amphitheater, full of intonations and modulations, where overtures, masses, requiems, anthems, minuets and symphonies are rendered each day. There is no admission fee, and the world may listen if it choose.

Rugged, snow-crowned monarchs rest their cheeks against the clouds, and strive to pierce the musical interval between the worlds. Held high in their arms, sometimes above eleven thousand feet, are marvelous glacial lakes, jewels that seem to have dropped from the Creator's chain, their clear tranquillity irised with the glow of heaven.

Sun, moon and stars are definite notes written on the great sheet of immensity. Their music is sweetest for the tired mountaineer who lies down in the forest to rest, and through the canopied branches watches the firmament with its orchestral throng. The moon is a mighty chord that resounds through heaven's arch. The larger stars distinctly mark and sustain the melody. The meteors mark the staccato passages, while the united trembling of stellar lights ripples a soft accompaniment. Forest-trees grow tired with climbing, and, after reaching an elevation of ten thousand feet, they become like human hermits, unkempt and forlorn. The elements wrestle with them until they become denuded, and they stand on bleak crests like sentinels. With the passing of their leaves they lose the power of song, and in their solitude seem to weep when rhythmic melodies sweep up from the lower forests. And the woods are never silent. Their voices are as



LENTO.

irrepressible as those of the birds. They are always singing wonderful songs and breathing wonderful breaths.

When gathered together in stately company, they nod their wise old heads, and murmur the wondrous secrets of past ages, when they were children together. At these times their united voices are as soft and tender as a summer cloud, and as harmonious as chiming bells, but when wrestling with the wind or the lightning the chorus they sing is loud and imperious. There is creaking and roaring and snapping of strings, and melody is turned into chaos. Lightning seems to have especial spite against certain localities, literally tearing dozens of trees to pieces in one place, then traveling long distances before using its hatchet again. The music of a forest brims with light and shadow, like the rising, falling and ebbing of waves, always changing, sometimes passionate, sometimes caressing.

Springs are given birth in some moraine or snow-drift, and sing softly as they play among the boulders, growing stronger and more boisterous as they are joined by other streams. Like winged sprites they dart over precipices, their garments wreathed in sunbursts and diamond spray. Resting for an instant in some crystal pool they sing with the winds, and leap again. The blessed water-ouzel, whose song is a perfect imitation of rippling water, swings in his hammock

above the stream, and sings his song of gladness, never ceasing except when he dives into the current for bugs and worms. "No wonder he sings well, since all the air about him is music; every breath he draws is part of a song, and he gets his first music-lesson

before he is born; for the eggs vibrate in time with the tones of the waterfalls. Bird and stream are inseparable, songful and wild, gentle and strong."

But the great emotional possibilities of Nature-music are evidenced in the voice of the mountain torrent, wild in its restlessness and imperious in its power. Reinforced by melting snow and cloudbursts and the many smaller streams it has clutched in its arms, it tears through the wilds like a giant maniac. It plays marbles with titanic boulders, and with its muscular foam-flecked arms wrenches great trees from their moorings as if they were straws. Down the mountain it plunges, white with wrath and tremulous with emotion, leaping like an aeronaut from the heights, and hiding its temper in cañon depths, where, confined by adamant cliffs thousands of feet in height, it makes a mad rush for liberty. At last the corridor is run. With a roar of delight the prisoner leaps from the chasmal doorway, finding



RELIGIOSO.

calm and dignity in some fern-carpeted meadow, where it sings with the forest. But 'tis a capricious, impulsive creature, this mountain torrent, and its mood soon changes. At the edge of the meadow it crouches and growls, then with white hair flying and tangling about trees and boulders it leaps, tearing down the side of the mountain with the velocity of a meteor, until with one great joyous roar it links hands with the sea.

One of the most interesting of mountains

large as the world. Whenever his moods dictate, this diabolical monster gives a great roar, envelopes himself in a swirl of fire-clouds, and rushes out from the bowels of the mountain to kidnap all beautiful Indian maidens. During a meteoric shower the Indians in the valleys become wild with fear, for to them this luminous display heralds the coming of Tauquitz. They believe the gates of Hades are opening, and that sparks from the furnace are escaping and flitting out against the night sky. In an



ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.

is old Tauquitz, that peers from its rugged nest in the San Jacinto range in Southern California. This mountain has a voice of its own, a fierce basso profundo growl that terrifies the Indians, who believe it to be the voice of the devil. At irregular intervals it is convulsed with emotion, and its rumblings often reach the valley. The sounds may be Satan's orchestra tuning their fiddles, or perhaps the fires are being replenished. Certain it is that some startling project is being carried to completion. The Indians have a superstitious terror of the mountain, and it is impossible to convince them that the great rock walls are devoid of evil life, for to them it is the home of Satan. They describe the old fellow as wicked and fat, with a head as

effort to counteract the evil influence they howl, dance and weep during the entire night. Certainly there is something formidable in the appearance of the old mountain, with its strange rock forms, its seams, its wrinkles and its crevasses, and to the beholder after hearing many weird legends the mountain begins to assume a look of eery power.

About twenty miles from old Tauquitz is an area of over six hundred acres where subterranean furies held high carnival two years ago, and caused the phenomenal sinking of a mountain-top. What was then an imposing height is now a great, deep basin, seamed with yawning, bottomless chasms, ventilators for the infernal regions. An earthquake is always attended by a muffled



DIRGE.

roar. Perhaps it is a lullaby, when as John Muir says: "Mother Earth is trotting us on her knee to amuse us and make us good."

Subterranean voices are aired and exercised with interminable enthusiasm in our Yellowstone Park, prima donnas and lyric tenors popping out of the depths like jacks-

proficient in their art, having stately presence and rhythmic, resonant, thrilling tones, while others flop about and gurgle and groan in the most undignified fashion. Meanwhile the world looks on, and claps its hands.

The influence of Nature has not only been felt by individual men but it has formed

the world, those of New Zealand, Iceland and this Wyoming nest are superior in size and magnificence to all others, and of these three famous regions the Yellowstone stands first. Startling and impressive is the grandeur of the enormous water-sprites as with heated breath and flying hair they appear on earth's platform. No human singer ever stood on such wondrous stage carpets, or amid such gorgeous settings. Some of the performers are highly



ADAGIO.

in-the-box, while the lower orchestra with its dynamite fiddles and fusing bows hisses and rages and roars and booms. Though geysers are found in many parts of

and molded entire races, and made the history of the world. It has elevated small peoples to great places and again cast them down. It has even swayed religion—for

who can imagine Thor the Thunderer worshiped in sunny Greece or anywhere but in the storm-ridden mountainous Northland, or ivy-wreathed Bacchus appealing to the sterner hearts of the dwellers in alien, ice-bound regions.

The man-made music of different races, too, bears a more direct relation to Nature than to legend. On the shores of the blue Ægean under the mild summer sky the notes of the pipes are low and sweet. They teach one not to strive, not to toil, for Nature has provided modest sustenance and comfort to all. But the music of

grace-notes. Such a composition seems to be a kind of blasphemy in music, with a burden strange, sardonic and sacrilegious. The powers of darkness seem to awake, and, from the very bowels of the earth, pour forth through the mouth of the pit. The voice of the geyser mingles with that of the earthquake, and the whistle and scream of wind joins and adds to the roar of fire. Ranging their gamut of screams and growls, monstrous and malignant, Satan's choristers pour forth their hellish notes.



LARGHETTO.

Thor was the rolling thunder and the crashing of pine and oak on the mountains, the shattering of waves on a rugged shore and the roar of a freshet hurled into the valley below. It called to wrath and battle, and the listeners felt in their souls the march of armed men, the neighing of the war-horse, and heard in the night the rush of the grim valkyries along the winter winds.

In the restlessly wild, imperiously powerful voice of the volcano there is still another Nature-music. In that furioso no softly singing springs, no tremulous mountain torrents attend. When subterranean furies hold high carnival, the chords are in basso profundo and crescendo, and there are no

It is not, however, among Nature's furiosos that we prefer to look for her music. It is to the emotional mountain torrent, to the calm, chaste snowdrift, to the trills and graces of the rippling brook, to the sustained chorus of the forest, to the high lights of the sun-kissed mountain-tops, the colors of the rolling prairies and the mysteries of the shadowy cañons that we turn the "stringed lutes" of our hearts.

There is also the music of the clouds. It is an impressive spectacle when one sees clouds above and clouds below, their peaceful lines contrasting with the surging, billowy ocean of fog. There is in them something of the song of the sea. They also



MISTERIOSO.

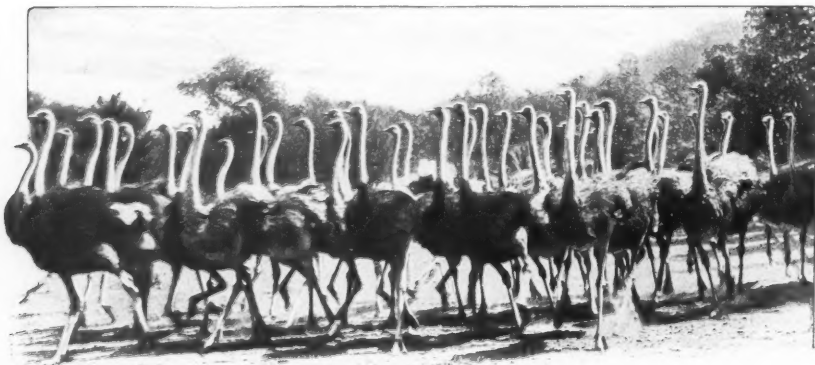
have their crescendos of tempest, their allegretto scherzando of play, and their lento sostenuto of peace; and in the silence of night, when moonlight illumines, or at the rosy dawn, when the sun finally makes his appearance, the ultramarine, fleecy waves of the sky seem to sing the same airs as those sung by the dark-blue waves of the sea.

But below the clouds, when earth presents a perfect landscape, containing a

brook running to the sea through green and brown fields and meadows, with one background of mountains, forested at their base, it is an opera written in Nature-music that the eager ear receives as the thirsty eye drinks in the beauty of the whole perfect scene.

But the culminating victory of Nature-music floods the heart of man when, after toilsome climbing, he stands on the crest of some high mountain. Far below, with coverlet of irised mist, is the titanic cradle of the world. Strife and wretchedness and corruption, and all other cankerous discordances of earth are shrouded by distance. No antiphonal wails startle the ethereal tranquillity of mighty chords that resound and echo through the universe. Mountains with shadowy abysses and sunwreathed crowns loom in contiguous, forested billows. Fields iridescent with bloom rest like butterflies over the landscape. Goldened by frisking sun-rays, Nature's brushes of illumination, the far-off ocean shakes with laughter. Even the desert has straightened out its features, and fierceness is superseded by amiability.

Canopied by the illimitable arch of heaven, the sounding-board in which all music finds origin, wrapped in clouds and tied with rainbows, the earth is a great musical portfolio carried in the hand of God.



TEMPO DI VALSE.



A GROUP OF LEGIONARIES.

ROMAN GAMES.

BY VINCENZO FIORENTINO.

THE latest effort toward reviving in modern times the games and festivals of antiquity was made in the May of 1902 by the *Circolo Artistico Internazionale*, when under its auspices the pagan rites, the feasts and athletic contests which characterized the *Palilia*, a festival instituted by Appius Claudius to commemorate the founding of Rome, were reproduced in all their splendor of costume and picturesque display, on the very spot on the Palatine Hill where twenty-five centuries ago the ancient shepherds made their first propitiatory sacrifice to Pales, the guardian goddess of their flocks and herds.

From time to time in recent years attempts have been made, with varying success and from various motives, to revive an interest in the reproduction of games and festivals modeled on the public celebrations of the ancients. Political adventurers have been quick to recognize in their revival an easy road to popular favor. Peter Sterbini,

the notorious revolutionist, in an effort to revive enthusiasm in Rome's vanished glory in contrast to her present condition, celebrated the *Palilia*. So, in 1847, the Archeological Academy caused the celebration of the *Palilia* in the hope of fomenting the political agitation of the times. When Rome was organized into a republic, the games and festivals were resumed, but a few years later, when the reaction against a democracy founded on gibbets and bayonets set in, their celebration was once more suspended.

A wholly different and finer motive has, during the past century, occasionally been instrumental in reviving the games: a desire on the part of literary and artistic societies to create a taste for the picturesque side of life, a taste which in Greece, as at Florence, was the parent of pictorial art, and to bring before the modern mind the pagan conception of the free and noble exercise of every limb, instinct and physical



MOUNTED ARCHERS.

function. The celebration of the past year belongs to this latter class.

The introduction of an ancient Roman holiday into the calendar of the twentieth century, the actual vivid representation of the lavish splendor which has made the fame of those festivals live to the present day, attracted wide attention both in Italy and on the Continent. When the heralded day arrived, thousands of spectators had assembled to witness the pageant. First came the procession formed of thirteen hundred persons, impersonating the numerous classes of ancient Rome. There were the patrician youths, clad in white and gold, proudly mounted on horseback, and attended by troops of slaves; there were the pretors, magnificent in their insignia of office; the proconsuls, crowned with laurel wreaths, drawn in embossed and gilded chariots, preceded by lictors; white-robed vestals swinging censers; priests, bearing aloft on their shoulders the sacred symbols, and the simulacra of the gods; athletes, nude save for the girdle about their loins; garlanded dancers; vine-wreathed bacchanals, and flute-players, Numidians and Dacians. The archers, their burnished breastplates shimmering in the sun, mounted on brightly caparisoned horses, and the legionary soldiers, heavily armed and helmeted,

took the spectator back to the days when the savage lust of battle still throbbed in men's blood, when the struggle for life was physical rather than mental, conjured up pictures of Horatius singly holding the bridge against the barbarian hordes, of Leonidas and his three hundred braving the Persian hosts; while the festooned and gilded car, drawn by great-horned, satin-flanked oxen, in which Roman maidens reclined amid soft silks and perfumed cushions, recalled the opposite and decadent side of pagan life—the Epicurean love of luxury and sensuous ease.

In accordance with ancient custom the pageant was followed by the public games. The games of antiquity, though held on a consecrated spot, and inspired by a spirit of worship, in the actual events which were contested, differed but slightly from modern competitions of the kind. The first contest was usually a foot-race around a single lap of the stadium, a distance of two hundred yards. Writers of the time tell us that this race was so fiercely contested that the victor often fell dead across the goal. Wrestling, which Plutarch styles the most artistic of athletic games, was also practised much as it is to-day, save that the athletes' limbs were anointed with oil and sprinkled with sand.



A VESTAL IN THE SACRED CAR.

The chariot-race was the distinctive feature of the ancient games. It was held in a great hippodrome over a circular course twelve hundred feet long. The circuit had to be traversed twelve times. At the far end, near the center, stood the pillar round which the rattling chariots swung at full speed, a spot so fatal that the straining horses are said to have shivered with terror, for no visible cause, as they passed it. The danger and excitement of the contest was increased by the presence of as many as forty chariots in a single race. The most trifling inattention on the part of the driver, a momentary relaxation of the tense muscles of his wrists or wide-spread legs, a miscalculated glance to right or left, might precipitate him into the midst of a struggling mass of foaming animals and bleeding and mangled men. It was not an uncommon thing to see the scarlet ribbons that fluttered behind the speeding charioteer's head splashed with a darker red; often the green-and-gold tunic that had lately outlined a pair of stalwart limbs served to hide an inert and mutilated mass dragged from beneath iron hoofs and wheels.

Erudite critics, commenting on this recent Roman festival, complained of lapses

from authenticity; scholarly historians see in it only a pale shadow of its antique prototype, and some commentators dismiss it from serious consideration as a mere travesty on ancient manners. A revival is from its very nature an anachronism. An ancient festival bereft of its ancient background, of the spirit of reverence which gave it life, must want in solemnity as well as verity; it becomes an easy target for captious criticism.

Regarded from a more thoughtful point of view, one finds much to commend both in the effort and its result. In the general rending of traditions and the upheaval of established custom and usage which has been the dominant tendency of modern times, the reflective mind, while welcoming the progress of industry and science, finds cause for regret in the passage of certain ideals and institutions which lent grace and grandeur to the nobler periods of the world's history. Among such ideals, the Greek conception of life, that grand type of balanced physical and intellectual beauty which we see mirrored in Attic art and literature, stands preeminent as the most precious heritage left by the ancient to the modern world. Indisputably, the ancient institution that did most in molding the national character, that contributed the

largest share toward the production of this noble type, was the Greek games, or public athletic contests.

It was in an endeavor to emulate the Attic mode of life that the Romans instituted festivals and games in imitation of the Greek Olympia. These games at their best were but feeble reproductions of their originals, and under the empire they degenerated, in the exhibitions of the Roman amphitheater, until they lost the last trace of their Greek descent. No Greek, however exalted in rank, was ashamed to compete in person

display, which among the Greeks was offered as a votive tribute to the gods, deteriorated among the Romans into a concession to the sensualistic taste of the times for the decorative aspect of things and the Latin love of pomp and circumstance. An act of piety had degenerated into an act of vanity, a ceremony into a mere spectacle.

The custom of holding games gradually fell into desuetude; the festivals were revived or abolished at the will of the reigning emperor or the caprice of the mob. An Augustus took advantage of every occasion



TYPES OF ROMAN SOLDIERY.

for the Olympian olive crown. Alcibiades, reciting his services to the state, places first his victory at Olympia. The crowned athlete, returning to his native town, received a greater ovation than a victorious general. A Pindar or a Simonides sung his praises, a Phidias or Praxiteles carved his statue by order of the state. In Rome the professional element predominated; a successful charioteer corresponded in fortune and popularity to a modern jockey, and it was regarded as a disgrace for a patrician to appear in a public arena. The ceremony and

for games and festivity while a Marcus Aurelius saw fit to diminish the number of holidays. The Middle Ages, too, witnessed a desultory revival of the games which formed the keystone of Attic life. The spirit of the Renaissance, with its reversion to antique art and letters, and its fuller consciousness and freer exercise of faculties and functions, naturally gave a temporary impulse to the revival of these athletic carnivals, and this impulse has asserted itself spasmodically through succeeding centuries.

MANKIND IN THE MAKING.

BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

V.—THE MAN-MAKING FORCES OF THE MODERN STATE.

SO far we have concerned ourselves with the introductory and foundation matter of the New Republican project, with the measures and methods that may be resorted to, firstly, if we would raise the general quality of the children out of whom we have to make the next generation, and secondly, if we would replace divergent dialects and partial and confused expression by a uniform, ample and thorough knowledge of English throughout the English-speaking world. These two things are necessary preliminaries to the complete attainment of the more essential nucleus in the New Republican idea. So much has been discussed. This essential nucleus, thus stripped, reveals itself as the systematic direction of the molding forces that play upon the developing citizen, toward his improvement, with a view to a new generation of individuals, a new social state, at a higher level than that at which we live to-day, a new generation which will apply the greater power, ampler knowledge and more definite will our endeavors will give it, to raise its successor still higher in the scale of life. Or we may put the thing in another and more concrete and vivid way. On the one hand imagine an average little child, let us say in its second year. We have discussed all that can be done to secure that this average little child shall be well born, well fed, well cared for, and we will imagine all that can be done has been done. Accordingly, we have a sturdy, beautiful, healthy little creature to go upon, just beginning to walk, just beginning to clutch at things with its hands, to reach out to and apprehend things with its eyes, with its ears, and with the hopeful commencement of speech. We want to arrange things so that this little being shall develop into its best possible adult form. That is our remaining problem.

Is our contemporary average citizen the best that could have been made out of the vague extensive possibilities that resided in him when he was a child of two? It has been shown already that in height and

weight he, demonstrably, is not; and it has been suggested, I hope almost as convincingly, that in that complex apparatus of acquisition and expression, language, he is also needlessly deficient. And even upon this defective foundation, it is submitted, he still fails, morally, mentally, socially, esthetically, to be as much as he might be. "As much as he might be," is far too ironically mild. The average citizen of our great state to-day is, I would respectfully submit, scarcely more than a clout about his own buried talents.

I do not say he might not be infinitely worse, but can anyone believe that, given better conditions, he might not have been infinitely better? Is it necessary to argue for a thing so obvious to all clear-sighted men? Is it necessary, even if it were possible, that I should borrow the mantle of Mr. George Gissing or the force of Mr. Arthur Morrison, and set myself in cold blood to measure the enormous defects of myself and my fellows by the standards of a remote perfection, to gauge the extent of this complex muddle of artificial and avoidable shortcomings through which we struggle? Must one indeed pass in review once more, bucolic stupidity, commercial cunning, urban vulgarity, religious hypocrisy, political claptrap, and all the raw disorder of our incipient civilization, before the point will be conceded? What benefit is there in any such revision?—rather it may overwhelm us with the magnitude of what we seek to do. Let us not dwell on it, on all the average civilized man still fails to achieve; admit his imperfection, and for the rest let us keep steadfastly before us that fair, alluring and reasonable conception of all that, even now, the average man might be.

Yet one is tempted by the effective contrast to put against that clean and beautiful child some vivid presentation of the average thing, to sketch in a few simple lines the mean and graceless creature of our modern life, his ill-made clothes, his clumsy, half-fearful, half-brutal bearing, his coarse,

defective speech, his dreary, unintelligent work, and his shabby, impossible, bathless, artless, comfortless home; one is provoked to suggest him in some phase of typical activity, "enjoying himself" on a bank-holiday, or rejoicing, peacock-feather in hand, hat askew, and voice completely gone, on some occasion of public festivity, on the defeat of a numerically inferior enemy, for example, or the decision of some great international issue at baseball or cricket. *This*, one would say, we have made out of *that*, and so point the New Republican question: "Cannot we do better?" But the thing has been done so often, without ever the breath of a remedy. Our business is with remedies. We mean to do better, we live to do better, and with no more than a glance at our present failures we will set ourselves to that. To do better, we must begin with a careful analysis of the process of this man's making, of the great complex of circumstances which mold the vague possibilities of the average child into the reality of the citizen of the modern state.

We may begin upon this complex most hopefully by picking out a few of the most conspicuous and typical elements, and using them as a basis for a more exhaustive classification. To begin with, of course, there is the Home. For our present purpose it will be convenient to use "Home" as a general expression for that limited group of human beings who share the board and lodging of the growing imperial citizen, and whose personalities are in constant close contact with his—until he reaches fifteen or sixteen. Typically, the chief figures of this group are Mother, Brothers and Sisters, and Father, to which are often added Nursemaid, Governess, and other Servants. Beyond these, are Playmates again. Beyond these, acquaintances figure. Home has, indeed, nowadays, in our world, no very definite boundaries—no such boundaries as it has, for example, on the veldt. In the case of a growing number of English upper middle-class children, moreover, and of the children of a growing element in the life of the eastern United States, the Home functions are delegated in a very large degree to the Preparatory School. It is a distinction that needs to be emphasized that many so-called schools are really Homes—

often very excellent Homes—with which schools—often very inefficient schools—are united. All this we must lump together—it is indeed woven together almost inextricably—when we speak of Home as a formative factor. . . . The Home, so far as its hygienic conditions go, we have already dealt with; and we have dealt, too, with the great neglected necessity—the absolute necessity, if our peoples are to hang together—of making and keeping the language of the Home uniform throughout our world-wide community. Purely intellectual development beyond the matter of language we may leave for a space. There remains the distinctive mental and moral function of the Home, the determination by precept, example and implication, of the cardinal habits of the developing citizen, his general demeanor, his fundamental beliefs about all the common and essential things of life.

This group, of people who constitute the Home, will be in constant reaction upon him. If as a whole they bear themselves with grace and serenity, say and do kindly things, control rage, and occupy themselves constantly, they will do much to impose these qualities upon the newcomer. If they quarrel one with another, behave coarsely or spitefully, loiter and lounge abundantly, these things will also stamp the child. A raging father, a scared, deceitful mother, vulgarly acting, vulgarly thinking friends, all leave an almost indelible impress. Precept may play a part in the Home, but it is a small part, unless it is endorsed by conduct. What these people, on the whole, do believe in and act upon, the child will tend to believe in and act upon; what they believe they believe, but do not act upon, the child will acquire also as a non-operative belief; their practises, habits and prejudices will be enormously prepotent in his life. If, for example, the parent talks constantly of the contemptible dirtiness of Boers and foreigners, and of the extreme beauty of cleanliness, and—even obviously—rarely washes, the child will grow to the same professions and the same practical denial. This Home circle it is that will describe what, in modified Herbartian phraseology, one may call the child's initial circle of thought; it is a circle many things will subsequently enlarge and modify, but of which they have the centering

at least and the establishment of the racial trends, almost beyond redemption. The effect of Home influence indeed constitutes with most of us a sort of secondary heredity, interweaving with, and sometimes almost indistinguishable from, the real unalterable primary heredity, a moral shaping by suggestion, example and influence, that is a sort of spiritual parallel to physical procreation.

It is not simply personalities that are operative in the Home influence. There are also the implications of the various relations between one member of the Home circle and another. I am inclined to think that the social conceptions, for example, that are accepted in a child's home world are very rarely shaken in after life. People who have been brought up in households where there is an organized underworld of servants, are incurably different in their social outlook from those who have passed a servantless childhood. They *never* quite emancipate themselves from the conception of an essential class difference, of a class of beings inferior to themselves. They may theorize about equality, but theory is not belief. They will do a hundred things to servants that between equals would be, for various reasons, impossible. I am not speaking here on a superficial impression. This is a question that has interested me keenly for many years, and for some years I have made a practise of talking round and about servants to everyone I have met. Sincere, real democracy and a servant class are incompatible things; of that I am exceptionally certain. The Englishwoman and the Anglicized American woman of the more pretentious classes, honestly regard a servant as physically, morally and intellectually different from themselves, capable of things that would be incredibly arduous to a lady, capable of things that would be incredibly disgraceful, under obligations of conduct no lady observes, incapable of the refinement to which every lady pretends. It is, to me, one of the most amazing aspects of contemporary life, to sit and converse with some smart, affected, profoundly uneducated, flirtatious woman, about her housemaid's followers. There is such an identity; there is such an abyss. But at present that contrast is not our concern. Our

concern at present is with the fact that the social constitution of the Home almost invariably shapes the fundamental social conceptions for life, just as its average temperament shapes manners and bearing, and its moral tone begets moral predisposition. If the average sensual man of our civilization is noisy and undignified in his bearing, disposed to insult and despise those whom he believes to be his social inferiors, competitive and disobliging to his equals, abject, servile and dishonest to those whom he regards as his betters; if his wife is a silly, shallow, gossiping spendthrift, unfit to rear the children she occasionally bears, perpetually snubbing social inferiors, and perpetually cringing to social superiors, it is probable that we have to blame the Home, not particularly any specific class of Homes, but our general Home atmosphere, for the greater part of these characteristics. If we would make the average man of the coming years gentler in manner, more deliberate in judgment, steadier in purpose, upright, considerate and free, we must look first to the possibility of improving the tone and quality of the average Home.

Now the substance and constitution of the Home, the relations and order of its various members, has been and are traditional. But it is a tradition that has always been capable of modification in each generation. In the unlettered, untraveling past, the factor of tradition was altogether dominant. Sons and daughters married and set up Homes, morally, intellectually, economically, like those of their parents. Over great areas, homogeneous traditions held; and it needed wars and conquests, or it needed missionaries and persecutors and conflicts, or it needed many generations of intercourse and filtration, before a new tradition could replace or graft itself upon the old. But in the past hundred years or so, the Home conditions of the children of our English-speaking population have shown a disposition to break from tradition under influences that are increasing, and to become much more heterogeneous than were any Home conditions before. The ways in which these modifications of the old Home tradition have arisen will indicate the means and methods by which further modifications may be expected and attempted in the future.

Modification has come to the average Home tradition through two distinct, though no doubt finally interdependent, channels. The first of these channels is the channel of changing economic necessities, using the phrase to cover everything from domestic conveniences at the one extreme to the financial foundation of the Home at the other, and the next is the influx of new systems of thought, of feeling and of interpretation about the general issues of life.

There are, in Great Britain, three main interdependent systems of Home tradition undergoing modification and readjustment. They date from the days before mechanism and science began their revolutionary intervention in human affairs, and they derive from the three main classes of the old aristocratic, agricultural and trading state. There are local, there are even racial modifications, there are minor classes and subspecies but the rough triple classification will serve. In America, the dominant Home tradition is that of the transplanted English middle class. The English aristocratic tradition has flourished and faded in the southern states; the British servile and peasant tradition has never found any growth in America, and has, in the persons of the Irish chiefly, been imported in an imperfect condition, only to fade. The various Home traditions of the nineteenth-century immigrants have either, if widely different, succumbed, or, if not very different, assimilated themselves, to the ruling tradition. The most marked non-British influence has been the intermixture of Teutonic protestantism. In both countries now, the old Home traditions have been and are being adjusted to and modified by the new classes, with new relationships and new necessities that the revolution in industrial organization and domestic conveniences has created.

The interplay of old tradition and new necessities becomes at times very curious. Consider, for example, the Home influences of the child of a shopman in a large store, or those of the child of a skilled operative—an engineer of some sort, let us say—in England. Both these are new types in the English social body; the former derives from the old middle class, the class that was shopkeeping in the towns and farming

in the country, the class of the Puritans, the Quakers, the first manufacturers, the class whose mentally active members become the dissenters, the old Liberals, and the original New Englanders. The growth of large businesses has raised a portion of this class to the position of Sir John Blundell Maple, Sir Thomas Lipton, the intimate friend of our King, and our brewer peers; it has raised a rather more numerous section to the red-plush glories of Wagon-Lit trains and their social and domestic equivalents, and it has reduced the bulk of the class to the status of *employees* for life. But the tradition that our English shopman is in the same class as his master, that he has been apprentice and improver and is now assistant, with a view to presently being a master himself, still throws its glamour over his life and his home and his child's upbringing. They belong to the middle class, the black-coat-and-silk-hat class, and the silk hat crowns the adolescence of their boys as inevitably as the toga made men in ancient Rome. The house is built, not for convenience, primarily, but to realize whatever convenience is possible after the rigid traditional requirements have been met; it is the extreme and final reduction of the plan of a better-class house, and the very type of its owner. As one sees it in the London suburbs devoted to clerks and shopmen, it stands back a yard or so from the road, with a gate and a railing and a patch, perhaps two feet wide, of gravel between its front and the pavement. This is the last pathetic vestige of the preliminary privacies of its original type, the gates, the drive-up, the front lawn, the shady trees, that give a great impressive margin to the door. The door has a knocker (with an appeal to realities, "ring also"), and it opens into a narrow passage, perhaps four feet wide, which still retains the title of "hall." Oak staining on the woodwork, and marbled paper, accentuate the lordly memory. People of this class would rather die than live in a house with a front door, even had it a draft-stopping inner door, that gave upon the street. Instead of an ample kitchen, in which meals can be taken, and one other room, in which the rest of life goes on, these two covering the house-site, the social distinction from the

servant invades the house-space first by necessitating a passage to a side-door, and, secondly, by cutting up the interior into a "dining-room" and a "drawing-room." Economy of fuel throughout the winter, and economy of the best furniture always, keeps the family in the dining-room pretty constantly, but there you have the drawing-room as a concrete fact. Though the drawing-room is inevitable, the family will manage without a bathroom well enough. They may or they may not occasionally wash all over. There are probably not fifty books in the house, but a daily paper comes, and "Tit-Bits," "Pearson's Weekly," or, perhaps, "M. A. P.," "Modern Society," or some such illuminant of the upper circles, and a cheap fashion-paper, appear at irregular intervals to supplement this literature. The wife lives to realize the ideal of the "ladylike"—lady she resigns to the patrician—and she insists upon a servant, however small.

This poor wretch of a servant, often a mere child of fourteen or fifteen, lives by herself in a minute kitchen, and sleeps in a fireless attic. To escape vulgar associates, the children of the house avoid the elementary schools—the schools which are called public schools in America—where there are trained, efficient teachers, good apparatus and an atmosphere of industry, and go to one of those wretched dens of disorderly imposture, a middle-class school, where an absolute failure to train or educate is seasoned with religious cant, lessons in piano-playing, lessons in French "made in England," mortar-board caps for the boys, and a high social tone. And to emphasize the fact of its social position, this bookless, bathless family *tips*! The plumber touches his hat for a tip; so does the man who moves the furniture, the butcher-boy at Christmas, the dustman; these things are also, the respect and the tip, at their minimum dimensions. Everything is at its minimum dimensions. It is the last chipped, dwarfed, enfeebled state of a tradition that has, in its time, played a fine part in the world. This much of honor still clings to it; it will endure no tip, no charity, no upper-class control of its privacy. This is the sort of home in which the minds of thousands of young Englishmen and Englishwomen receive their first indelible impressions. Can one

expect them to escape the contagion of its cramped pretentiousness, its dingy narrowness, its shy privacy of social degradation, and its essential sordidness and inefficiency?

Our skilled operative, on the other hand, will pocket his tip. He is on the other side of the boundary. He presents a rising element, coming from the servile mass. Probably his net income equals or exceeds the shopman's, but there is no servant, no black coat and silk hat, no middle-class school in his scheme of things. He calls the shopman "Sir," and makes no struggle against his native accent. In his heart he despises the middle class, the mean tip-givers; and he is inclined to overrate the gentry, or big tippers. He is much more sociable, much noisier, relatively shameless, more intelligent, more capable, less restrained. He is rising against his tradition and almost against his will. The serf still bulks large in him. The whole trend of circumstance is to substitute science for mere rote skill in him, to demand initiative and an intelligent self-adaptation to new discoveries and new methods, to make him a professional man and a job- and piece-worker, after the fashion of the great majority of professional men. Against all these things, the serf element in him fights. He resists education, and clings to apprenticeship, he fights for time-work, he obstructs new inventions, he clings to the ideal of short hours, high pay, shirk and let the master worry. His wife is a far more actual creature than the clerk's. She does the house in a rough, effectual fashion, and his children get far more food for mind and body and far less restraint. You can tell the age of the skilled operative within a decade by the quantity of books in his home; the younger he is, the more numerous these are likely to be. And the younger he is the more likely he is to be alive to certain general views about his rights and his place in the social scale, and the less readily will his finger go to his cap at the sight of broadcloth, or his hand to the proffered half-crown. He will have listened to trade-union organizers and socialist speakers, and he will have read the special papers of his class. The whole of this Home is, in comparison with the shopman's, wide open to new influences. The children go to a board-school, and very

probably afterward to evening classes—or music-halls. Here again is a new type of Home, in which the English of 1920 are being made in thousands, and which is forced a little way up the intellectual and moral scale every year, a little further from its original conception of labor dependence, irresponsibility and servility.

Compare again the Home conditions of the child of a well-connected British shareholder inheriting, let us say, seven or eight hundred a year with the Home of exactly the same sort of person deriving from the middle class. On the one hand, one will find the old aristocratic British tradition in an instructively distorted state. All the assumptions of an essential lordliness remain—and none of the duties. All the pride is there still, but it is cramped, querulous and undignified. That lordliness is so ample that for even a small family the income I have named will be no more than biting poverty, and there will be a pervading quality of struggle in this home to avoid work, to frame arrangements, to discover cheap, loyal servants of the old type, to discover six-per-cent. investments without risk, to interest influential connections in the prospects of the children. The tradition of the ruling class, which sees in the public service a pension scheme for poor relations, will glow with all the colors of hope. Great sacrifices will be made to get the boys to public schools, where they can revive and expand the family connections. They will look forward, as a matter of course, to positions and appointments, for the want of which men of gifts and capacity from other social strata will break their hearts, and they will fill these coveted places with a languid, discontented incapacity. Great difficulty will be experienced in finding for the girls schools from which the offspring of tradesmen are excluded. Vulgarly has to be excluded jealously. In a period when Smartness (as distinguished from Vulgarly) is becoming an ideal this demands at times extremely subtle discrimination. The art of Credit will be developed to a high level. . . .

Now in the other family economically indistinguishable from this, a family with seven or eight hundred a year from investments, which derives from the middle class, the tradition is one that in spite of

the essential irresponsibility of the economic position will urge this family toward exertion as a duty. As a rule, the resultant lies in the direction of pleasant, not-too-arduous exertion; the arts are attacked with great earnestness of intention, literature, and "movements" of many sorts are ingredients in these Homes. Many things that are imperative to the aristocratic Home are regarded as needless, and in their place appear other things that the aristocrat would despise: books, instruction, travel in incorrect parts of the world, *games*, that most seductive development of modern life, played to the pitch of distinction. Into both these homes comes literature, comes the press, comes the talk of alien minds, comes the observation of things without, sometimes reinforcing the tradition, sometimes insidiously glossing upon it or undermining it, sometimes "letting daylight through it;" but much more into the latter type than into the former. And slowly the two fundamentally identical things tend to assimilate their superficial difference, to homologize their traditions; each generation sees a relaxation of the aristocratic prohibition to act; a "gentleman" may tout for wines nowadays—among gentlemen; he may be a journalist, a fashionable artist, a schoolmaster; his sisters may "act," while on the other hand each generation of the ex-commercial shareholder reaches out more earnestly toward refinement, toward tone and quality, toward etiquette and away from what is "common" in life.

So in these typical cases one follows the strands of tradition into the new conditions, the new Homes of our modern state. In America one finds exactly the same new elements shaped by quite parallel economic developments, shopmen in a large store, skilled operatives, and independent shareholders, developing Homes not out of a triple strand of tradition, but out of the predominant Home tradition of an emancipated middle class, and in a widely different atmosphere of thought and suggestion. As a consequence one finds, I am told, a skilled operative already with no eye (or only an angry eye) for tips; sociable shopmen, and shareholding families, frankly common, frankly intelligent, frankly hedonistic or only with the most naïve and

superficial imitation of the haughty incapacity, the mean pride, the parasitic lordliness of the just-independent, well-connected English. These rough indications of four social types will illustrate the quality of our proposition, that Home influence in the making of men resolves itself into an interplay of one substantial and two modifying elements; namely, (1) tradition, (2) economic conditions, (3) new ideas, suggestions, interpretations, changes in the general atmosphere of thought in which a man lives and which he mentally breathes. The net sum of which three factors becomes the tradition for the next generation.

Both the modifying elements admit of control. How the economic conditions of Homes may be controlled to accomplish New Republican ends has already been discussed with a view to a hygienic minimum, and obviously the same or similar methods may be employed to secure less-materialistic benefits. You can make a people dirty by denying them water, and you can make a people cleaner by cheapening and enforcing bathrooms. Man is indeed so spiritual a being that he will turn every materialistic development which you force upon him into spiritual growth. You can aerate his house, not only with air but with ideas. Build, cheapen, render alluring a simpler, more spacious type of house for the clerk, fill it with labor-saving conveniences, and leave no excuse and no spare corners for the "slavey," and the slavey—and all that she means in mental and moral consequence—will vanish out of being. You will beat tradition. Make it easy for trade-unions to press for shorter hours of work, but make it difficult for them to obstruct the arrival of labor-saving appliances; put the means of education easily within the reach of every workman, make promotion from the ranks, in the army, in the navy, in all business concerns, practicable and natural, and the lingering discoloration of the serf taint will vanish from the workman's mind. The days of Mystic Individualism have passed, and few people nowadays will agree to that strange creed that we must deal with economic conditions as though they were inflexible laws. Economic conditions are made and compact of the human will; and by tariffs,

by trade regulation and organization, fresh strands of will may be woven into the complex. The thing may be extraordinarily intricate and difficult, abounding in unknown possibilities and unsuspected dangers, but that is a plea for science and not for despair.

Controllable, too, is the influx of modifying suggestions into our Homes, however vast and subtle the enterprise may seem. But here we touch for the first time a question that we shall now continue to touch upon at other points, until at last we shall clear it and display it as the necessarily central question of the whole matter of man-making so far as the human will is concerned, and that is the preservation and expansion of the body of human thought and imagination, of which all conscious human will and act are but the imperfect expressions and realizations; of which all human institutions and contrivances, from the steam-engine to the plowed field, and from the blue pill to the printing-press, are no more than the imperfect symbols, the rude mnemonics and memoranda. . . .

But this analysis of the modifying factors in the Home influence, this formulation of its controllable elements, has now gone as far as the purpose of this paper requires. It has worked out to this, that the Home so far as it is not a traditional organization is really only on the one hand an aspect of the general economic condition of the state, and on the other of that still more fundamental thing, its general atmosphere of thought. Our analysis refers back the man-maker to these two questions. One gathers that the Home is not to be dealt with separately or simply. Nor, on the other hand, are these questions to be dealt with merely in relation to their Home application. As the citizen grows up, he presently emerges from his Home influences to a more direct and general contact with these two things, with the Fact of the modern state and with the Thought of the modern state, and we must consider each of these, in relation to his development as a whole.

The next group of elements, in the man-making complex that occurs to one after the Home, is the School.

(To be continued.)

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON'S WARS AND THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

"Some with lives that come to nothing, some with deeds as well undone."

IV.

THE CLOUDED MOON

"Quand on se méfie on se trompe, quand on ne se méfie pas, on est trompé."

CHARLES DARRAGON had come to Dantzig a year earlier. He was a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and he was twenty-five. Many of his contemporaries were colonels in those days of quick promotion, when men lived at such a rate that few of them lived long. But Charles was too easy-going to envy any man.

When he arrived, he knew no one in Dantzig; had few friends in the army of occupation. In six months he possessed acquaintances in every street, and was on terms of easy familiarity with all his fellow officers.

"If the army of occupation had more officers like young Darragon," a town councilor had grimly said to Rapp, "the Dantzigers would soon be resigned to your presence."

It seemed that Charles had the gift of popularity. He was open and hearty, hail-fellow-well-met with the newcomers, who were numerous enough at this time, quick to understand the quiet men, ready to make merry with the gay. Regarding himself, he was quite open and frank.

"I am a poor devil of a lieutenant," he said; "that is all."

Reserve is fatal to popularity: friendship cannot exist without it. Charles had, it seemed, nothing to hide, and was indifferent to the secrets of others. It is such people who receive many confidences.

"But it must go no farther," a hundred men had said to him.

"My friend, by to-morrow I shall have forgotten all about it," he invariably replied, which men remembered afterward, and were glad.

A certain sort of friendship seemed to exist between Charles Darragon and Colonel de Casimir—not without patronage on one

side and a slightly constraining sense of obligation on the other. It was de Casimir who had introduced Charles to Mathilde Sebastian at a formal reception at General Rapp's. Charles, of course, fell in love with Mathilde, and out again, after half an hour's conversation. There was something cold and calculating about Mathilde which held him at arm's length with as much efficacy as the strictest duenna. Indeed, there are some maidens who require no better chaperon for their hearts than their own heads.

A few days after this introduction, Charles met Mathilde and Désirée in the Langesasse, and he fell in love with Désirée. He went about for a whole week seeking an opportunity to tell her without delay what had happened to him. The opportunity presented itself before long; for one morning he saw her walking quickly toward the Kuh-brücke with her skates swinging from her wrist. It was a sunny, still, winter morning such as temperate countries never know. Désirée's eyes were bright with youth and happiness. The cold air had slightly emphasized the rosy color of her cheeks.

Charles caught his breath at the sight of her, though she did not happen to perceive him. He called a sleigh, and drove to the barracks for his own skates. Then to the Kuh-brücke, where a reach of the Mottlau was cleared and kept in order for skating. He overpaid the sleigh-driver, and laughed aloud at the man's boorish surprise. There was no one so happy as Charles Darragon in all the world. He was going to tell Désirée that he loved her. At first, Désirée was surprised, as was only natural. For she had not thought again of the pleasant young officer introduced to her by Mathilde. They had not even commented on him after he had made his gay bow, and gone.

She had, of course, thought of these things in the abstract when her busy mind

had nothing more material and immediate to consider. She had probably arranged how some abstract person should some day tell her of his love, and how she should make reply. But she had never imagined the incident as it actually happened. She had never pictured a youth in a picturesque uniform looking down at her with ardent eyes as he skated by her side through the crisp still air while the ice sang a high, clear song beneath their feet in accompaniment to his hurried, laughing words of protestation. He seemed to touch life lightly, and to anticipate nothing but happiness. In truth, it was difficult to be tragic on such a morning.

Those were the heedless days of the beginning of the century when men not only threw away their lives but played ducks and drakes with their chances of happiness in a manner quite incomprehensible to the careful method of human thought to-day. Charles Darragon lived only in the present moment. He was in love with her. Désirée must marry him.

It was quite different to what she had anticipated. She had looked forward to such a moment with a secret misgiving. The abstract person of her thoughts had always inspired her with a painful shyness and an indefinite, breathless fear. But the lover, who was here now in the flesh by her side, inspired none of these feelings. On the contrary, she felt easy and natural, and quite at home with him. There was nothing alarming in his flushed face and laughing eyes. She was not at all afraid of him. She even felt in some vague way older than he, though he had just told her that he was twenty-five, and four years her senior.

She accepted the violets, which he had hurriedly bought for her as he came through the Langemarkt, but she would not say that she loved him, because she did not. She was, in most ways, quite a matter-of-fact person, and she was of an honest mind. She said she would think about it. She did not love him now, she knew that. She could not say that she would not learn to love him some day, but there seemed no likelihood of it at present. Then he would shoot himself! He would certainly shoot himself unless she learnt to love him! And she asked "When?" and they

both laughed. They changed the subject, but after a time they came back to it. Which is the worst of love; one always comes back to it.

Then, suddenly, he began to assume the air of proprietorship, and burst into a hundred explanations of what fears he felt for her; for her happiness and welfare. Her father was absent-minded and heedless. He was not a fit guardian for her. Was she not the prettiest girl in all Dantzic—in all the world? Her sister was not fond enough of her to care for her properly. He announced his intention of seeing her father the next day. Everything should be done in order. Not a word must be hinted by the most watchful neighbor against the perfect propriety of their betrothal.

Désirée laughed, and said that he was progressing rather rapidly. She had only her instinct to guide her through these troubled waters; which was much better than experience. Experience in a woman is tantamount to a previous conviction against a prisoner.

Charles was grave, however: a rare tribute. He was in love for the first time, which often makes men quite honest for a brief period—even unselfish. Of course, some men are honest and unselfish all their lives; which perhaps means that they remain in love—for the first time—all their lives. They are rare, of course. But the sort of woman with whom it is possible to remain in love all through a lifetime is rarer.

So Charles waylaid Antoine Sebastian the next day as he went out of the Frauen-thor for his walk in the morning sunshine by the side of the frozen Mottlau. He was better received than he had any reason to expect.

"I am only a lieutenant," he said, "but in these days, monsieur, you know. . . . there are possibilities."

He laughed gaily as he waved his gloves in the direction of Russia, across the river. But Sebastian's face clouded, and Charles, who was quick and sympathetic, abandoned that point in his argument almost before the words were out of his lips.

"I have a little money," he said, "in addition to my pay. I assure you, monsieur, I am not of mean birth."

"You are an orphan," said Sebastian, curtly.

"Yes."

"Of the. . . Terror."

"Yes—I—well, one does not make much of one's parentage in these rough times, monsieur."

"Your father's name was Charles—like your own?"

"Yes."

"The second son?"

"Yes, monsieur. Did you know him?"

"One remembers a name here and there," answered Sebastian in his stiff manner, looking straight in front of him.

"There was a tone in your voice—" began Charles, and, again perceiving that he was on a false scent, broke off abruptly.

"If love can make mademoiselle happy—" he said; and a gesture of his right hand seemed to indicate that his passion was beyond the measure of words.

So Charles Darragon was permitted to pay his addresses to Désirée in the somewhat formal manner of a day, which, upon careful consideration, will be found to have been no more foolish than the present. He made no inquiries respecting Désirée's parentage. It was Désirée he wanted, and that was all. They understood the arts of Love and War in the great days of the Empire.

The rest was easy enough, and the gods were kind. Charles had even succeeded in getting a month's leave of absence. They were to spend their honeymoon at Zoppot, a little fishing-village, hidden in the pines by the Baltic shore, only eight miles from Dantzic, where the Vistula loses itself at last in the salt water.

All these arrangements had been made, and Désirée had prepared her trousseau, with a zest and gaiety which all were invited to enjoy. It is said that Love is an egotist. Charles and Désirée had no desire to keep their happiness to themselves, but wore it, as it were, upon their sleeves. The attitude of the Frauengasse toward Désirée's wedding was only characteristic of the period. Every house in Dantzic looked askance upon its neighbor at this time. Each roof covered a number of contending interests.

Some were for the French, and some for the conqueror's unwilling ally, William of Prussia. The names above the shops were German and Polish. There were

Scotch names, also, here as elsewhere on the Baltic shores. When the serfs were liberated, it was necessary to find surnames for these free men, these Pauls-the-son-of-Paul; and the nobles of Esthonia and Lithuania were reading Sir Walter Scott at the time.

The burghers of Dantzic ("They must be made to pay, these rich Dantzigers," wrote Napoleon to Rapp) trembled for their wealth, and stood aghast by their empty counting-houses; for their gods had been cast down; commerce was at a standstill. There were many, therefore, who hated the French, and cherished a secret love of those bluff British captains, so like themselves in build and thought and slowness of speech, who would thrash their wooden brigs through the shallow seas, despite decrees and threats and sloop-of-war, so long as they could lay them alongside the granaries of the Vistula. Lately, the very tolls had been collected by a French customs service, and the wholesale smuggling, at which even Governor Rapp—that long-headed Alsatian—had closed his eyes, was at an end.

Again the Poles, who looked on Dantzic as the seaport of that great kingdom of Eastern Europe which was and is no more, had been assured that France would set up again the throne of the Jagellons and the Sobieskis. There was a Poniatowski who was high in the Emperor's service and esteem. The Poles were for France.

The Jew, hurrying along close by the wall,—always in the shadow,—traded with all, and trusted none. Who could tell what thoughts were hidden beneath the ragged fur cap—what revenge awaited its consummation in the heart crushed by oppression and contempt?

Besides these civilians, there were many who had a military air within their civil garb. For the pendulum of war had swung right across from Cadiz to Dantzic, and swept northward in its wake. The merchants of death—the men who live by feeding soldiers, and rifling the dead.

All these were in the streets, rubbing shoulders with the gay epaulets of the Saxons, the Badenese, the Würtembergers, the Westphalians, and the Hessians who had been poured into Dantzic by Napoleon, during the months when he had continued

to exchange courteous and affectionate letters with Alexander of Russia. For more than a year, the broad-faced Bavarians (who have borne the brunt of every war in Central Europe) had been peaceably quartered in the town. Half a dozen different tongues were daily heard in this city of the plain; and no man knew who might be his friend, and who his enemy. For some who were allies to-day were commanded by their kings to slay each other to-morrow.

In the wine-cellars and the humbler beer-shops, in the great houses of the councilors, and behind the snowy lace curtains of the Frauengasse and the Portchaisengasse, a thousand slow Northerners spoke of these things, and kept them in their hearts. A hundred secret societies passed from mouth to mouth instruction, warning and encouragement. Germany has always been the home of the secret society. Northern Europe gave birth to those countless associations which have proved stronger than kings and surer than a throne. The Hanseatic League, the first of the commercial unions which were destined to build up the greatest empire of the world, lived longest in Dantzig.

The Tugendbund, men whispered, was not dead, but sleeping. Napoleon, who had crushed it once, was watching for its revival; had a whole army of his matchless, secret police ready for it. And the Tugendbund had had its center in Dantzig.

Perhaps in the Rathskeller itself—one of the largest wine-stores in the world, where tables and chairs are set beneath the arches of the Exchange, a vast cave under the streets—perhaps here the Tugendbund still encouraged men to be virtuous and self-denying, for no other or higher purpose than the overthrow of the Scourge of Europe. Here the richer citizens have met from time immemorial to drink with solemnity and a decent leisure the wines sent hither in their own ships from the Rhine, from Greece and the Crimea, from Bordeaux and Burgundy, from the Champagne and Tokay. This is not only the Rathskeller, but the real Rathhaus, where the Dantzigers have taken counsel over their afternoon wine from generation to generation, whence have been issued to all the world those decrees of probity and

a commercial uprightness between buyer and seller, debtor and creditor, master and man, which reached to every corner of the commercial world. And now it was whispered that the latter-day Dantzigers—the sons of those who formed the Hanseatic League—mostly fat men with large faces, shrewd, calculating eyes, and high foreheads; good, solid men who knew the world and how to make their way in it; withal good judges of a wine, and great drinkers, like that William the Silent who braved and met and conquered the European scourge of medieval times—it was whispered that these were reviving the Tugendbund.

Amid such contending interests, and in a free city so near to several frontiers, men came and went without attracting undesired attention. Each party suspected a newcomer of belonging to the other.

"He scrapes a fiddle," Koch had explained to the inquiring fishwife. And perhaps he knew no more than this of Antoine Sebastian. Sebastian was poor. All the Frauengasse knew that. But the Frauengasse itself was poor, and no man in Dantzig was so foolish at this time as to admit that he had possessions.

This was, moreover, not the day of display or snobbery. The king of snobs, Louis XVI., had died to some purpose: for a wave of manliness had swept across human thought at the beginning of the century. The world has rarely been the poorer for the demise of a Bourbon.

The Frauengasse knew that Antoine Sebastian played the fiddle to gain his daily bread, while his two daughters taught dancing for that same safest and most satisfactory of all motives.

"But he holds his head so high," once observed the stout and matter-of-fact daughter of a councilor. "Why has he that grand manner?"

"Because he is a dancing-master," replied Désirée, with a grave assurance. "He does it so that you may copy him. Chin up. Oh, how fat you are!"

Désirée was slim enough, and as yet only half grown. She did not dance so well as Mathilde, who moved through a quadrille with the air of a duchess, and threw into a polonaise or mazurka a quiet grace which was the envy and despair of

her pupils. Mathilde was patient with the slow and heavy of foot, while Désirée told them bluntly that they were fat. Nevertheless, they were afraid of Mathilde; and only laughed at Désirée when she rushed angrily at them, and, seizing them by the arms, danced them round the room with the energy of despair.

Sebastian, who had an oddfy judicial air, such as men acquire who are in authority, held the balance evenly between the sisters, and smiled apologetically over his fiddle toward the victim of Désirée's impetuosity.

"Yes," he would reply to watching mothers who tried to lead him to say that their daughters were the best dancers in the school. "Yes, Mathilde puts it into their heads, and Désirée shakes it down to their feet."

In all matters of the household, Désirée played a similar part. She was up early, and still astir after nine o'clock at night, when the other houses in the Frauengasse were quiet, if there were work to do.

"It is because she has no method," said Mathilde, who had a well-ordered mind and that quickness which never needs to hurry.

V.

THE WEISSEN RÖSS'L.

"The moth will singe her wings, and singed return,
Her love of light quenching her fear of pain."

There are quite a number of people who get through life without realizing their own significance. Ninety-nine out of a hundred persons signify nothing, and the hundredth is usually so absorbed in the message which he has been sent into the world to deliver that he loses sight of the messenger altogether.

By a merciful dispensation of Providence, we are permitted to bustle about in our immediate little circle like the ant, running hither and thither with all the sublime conceit of that insect. We pick up, as he does, a burden which on close inspection will be found to be absolutely valueless, something that somebody else has thrown away. We hoist it over obstructions while there is usually a short way round; we fret and sweat and fume. Then we drop the burden, and rush off at a tangent to pick up another. We write letters to our friends, explaining to them

what we are about. We even indite diaries, to be read by goodness knows whom, explaining to ourselves what we have been doing. Sometimes we find something that really looks valuable, and rush to our particular heap with it while our neighbors pause, and watch us. But they really do not care; and, if the rumors of our discovery reach so far as the next ant-heap, the bustlers there are almost indifferent, though a few may feel a passing pang of jealousy. They may, perhaps, remember our name, and will soon forget what we discovered: which is Fame. While we are falling over each other to attain this, and dying to tell each other what it feels like when we have it or think we have it, let us pause for a moment, and think of an ant . . . who kept a diary.

Désirée did not keep a diary. Her life was too busy for ink. She had had to work for her daily bread; which is better than riches. Her life had been full of occupation from morning till night, and God had given her sleep from night till morning. It is better to work for others than to think for them. Some day the world will learn to have a greater respect for the workers than for the thinkers, who are idle, wordy persons, frequently thinking wrongly.

Désirée remembered the siege and the occupation of Dantzic by French troops. She was at school in the Jopengasse when the Treaty of Tilsit—that peace which was nothing but a pause—was concluded. She had seen Luisa of Prussia, the good queen who baffled Napoleon. Her childhood had passed away in the roar of sieges. Her girlhood, in the Frauengasse, had been marked by the various woes of Prussia, by each successive step in the development of Napoleon's ambition. There were no bogey-men in the night-nursery at the beginning of the century. One Aaron's rod of a bogey had swallowed all the rest, and children buried their sob in their pillows for fear of Napoleon. There were no ghosts in the dark corners of the stairs when Désirée, candle in hand, went to bed at eight o'clock, half an hour before Mathilde. The shadows on the wall were the shadows of soldiers; the wind roaring in the room was like the sound of distant cannon. When the timid glanced

over their shoulders the apparition they looked for was that of a little man in a cocked hat and a long gray coat.

This was not an age in which the individual life was highly valued. Men were great to-day and gone to-morrow. Women were of small account. It was the day of deeds and not of words. In these latter times, all that is changed, and the talker has a hearing.

Désirée had never been oppressed by a sense of her own importance, which oppression leaves its mark on many a face in these times. She had not, it would seem, expected much from life; and when much was given to her she received it without misgiving. She was young and light-hearted, and she lived in a reckless age.

She was not surprised when Charles failed to return. The chaise that was to carry them to Zoppot stood in the *Frauen-gasse* on the shady side of the street in the heat of the afternoon for more than an hour. Then she ran out, and told the driver to go back to the stables.

"One cannot go for a honeymoon alone," she explained, airily, to her father, who was peevish and restless, standing by the window, with the air of one who expects without knowing what to expect. "It is, at all events, quite clear that there is nothing for me to do but wait."

She made light of it, and laughed at her father's grave face. Mathilde said nothing; but her silence seemed to suggest that this was no more than she had foretold or, at all events, foreseen. She was too proud or too generous to put her thoughts into words. For pride and generosity are often confounded. There are many who give because they are too proud to withhold.

Désirée got her needlework, and sat by the open window, where she awaited Charles. She could hear the continuous clatter of carts on the Quay, and the voices of the men who were working in the great granaries across the river.

The whole city seemed to be astir, and men hurried to and fro in even the quiet *Frauen-gasse*, while the clatter of cavalry and the heavy rumble of gun-carriages could be heard over the roofs from the direction of the *Langemarkt*. There was a sense of hurry in the dusty air. The Emperor

had arrived, and the magic of his name lifted men out of themselves. It seemed nothing extraordinary to Désirée that her life should be taken up by this whirlwind and carried on she knew not whither.

At dinner-time, Charles had not returned. Antoine Sebastian dined at half-past four, in the manner of northern Europe, but his daughters provided his table with the lighter meats of France, which he preferred to the German cuisine. Sebastian's dinner was an event in the day, though he ate sparingly enough, and found a mental rather than a physical pleasure in the ceremonious sequence of courses.

It was now too late to think of going to Zoppot. After dinner, Mathilde and Désirée prepared the rooms which had been destined for the occupation of the married pair after the honeymoon.

"We shall have to omit Zoppot, that is all," said Désirée, cheerfully, and fell to unpacking the bridal clothes which had been so merrily laid in the trunks.

At half-past six, a soldier brought a hurried note from Charles.

"I cannot return to-night, as I am about to start for Königsberg," he wrote. "It is a commission which I could not refuse if I wished to. You, I know, would have me go, and do my duty."

There was more, which Désirée did not read aloud. Charles had always found it easy enough to tell Désirée how much he loved her, and was gaily indifferent to the ears of others. But she seemed to be restrained by some feeling which had found birth in her heart during her wedding-day. She said nothing of Charles' protestations of love.

"Decidedly," she said, folding and placing the letter in her work-basket, "Fate is interfering in our affairs to-day." She turned to her work again without further complaint, almost with a sense of relief. Mathilde, whose steady gray eyes saw everything, penetrating every thought, glanced at her with a suddenly aroused interest. Désirée was half surprised at the philosophy with which she met this fresh misfortune.

Antoine Sebastian had never acquired the habit of drinking tea in the evening, which had found favor in those northern countries bordering on Russia. Instead,

he usually went out at this time to one of the many wine-rooms or Bier Halles in the town to drink a slow and meditative glass of beer with such friends as he had made in Dantzig. For he was a lonely man whose face was quite familiar to many who looked for a bow or a friendly salutation in vain.

If he went to the Rathskeller, it was on the invitation of a friend; for he could not afford to pay for the vintage of that cellar, though he drank the wine with the slow mouthing of a connoisseur when he had it.

More often than not he took a walk first, passing out of the Frauenthor on to the Quay, where he turned to left or right, and made his way back through one or other of the town gates, by devious narrow streets, to that which is still called the Portchaisengasse, though chairs and carriers have long ceased to pass along it. Here, on the northern side of the street, is an old inn, "Zum Weissen Röss'l," with a broken, ill-carved head of a white horse above the door. Across the face of the house is written, in old German letters, an invitation:—

"Grüss Gott. Tritt ein!
Bring Glück herein."

But few seemed to accept it. Even a hundred years ago, the White Horse was behind the times, and fashion sought the wider streets.

Antoine Sebastian was perhaps ashamed of frequenting so humble a house of entertainment, where for a groschen he could have a glass of beer. He seemed to make his way through the narrower streets for some purpose, changing his route from day to day, and hurrying across the wider thoroughfares with the air of one desirous of attracting but little attention. He was not alone in the quiet streets, for there were many in Dantzig at this time who from wealth had fallen to want. Many counting-houses, once noisy with prosperity, were now closed and silent. For five years, the prosperous Dantzig had lain crushed beneath the iron heel of the conqueror.

It would seem that Sebastian had only waited for the explanation of Charles' most ill-timed absence to carry out his usual program. The clock in the tower of the Rathhaus had barely struck seven

when he took his hat and cloak from the peg near the dining-room door. He was so absorbed that he did not perceive Papa Barlasch, seated just within the open door of the kitchen. But Barlasch saw him, and scratched his ill-kempt head at the sight.

The Northern evenings are chill, even in June, and Sebastian fumbled with his cloak. It would appear that he was little used to helping himself in such matters. Barlasch came out of the kitchen, when Sebastian's back was turned, and helped him to put the flowing cloak straight upon his shoulders.

"Thank you, Lisa, thank you," said Sebastian, in German, without looking round. By accident, Barlasch had performed one of Lisa's duties, and the master of the house was too deeply engaged in thought to notice any difference in the handling or to perceive the smell of snuff that heralded the approach of Papa Barlasch.

Sebastian took his hat, and went out, closing the door behind him, and leaving Barlasch, who had followed him to the door, standing rather stupidly on the mat.

"Absent-minded—the citizen," muttered Barlasch, returning to the kitchen, where he resumed his seat on a chair by the open door. He scratched his head, and appeared to lapse into thought. But his brain was slow, as were his movements. He had been drinking to the health of the bride. He thumped himself on the brow with his closed fist.

"Sacred-name-of-a-thunderstorm," he said. "Where have I seen that face before?"

Sebastian went out by the Frauenthor to the Quay. Although it was dusk, the granaries were still at work. The river was full of craft, and the roadway choked by rows and rows of carts, all of one pattern, too big and too heavy for roads that are laid across a marsh.

He turned to the right, but found his way blocked at the corner of the Lange-markt, where the road narrows to pass under the Grünes Thor. The idlers of the evening hour were here collected in a crowd, and peering over each other's shoulders toward the roadway and the bridge. Sebastian was a tall man, and had no need

to stand on tip-toe in order to see the straight rows of bayonets swinging past and the line of shakos rising and falling in unison with the beat of a thousand feet on the hollow woodwork of the draw-bridge.

The troops had been passing out of the city all the afternoon on the road to Elbing and Königsberg.

"It is the same," said a man, standing near to Sebastian, "at the Hohes Thor, where they are marching out by the road leading to Königsberg by way of Dessau."

"It is farther than Königsberg that they are going," was the significant answer of a white-haired veteran, who had probably been at Eylau, for he had a crushed look.

"But war is not declared," said the first speaker.

"Does that matter?"

And both turned toward Sebastian with the challenging air that invites opinion or calls for admiration of uncommon shrewdness. He was better clad than they. He must know more than they did. But Sebastian looked over their heads, and did not seem to have heard their conversation.

He turned back, and went another way, by side-streets and the little narrow alleys that nearly always encircle a cathedral, and are still to be found on all sides of the Marienkirche. At last, he came to the Portchaisengasse, which was quiet enough in the twilight, though he could hear the tramp of soldiers along the Langedasse, and the rumble of the guns.

There were only two lamps in the Portchaisengasse, swinging on wrought-iron gibbets at each end of the street. They were not yet alight, though the day was fading fast, and the western light could scarcely find its way between the high gables, which hung over the road, and which seemed to lean confidentially toward each other.

Sebastian was going toward the door of the Weissen Röss'l when someone came out of the hostelry as if he had been awaiting him within the porch.

The newcomer, who was a fat man, with baggy cheeks and odd, light-blue eyes—the eyes of an enthusiast one would say—passed Sebastian, making a little gesture, which at once recommended silence and bade him turn and follow. At the entrance

to a little alley, leading down toward the Marienkirche, the fat man awaited Sebastian, whose pace had not quickened nor had his walk lost any of its dignity.

"Not there to-night," said the man, holding up a thick forefinger, and shaking it sideways.

"Then where?"

"Nowhere, to-night," was the answer.

"He has come—you know that?"

"Yes, . . ." answered Sebastian, slowly. "For I saw him."

"He is at supper now, with Rapp and the others. The town is full of his people. His spies are everywhere. There are two—in the Weissen Röss'l—who pretend to be Bavarians. See! There is another—just there."

He pointed the thick forefinger down the Portchaisengasse, where it widens to meet the Langedasse, where the last remains of daylight, which reflected to and fro between the houses, found freer play than in the narrow alley where they stood.

Sebastian looked in the direction indicated. An officer was walking away from them. A quick observer would have noticed that his spurs made no noise, and that he carried his sword instead of allowing it to clatter after him. It was not clear whence he had come. It must have been from the doorway nearly opposite to the Weissen Röss'l.

"I know that man," said Sebastian.

"So do I," was the reply. "It is Colonel de Casimir."

With a little nod, the fat man went out again into the Portchaisengasse in the direction of the inn, as if he were keeping watch there.

VI.

THE SHOEMAKER OF KÖNIGSBERG.

"Chacun ne comprend que ce qu'il trouve en soi."

Nearly two years had passed since the death of Queen Luisa of Prussia. And she from her grave yet spake to her people—as sixty years later she was destined to speak to another king of Prussia, who said a prayer by her tomb before departing on a journey that was to end in Fontainebleau with an imperial crown and the reckoning for all time of the seven years of woe that followed Tilsit and killed a queen.

Two years earlier than that, in 1808,

while Luisa yet lived, a few scientists and professors of Königsberg had formed a sort of union—vague enough and visionary—to encourage virtue and discipline and patriotism. And now, in 1812, four years later, the memory of Luisa still lingered in those narrow streets that run by the banks of the Pregel beneath the great castle of Königsberg, while the Tugendbund, like a seed that had been crushed beneath an iron heel, had spread its roots under the ground.

From Dantzig, the commercial, to Königsberg, the kingly and the learned, the tide of war rolled steadily onward. It is a tide that carries before it a certain flotsam of quick and active men, keen-eyed, restless, rising: men who speak with a sharp authority, and pay from a bottomless purse. The arrival of Napoleon in Dantzig swept the first of the tide on to Königsberg. Already every house was full.

The high-gabled warehouses on the riverside could not be used for barracks, for they, too, had been crammed from floor to roof with stores and arms. So the soldiers slept where they could. They bivouacked in the timber-yards by the riverside. The countrywomen found the Neuer Markt transformed into a camp, when they brought their baskets in the early morning, but they met with eager buyers, who haggled laughingly in half a dozen different tongues. There was no lack of money, however.

Cart-loads of it were on the road.

The Neuer Markt in Königsberg is a square, of which the lower side is a quay on the Pregel. The river is narrow here. Across it, the country is open. The houses surrounding the quadrangle are all alike: two-storied buildings with dormer-windows in the roof. There are trees in front. In front of that which is now Number Thirteen, at the right-hand corner, facing west, sideways to the river, the trees grow quite close to the windows, so that an active man or a boy might without great risk leap from the eave below the dormer-window into the topmost branches of the linden, which here grows strong and tough as it surely should do in the fatherland.

A young soldier, seeking lodgings, who happened to knock at the door of Number Thirteen, less than thirty hours after the arrival of Napoleon at Dantzig, looked upward through the shady boughs, and noted

their growth, with the light of interest in his eye. It would almost seem that the house had been described to him as that one in the Neuer Markt against which the lindens grew. For he had walked all round the square between the trees and houses before knocking at this door, which bore no number then as it does to-day. His tired horse had followed him meditatively, and now stood with drooping head in the shade. The man wore a dark uniform, now white with dust. His hair was dusty and rather lank. He was not a very tidy soldier.

He stood looking at the sign which swung from the door-post: a relic of the Polish days. It bore the painted semblance of a boot. For in Poland—a frontier country, as in frontier cities where many tongues are heard—it is the custom to paint a picture, rather than write a word. So that every house bears the sign of its inmate's craft, legible alike to Lithuanian or Ruthenian, Swede or Cossack of the Don.

He knocked again, and at last the door was opened by a thickly built man, who looked, not at his face, but at his boots. As these wanted no repair, he half closed the door again, and looked at the newcomer's face.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"A lodging."

The door was almost closed in his face when the soldier made an odd and, as it would seem, tentative gesture with his left hand. All the fingers were clenched, and with his extended thumb he scratched his chin slowly, from side to side.

"I have no lodging to let," said the bootmaker. But he did not shut the door.

"I can pay," said the other, with his thumb still at his chin. He had quick blue eyes beneath the shaggy hair that wanted cutting. "I am very tired—it is only for one night."

"Who are you?" asked the bootmaker.

The soldier was a dull and slow man. He leaned, with tired gestures, against the door-post before replying.

"Sergeant in a Schleswig regiment, in charge of spare horses."

"And you have come far?"

"From Dantzig without a halt."

"Who sent you to me, anyway?" the shoemaker grumbled.

"Koch, the locksmith, in the Schmiedegasse. See, I have money. I tell you, it is for one night. Say yes or no. I want to get to bed and asleep."

"How much do you pay?"

"A thaler—if you like. Among friends, one is willing to pay."

After a short minute of hesitation the shoemaker opened the door wider, and came out.

"And there will be another thaler for the horse, which I shall have to take to the stable of the wood-merchant at the corner. Go into the workshop, and sit down till I come."

He stood in the doorway, and watched the soldier seat himself wearily on a bench in the workshop among the ancient boots, and lean his head against the wall.

He was half asleep already, and the bootmaker, who was lame, shrugged his shoulders as he led away the tired horse, with a gesture half of pity, half of doubting suspicion. Had it suggested itself to his mind, and had it been within the power of one so halt and heavy-footed, to turn back noiselessly, he would have found his visitor wide-awake enough, hurriedly opening every drawer, and peering under the twine and needles, lifting every bale of leather, shaking out the very boots awaiting repair.

When the dweller in Number Thirteen returned, the soldier was asleep, and had to be shaken before he would open his eyes.

"Will you eat before you go to bed?" asked the bootmaker, not unkindly.

"I ate as I came along the Lange-gasse," was the reply. "No, I will go to bed. What time is it?"

"It is only seven o'clock—but no matter."

"No, it is no matter. To-morrow I must be astir by five."

"Good," said the shoemaker. "But you will get your money's worth. The bed is a good one. It is my son's. He is away, and I am alone in the house."

He led the way upstairs as he spoke. The room was that attic in the roof which has a dormer-window overhanging the linden-tree. It was small and not too clean; for Königsberg was once a Polish city, and is not far from the Russian frontier.

The soldier hardly noticed his surround-

ings, but sat down instantly with the abandonment of a shepherd's dog at the day's end.

"I will put a stitch in your boots for you while you sleep," said the host, casually. "The thread is rotten, I can see. Look here—and here!"

He stooped, and with a quick turn of the awl which he carried in his belt he snapped the sewing at the join of the leg and the upper-leather, bringing the frayed ends of the thread out to view.

Without answering, the soldier looked round for the boot-jack lacking which no German or Polish bedroom is complete.

When the bootmaker had gone, carrying the boots under his arm, the soldier, left to himself, made a grimace at the closed door. Without boots, he was a prisoner in the house. He could hear his host at work already, downstairs, in the shop, of which the door opened to the stairs, and allowed passage to that smell of leather which breeds Radical convictions.

The regular "tap-tap" of the cobbler's hammer continued for an hour until dusk, and all the while the soldier lay dressed on his bed. Soon after, a creaking of the stairs told of the surreptitious approach of the unwilling host. He listened outside, and even tried the door, but found it bolted. The soldier, open-eyed on the bed, snored aloud. At the sound of the key outside of the door, he made a grimace again. His features were very mobile, for Schleswig.

He heard the bootmaker descend the stairs again almost noiselessly, and, rising from the bed, he took his station at the window. All the Lange-gasse would seem to be eating-houses. The basement, which has a separate door, gives forth odors of simple Pomeranian meats, and every other house bears to this day the curt but comforting inscription: "Here one eats." It was only to be supposed that the bootmaker at the end of his day would repair for supper to some special haunt near by.

But the smell of cooking, mingling with that of leather, told that he was preparing his own evening meal. He was, it seemed, an unsociable man, who had but a son beneath his roof, and mostly lived alone. Seated near the window where the sunset

light yet lingered, the Schleswiger opened his haversack, which was well supplied, and, finding paper, pens and ink, fell to writing, with one eye watchful of the window, and both ears listening for any movement in the room below.

Suddenly he threw his pen aside, and moved quickly to the window which stood open. The shoemaker had gone out, closing the door softly behind him.

It was to be expected that he would turn to the left, upward toward the town and the *Lange-gasse*, but it was in the direction of the river that his footsteps died away. There was no outlet on that side except by boat.

It was almost dark now, and the trees growing close to the window obscured the view. So eager was the lodger to follow the movements of his landlord that he crept in stocking-feet out on to the roof. By lying on his face below the window, he could just distinguish the shadowy form of a lame man by the river-edge. He was moving to and fro, unchaining a boat moored to the steps which are more used in winter when the *Pregel* is a frozen roadway than in summer. There was no one else in the *Neuer Markt*, for it was the supper-hour.

Out in the middle of the river, a few ships were moored; high-prowed, square-sterned vessels of a Dutch build, trading in the *Frische Haff* and in the *Baltic*.

The soldier saw the boat steal out toward them. There was no other boat at the steps or in sight. He stood up on the edge of the roof, leaped lightly across the leafy space into the topmost bough, and alighted in a forked branch almost without sound.

At dawn, the next morning, while the shoemaker still slept, the soldier was astir again. He shivered as he rose and went to the window, where his clothes were hanging from a rafter. The water was still dripping from them. Wrapt in a blanket, he sat down by the open window to write while the morning air should dry his clothes.

That which he wrote was a long report—sheet after sheet, closely written. And, in the middle of his work, he broke off to read again the letter that he had written the night before. With a quick, impulsive

gesture, he kissed the name it bore. Then he turned to his work again.

The sun was up before he folded the papers together. By way of a postscript, he wrote a brief letter.

"DEAR C.:—I have been fortunate, as you will see from the inclosed report. His Majesty cannot again say that I have been neglectful. I was quite right. It is Sebastian and only Sebastian that we need fear. Here, they are clumsy conspirators compared to him. I have been in the river half the night, listening at the open stern-window of a *Reval* pink to every word they said. His Majesty can safely come to *Königsberg*. Indeed, he is better out of *Dantzic*. For the whole country is riddled with that which they call patriotism; and we, treason. But I can only repeat what His Majesty disbelieved the day before yesterday—that the heart of the ill is *Dantzic*, and the venom of it is Sebastian. Who he really is and what he is about, you must find out how you can. I go forward to-day to *Gumbinnen*. The inclosed letter to its address—I beg of you—if only in acknowledgment of all that I have sacrificed."

The letter was unsigned, and bore the date: "dawn, 10, June." This and the report and that other letter (carefully sealed with a wafer) which did not deal with war or its alarms, were all placed in one large envelope. He did not seal it, however, but sat thinking. Then he withdrew the open letter, and added a postscript to it.

"If an attempt were made on N's life—I should say, Sebastian. If Prussia were to play us false suddenly, and cut us off from France, I should say nothing else than Sebastian. He is more dangerous than a fanatic, for he is too clever to be one."

The shoemaker was already astir, and presently knocked at his door.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "I am astir."

And, as the host rattled the door, he opened it. He had unrolled his long cavalry cloak, and wore it over his wet clothes.

"You never told me your name," said the shoemaker. A suspicious man is always more suspicious at the beginning of the day.

"My name," answered the other, carelessly. "Oh, my name is Max Brunner!"

(To be continued.)

ROSALIE.

BY WINGROVE BATHON.



Drawn by Carl Bartack.

AT the Wolf River crossing, on the Cuevas trail, from the southern side of the stream, came the call of a waiting passenger and the bark of his eager dogs.

"For—the—other—side!" he intoned. "For—the—other—side!"

The old flat-bottomed bateau was high and dry on the northern bank, and the ferryman was out of sight.

It was a real Mississippi morning, late in the season and late in the year. The dawn had just come into the heavens. Flutelike and clear, a key-note was sounded by a lark in the lightening sky, and above the subdued hum of the river's eddying current the clear note of the first partridge came faintly from the grass.

In a leisurely way, a door was opened in the ferryman's cottage on the northern bank of the river, and out on the broad veranda stepped a girl, in boy's attire of corduroy—a loose, open Norfolk jacket, and trousers held in by leggins below her knees, with heavy, little high-laced shoes, and a broad-brimmed gray felt hat. She came down the steps, slipping on a pair of gloves as she walked along toward the bateau, her costume proclaiming the ferrywoman unhampered by feminine clothes, and her long, black, unbound hair flying free and picturesque in the morning breeze.

Shading her eyes with her hand, she glanced across the river, and then, suddenly, she stopped short.

"It's Carroll Chase!" she said.

"Cæsar!" she called, running back toward the house. "Cæsar!"

From a garden-patch beside the cottage, an aged negro appeared.

"Cæsar," she exclaimed, "who do yo' think is on thuh othuh side of thuh rivuh?"

"Ah can't ve'y well see, honey," the darky replied. "Thuh ole man's eyes ain't as good as they used toe wuz."

"It's Mr. Chase!"

"Mahse Chase! Yo' must be mistookken, suah! Why, Mahse Chase is 'way up Nohth!"

The call rang out again, insistently.

"Ferryman! Ferryman! For—the—other—side!"

"Good Lawd!" the negro ejaculated.

"That's his voice!"

"He must not come across heah, Cæsar!" she said.

"Why, how's it gwine be helped, Mis' Ros'lie? This yuh ferry's paht thuh gov'-men'. If Mahse Chase wants toe come 'cross, we-all *has* toe bring him!"

Without answer, she turned away and ran into the house, where she turned the key in the lock with a snap.

Shaking his head, and muttering to himself, the negro walked deliberately down to the landing, glancing across now and then at the young man on the other side of the stream. Unfastening the boat, he got it off into the water, and, slowly pulling on the rope, he worked his way across the river.

The passenger stood at the southern landing, watching the movement of the antiquated rope ferry with half a smile of amusement on his otherwise impassive face. The bateau drew nearer and nearer, and as it came up to the bank where he stood he extended a welcoming hand.

"Cæsar!" he said. "It really is you?"

"Yass, suh! Subvant, Mahse Chase! Ah'm—Ah'm thuh ferryman heah, suh. How is yo', suh?"

"Where is Mrs. Chase?"

"Mis' Ros'lie? Ah ain't dun seed *huh* foh—lemme see—nigh ontoe——"

"Cæsar, you black rascal, you're lying! I know you of old! Where is she?"

"'Deed, Mahse Chase——"

"Shut up! Ferry me across!"

"Ah 'clah toe goodness, Mahse Chase——"

"Shut up! Who was that young man I saw you with over there?"

"Thet wuz—thet wuz——"

"Was it? Ferry me across, I say!"

The negro was silent.

"Whut yo' gwine do on thuh othuh side thuh rivuh, Mahse Chase?" he asked, finally.

"I was going to shoot partridges."

"Yo' wuz, yo' say, Mahse Chase?"

"Yes, I was. But I'm going to see Mrs. Chase, now! If you don't start this ferry going in double-quick time, I'm going to shoot you, instead of partridges! Understand?"

The negro glanced at him again.

"Yass, suh. Ah'm gwine toe staht right now," he said; adding to himself, under his breath: "Ah knows yo', too, of ole."

Unmooring the boat, he raised the gang-plank, and slowly pulled the ferry back across the stream. Chase stood in the bow of the boat, his horse's bridle under his arm, silently watching the approaching shore.

The bateau had hardly touched the landing before he was on the bank and half-way up to the house. He strode up the steps of the cottage, across the veranda, and knocked at the door with a heavy hand.

"Open the door, Rosalie!" he said.

The house was silent and still.

"Open the door, I say!" he called, in peremptory tones.

She did not answer.

"Rosalie," he called, "if you don't open the door, I shall break it down!"

"If yo' do," she answered in a low, tense voice from the other side of the threshold, "Ah'll shoot yo' befoh yo' cross thuh sill!"

"There speaks your creole blood!" he said, bitterly.

He commenced to walk up and down the veranda.

"Rosalie," he said, gently, after a moment, "it is a perfect day. To me!"—he raised his arms to her, even though she

could not see—"to me, it is a perfect day only because I have found you again! You believe me when I say that, don't you?"

"No," she said. "Ah have believed yo' befoh," she added.

He hesitated, looking away for a moment.

"Rosalie," he said, with indrawn breath, as he gathered his faculties together for the effort he was about to make, "this is no quarrel, this time! It is a making-up, if you will only have it so. I have not come to reproach you! I have not come to try to take you by force, as I did that other time! I want you, but I want you with your own consent, not without it! Rosalie, listen to me, child! I——"

"Ah do not trust——" she was about to say.

"Cæsar!" he called.

As the negro ran up, he handed him his gun.

"Rosalie," he said, "are you listening?"

She did not reply.

"I know you are," he said. "I know you are there. Listen to me! I have just handed Cæsar my shotgun. I want you to come out here on the veranda. Cæsar, you stand over there! If I move within fifteen feet of Mrs. Chase, you shoot me! You understand, Cæsar!"

"Yass, suh," the negro said, gravely. He took the shells out of the gun, examined them, replaced them, and pulled back the hammers.

"Rosalie, are you coming?"

There was a moment of silence. Beyond the door, he could hear her deep breathing, as she decided what to do.

The birds had hushed their songs, the pines had ceased their murmur, and even the waters of the stream seemed to him slower and more quiet, as he glanced around the wilderness surrounding the little clearing, and waited.

Suddenly, she unlocked the door, and, throwing it open, appeared upon the threshold in her ferrywoman's costume, with a Winchester repeater gripped in her hand.

"Well, then, Mr. Carroll Whitestone Chase," she said, with a measureless contempt of voice and manner, "toe what do Ah owe thuh honoh of youah visit?"

He started toward her, with outstretched hands, and she raised the rifle.

Turning away, he walked over to the veranda-rail, and leaned against it, with folded arms.

"Rosalie," he began, "three years ago, when I met you in New Orleans, and we were married, although you may not believe me, I was but eighteen years of age. I deceived you and every one else about my age, knowing that otherwise your father would prevent our marriage. Years ago, when father and mother died —"

"Ah do not believe yo'," she said.

"What I have said is true, nevertheless. Years ago, when my father and mother died," he continued, "my people in Maryland told me I must make a rich marriage. I grew up with that idea. You know of the life I led when I was younger — up to the time I met you — and of my debts. I —"

"Yo' have told me of them befoh. They, Ah am quite well aweah, wuh thuh reason yo' married me."

"They were not!" he said. "I married you because I loved you. You know it!"

"Ah don't know it. Howevuh, yo' — ah — did marry me, Ah am sorry toe say."

"Yes," he answered, looking away over the river, "and for me the world was altered. I —"

"Yo' altered it foh me, too," she interrupted again.

"Yet—we were happy while the dream lasted. I remember——"

"Yo' fohget youahse'f, Carroll Chase! Only a man like yo', though, would dah toe speak of happiness!"

"A man like me!" he repeated. "If you but knew what I have suffered the past

three years! If you but knew what I have done in the effort to expiate that folly of my ignorant boyhood! When first I met you——"

"Yo' said toe youahse'f, 'Heah is mah prize!' An' Ah *was* youah prize until yo' found out——"

"It is not so! I loved you! I loved you as deeply and honorably as any man could!"

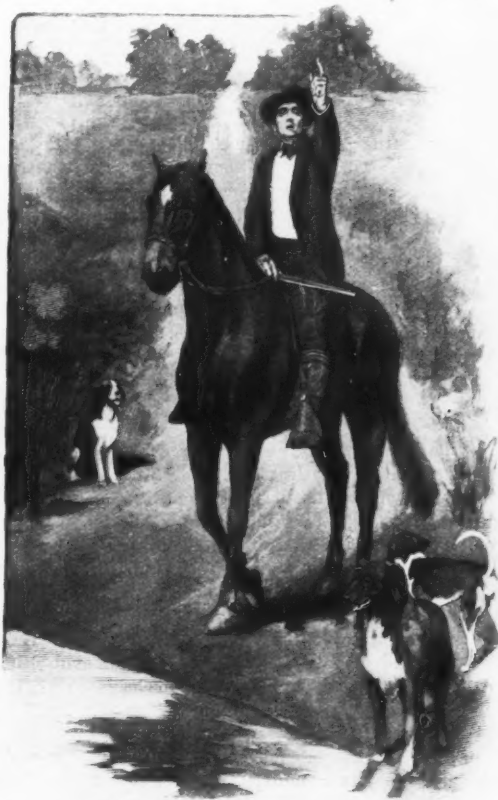
"Honohably!" she said. "Yo' talk toe me of 'honoh'!"

"Yes, honohor"! I did love you. I love you now. I have always loved you. God so willed

it. Chance—a providential chance—has brought me here to-day!"

"Chance'?" she repeated. "Or, do yo' not rathuh come with some well-laid plan? Ah shall not prove such an easy victim this time!"

"It was chance. In New Orleans, yesterday, I heard the partridge-shooting was exceptionally good on this side of the Wolf



Drawn by Carl Bartsch.

"FERRYMAN! FERRYMAN! FOR—THE—OTHER—SIDE!"

River, and that is the reason I am here."

"Did yo' not, rathuh, leahn in some way, in New Orleans, that Ah, poh an' almost friendless, had secued chahge of this government ferry, in Cæsar's name, because, bein' a girl an' unduh legal age as well, Ah could not do so mahse'f? An' that mah woh-n-out ole suhvant an' mahse'f eked out our existence heah? Did yo' not come, as yo' came three yeahs ago, when fuhst we met, with some puhpose, Mr. Carroll Whitestone Chase?"

"No! I met you, then, with no purpose, and I come here with no purpose, now!"

"Thuh result, then, was thuh same as if yo' had!"

"Rosalie, listen to me! You refused to live with me three years ago, and again a year ago——"

"Yass, Ah refused toe live with yo' then, an' Ah would refuse toe do so now, if theah was any question about it, an' thuh cuhcumstances wuh thuh same! Ah had rathuh weah boy's clothes in this wilduhness of mine, an' eahn an' hones' livin', even if it is by runnin' a ferry, than have yo' say toe me yo' suppohted me aftuh we wuh married, when yo' foun' Ah was not toe be thuh heiress at mah fathuh's death it was once thought Ah would be, not because yo' loved me an' Ah was youah wife an' it should have been youah pride an' pleasuh toe do so, but because Ah was youah wife an' was poh an' friendless!"

"Rosalie——"

"But yo' didn't unduhstan'! Yo' Nohthuhn men know a lot about Southuhn women, don't yo'? We have been brought up toe do things diffuhently than yo', it seems—we creoles! That yo' should have taught me toe believe in yo', toe cah foh yo', an' then toe—why, it was shameful! Live with yo'? Accept youah charity—foh that was what it would have been! No! Yo' didn't know me! Yo' Nohthuhns seem toe know very little of creole women!"

"You angered me so——" he interrupted.

"Yass, Ah angered yo'," she kept on, "an' Ah do so now, Ah hope! Thuh truth huhts! Yo' taught me that! Mah pride was 'false,' Ah think yo' said! Suppose Ah was of no pahiculuh family?

Suppose mah matuhnal ancestuh was one of thuh maiden émigrés—an' a peasant girl—sent out from France toe John Law's Mississippi Company? Suppose that on thuh male side thuh fuhst of ouah progenitohs was a private Spanish soldier—an adventurer? Suppose they wuh 'of no pahiculuh family,' toe use youah phrase? Foh all that, mah fathuh had enough energy an' ability toe make his own way in thuh wold without thuh aid of a rich marriage, an', moh than that, he had thuh bohn instinct of a creole gentleman sprung from honorable parentage! When mah mothuh died, he was thuh one who taught me thuh meanin' of thuh pride that will puhmit a man toe make such a marriage as yo' wished toe make an' thuh pride that will puhmit a girl toe 'love, honoh an' obey' such a man when she finds him out! Pride! Yass! Ah have pride! Not youah pride! If mine's false, go back wheah yo' came from, toe thuh othuh kind! Divohee me foh abandonment, an' pick out one of youah Nohthuhnuhs—a girl who believes as yo' do, if theah ah any such, an' marry huh—if she has money!"

"Rosalie——"

"Ah have not finished. Ah want toe tell yo'! Heah Ah remain—free—with no bittuhness toe entuh mah life! Some man, Ah don't know who, whose conscience, thuh lawyuhs said; pricked him because of some business he had once had with mah fathuh, paid enough money intoe thuh estate toe settle his debts foh him aftuh he failed an' died, two yeahs an' a half ago, an' Ah have nevuh had toe think about sellin' mahse'f as thuh price of an easy mind ovuh—debts!"

"Rosalie——"

"Why, thuh ve'y day mah fathuh failed, thuh month aftuh ouah marriage, an' yo' came home toe me that night toe tell me, so yo' said, that yo' wuh sorry, Ah read thuh truth in youah eyes that yo' could not hide! Ah saw it! Foh yo' wanted toe make a rich marriage! A rich marriage with me thrown in 'foh lagnappe,' as thuh shopkeepers say, foh good measuh!"

"I was young!" he broke out. "Whatever unworthy thought chanced to enter my mind at that interview was that of a man who had been brought up to know no

better, and who was too young to know for himself, and it was gone the minute it came! I swear it! Everywhere I have sought for you—everywhere! It is *this* talk that we should have had, a year ago, when I found you in New Orleans, and tried to take you back North with me by force! I was wrong in that, as in almost everything else—except, believe me, my love for you, Rosalie! In New Orleans, yesterday, I heard nothing of the life you lead here. I did not know I should see you. No one knew where you were. I have made three visits to New Orleans to find you since you eluded me a year ago, each time without avail. To-day, I am here by chance. Providence, it seems, has brought us together once more. Rosalie

—”

“Three visits! How honored Ah should feel! All thuh way from Maryland, too. Yo' must have been put toe quite an expense! Ah youah debts all paid, now?”

“Taunt me, if you like. My debts are not paid.”

“Your family? Do they hope mah affairs may yet straighten themselves? Do they provide funds foh—”

“That will do!” he said, turning away, abruptly. “I am going. Good-by.”

“That shot struck home, it seems!” she called after him, as he went down the steps.

He did not answer her.

“Carroll Chase!” she said, her voice ringing clearly across the little glade, “yo' have called me beautiful! Look at me!”

She grounded the rifle she held, with emphasis, and with her free hand shook her heavy hair back from her face and shoulders, to make a picture before his eyes.

“Look at me!” she said. “Ah am beautiful! An', to yo', Carroll Chase,”

she finished, “Ah represent thuh unattainable! Now, go!”

“My gun, Caesar!” he said, as he untied his horse and dogs. Taking the gun from the negro, he led the horse and dogs aboard the ferry-boat, and turning and

raising his hat from his head, he bowed, as he saw her at the foot of the steps.

He was about to speak to her again, and stood hesitating.

“It may interest you to know,” he called to her, at length, “that it was I who paid your father's debts.”

She started.

“Yo'!”

He saw her sway, as if about to fall.

Pretending, then, that he thought she needed his help, he was beside her again in a moment. He gathered her into his arms, and held

her despite her struggles.

“Carroll,” she said, “is it true?”

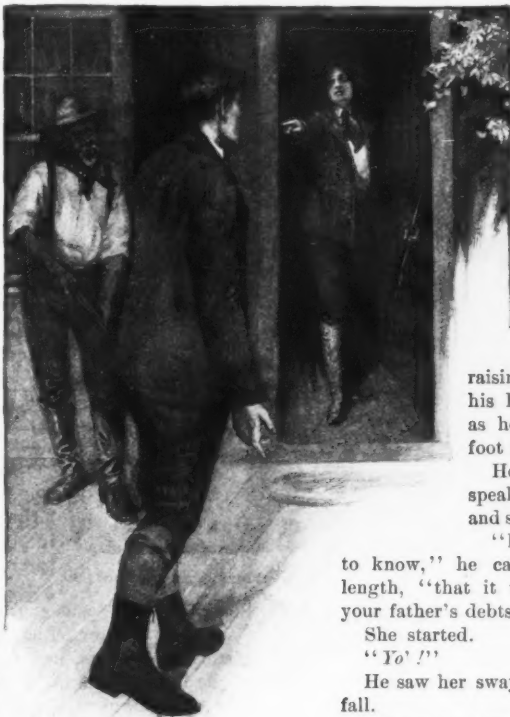
“It is quite true,” he said, simply.

“Ah have been wrong!” she murmured, sighing, as she ceased to try to free herself. “Ah have been cruel!”

She covered her face with her hands, and wept.

He said nothing.

“That,” he said, quietly, after a while,



Drawn by Carl Bartsch.

“SHE UNLOCKED THE DOOR, AND . . . APPEARED UPON THE THRESHOLD.”

"was my way of expiation, Rosalie. I did not let you know, fearing you would prevent me. In letting my own debts go, I wanted to place myself absolutely on record as not caring anything about the money it was once thought your father would leave you. An aunt of mine in England left me the money. I haven't a cent in the world now, except what little the law I have studied is beginning to bring me, and my people in Maryland have never forgiven me, but I do not care. It meant, of course, social ostracism for me. I told no one what I did with the money. They thought, I suppose, that it went the way all the money I could get my hands on used to go in the old days, when I was a boy. Indeed, I have only told you to prove that I did what little I could to blot out that folly of a few years ago. I would have told you a year ago, had I thought of its effect upon you. But then, I wanted to force you to obey! I thought only of that! It seemed to me that I, your husband, had the right to command, and that everything else in the world was as nothing compared with that right! I was wrong, it seems. I see, now, that when you promised to 'obey,' you meant you would as long as

you could 'love' and 'honor'—as long as there were attributes in me to inspire it! I see, now! It is I who have been wrong! Does this, then, make so much difference to you? Does it prove so much to you—the letting of my own debts go and the payment of those of your father by me?"

She placed her arms around his neck, and hid her tear-wet face on his shoulder.

"Carroll," she said, slowly, "Ah love yo'!"

He repeated after her, whispering slowly into her hair as he kissed it:—

"Rosalie, I love you!"

So they stood, encircled in each other's arms, heart beating against heart once again, until, at last, he lifted his gaze to the wooded hills at the edge of the horizon, where the radiant sun was high in the air.

"As It Was In The Beginning—" he said, commencing to quote their old paraphrase.

"Now And Ever Shall Be—" she continued.

"Love Without End!" he finished, kissing her cheeks, her eyes and her hair, ere he leaned down with his ear on her lips to hear her whisper back in the old, old way:—

"Amen!"



Drawn by Carl Bartsch.

"CARROLL," SHE SAID, SLOWLY, 'AH LOVE YO'!"





**Dr. Cox's
Discovery.**
By Herbert A. Ward.

LAST July I boarded the stanch steamer "Boston" for Yarmouth. There was the usual medley of cooks and waitresses returning from a two weeks' vacation, and of tourists eager for a taste of foreign soil at the cheapest rates. For the most part the faces were common and uninteresting; so, when we passed Boston Light, I fled a group of howling children, whom the swell, I hoped, would soon silence, and, choosing a seat above the screw, fell to reading a most fascinating account of Doctor Broca's discovery of the serum of intoxication.

Like so many other physicians of the modern school, I am an enthusiast over the many microbe theories that tumble over each other in the order of their discovery. What will not the bacillus be responsible for next? Absorbed in the resistless fascination of this speculation, I raised my eyes from my pamphlet, and looked straight into those of a man not ten feet away.

His was a most remarkable face; it conveyed the immediate impression of intolerable anguish. His eyes were sunken, burning with unquenchable intelligence; they looked as if they were vainly seeking compassion, and had lost all hope; the high forehead seemed glazed, as if covered with stretched parchment; his cheeks were hectic and hollowed; the beard, wandering of its

own free will, showed the mouth, whose passionate form and sensitive outline, embittered at the corners, indicated a noble character that had been blasted by some extraneous fatality, or by perjured love. The man might have been thirty, but looked fully fifty. His seemed an age of ambition undone, of plans miscarried, and of future disrupted.

For fully two hours we sat there side by side without speaking. I had now ceased speculating upon Doctor Broca's serum, and was filled with curiosity regarding my vis-à-vis. At last, unable to stand the tension any longer, I handed him the pamphlet, and said: "If you are interested in medical discoveries, you will find this of momentous importance to society, if what he claims can be proven."

The stranger's eyes lighted with recognition as he glanced at the title. "Ah, Doctor Broca!" he exclaimed. "I knew him well. I worked with him and Pasteur and Koch before I went to Vienna. I am Doctor Cox."

Through the lobes of my brain there fitted a reverberation of that name. It was associated with the reports of foreign medical journals, and with some remarkable experiments. Indeed, there flashed upon me the association of the name with a discovery that was to revolutionize humanity, and which would be given out at some future time. So I greeted the stranger with that effusion which mediocrity pours upon genius, and gave him my unknown name.

I had never studied abroad, and knew nothing of the incandescent lights—those saviors of humanity—except by reports.

Doctor Cox greeted his brother physician with as much cordiality as his reserve could command. Evidently he was pleased not to be alone upon the ship.

"You look as if you had overworked," I said, introductorily.

"No," he answered, with pathetic weariness, "I have not overworked, I have overdone." This distinctive phrase did not detract from the mystery that surrounded the man. We talked for an hour or two before the gong sounded. His deep eyes glowed as he retailed with intimate knowledge the history of Pasteur's and Koch's wonderful experiments. And, as he forgot his own misery, his youth came back before my eyes just as some desiccated plants are suddenly resurrected by a few drops of water.

"Doctor!" I ejaculated, as the last vibration of the gong passed by. "You are suffering from some terrible calamity; you have given up your future, and it is killing you. Anyone with the blindest eyes to symptoms can see that. I wish you cared to confide in me." I felt more like a girl than a man in my impulse, and breathed rapidly. I could distinctly feel my blood accelerating, and expected nothing less than a curt reply, if not an immediate withdrawal.

But Doctor Cox looked at me long and searchingly, until my eyes became blurred, and I could no longer distinguish his features. Then he said, kindly: "Thank you for your interest. After supper, when the rest have retired, and the moon is well up, I will tell you my story, and you can judge whether you can be of assistance to me or not." With that he bowed and left. I cannot now account for my friendly aggression, or for his flood of confidence to a stranger, except for the mysterious fact that natures change upon the high seas.

With what impatience did I await the night! Food was impossible; but time, that flies too fast for the condemned, at last accommodated the waiting. With an ill-assumed air of indifference, I strolled to the stern. Doctor Cox was sitting smoking impetuously. Without a word of greeting, and with startling abruptness, he began his story.

The churn of the tireless screw, the velvet line of smoke, the sheen of the moon

upon our quarter, the quiet sea whose horizon was veiled by a tenuous mist: these are my only memories in connection with the marvelous tale which I was permitted to hear.

"I will not burden you," he said, "with the story of my whole life. I will simply say that I am a graduate of Harvard College and Medical School. Ten days after I got my diploma, authorizing me to kill or cure under the law, my father died, leaving me an income that made me independent. In a month I was in Paris, and devoted my nights as well as days to investigation and experiment. I became familiar with the Pasteur School and all that it aimed to accomplish. In the same way I spent two years as Doctor Koch's assistant in his laboratory in Berlin.

"Feeling the need of hospital practise to supplement my laboratory experiments, I went to Vienna, that Mecca of all physicians. In less than a month I met Elsa. Elsa was the most superb woman I had ever seen. She was a perfect type of blonde. She had all the stateliness of a Margaret, all the piquancy of a Lili, and all the seductiveness of an Undine. She was tall and sveite. Her eyes were star sapphires, and her lips bows of roses. At one moment she could be stately as a princess, at another clinging as a bride. Capricious as the Mediterranean, yet steadfast as the Gulf Stream, she was a woman to be won by hurricane and calm, by volcano and by ice. I became immediately infatuated with her, and was soon on intimate terms with her mother.

"Madame Von Krakenburg was the widow of an Austrian captain of noble blood, and lived a proud life of genteel poverty, which she fancied she hid from all her friends. The only one she deceived was herself.

"In a natural way it came about that I soon hired the whole of her top floor, and so became an inmate of that delightful household. This household consisted only of Elsa, her mother, and an aged Newfoundland dog, called Max. This dog had a strange habit that had grown upon him like the mange, a hatred of Elsa's mother; at the time of my entrance into the family this had become a mania. This extraordinary aversion was undoubtedly due to

senility. Devoted to Elsa, Max would growl asthmatically, and show his toothless gums whenever the mistress of the house came into the room. The dog never allowed Elsa to be touched by anyone but me without fierce demonstrations of resentment. I had been provident enough to bribe him the first day I called with sugar pellets.

"One morning I received a summons to go to the hospital to see a patient who had just been brought in. I arrived in time to find a man dying of old age. A careful diagnosis showed that he had absolutely no disorder or ailment. For years I had been looking for just such a case, for I had developed a theory that age was nothing but a disease caused by the ravages of a bacillus which had never yet been seen. Up to this time I had never found a case whose fatality did not result from either disease or accident; but before me lay a man perfect in all his functions, yet so old that his years had long since passed the century-mark. Feebleness without senility, death without impairment of functions—the suspension of the breath of life without a visible cause—here was the opportunity for my years of training. It was the unique case that might solve the insoluble problem. That night the life of the man flickered out while I held him in my arms; and in a moment I was absorbed over specimens of his blood that I had wrung from his reluctant veins. Fancy the feeling of the man who after superhuman efforts discovers the North Pole, or who has lived to see an almost impious theory accepted as a law of the universe! With eyes glued to the microscope, that night I understood for the first time the saying that a day is as a thousand years unto the Lord. In the viscid fluid before me floated the microbe of old age, and in my hands lay the secret of eternal life!

"I must have lost my head; for, when I came to, I found myself in the wintry night, running like a madman home in order to perpetuate in my own laboratory that precious colony of immortal germs. It was icy, and in crossing a street I slipped and fell. At that fatal moment a dozen sleighs darted by on the return from some cursed revel. Ah, if they had only known how they trampled on eternal life! We commit the

unpardonable sin in blindness, and giggle and chatter, while Azrael points his shining sword at us, prophetic of our doom.

"When I arose, dazed with the momentous misfortune, the hurricane of hoofs had passed, sweeping with it my slides and specimens—hostages to humanity of undying youth—that had been flung from my hands when I fell. In vain I groped and searched; the discovery had passed me by, illuminating my soul for a brief moment like a blinding flash of lightning, leaving me in greater darkness than before.

"For two months I lay delirious. Elsa and her mother watched over me. During my convalescence, the manner of the mother puzzled and troubled me. She was a splendid woman of about forty-five, in the prime of her vigor, and at times of excitement not looking much older than her daughter. She must have been beautiful in her youth, and indeed I had heard from General Van Fersen that the court of the Emperor held no fairer maid of honor when she was eighteen.

"It was at the time of my greatest depression and perplexity that Elsa told me that the old elephant in the Zoo had died that morning. In an instant I was well. The microbe that I had once held and lost might be found again. Elephants are well known to live to a marvelous age. Fortune, whose daughter I had, alas! kissed, was restoring to me her fitful favors.

"I must hurry," I said. "Have the stove in my laboratory heated. I must see that elephant."

"You will take care of yourself?" Madame Von Krakenburg put her hand imploringly upon my arm. But Elsa only pouted. With a hurried assent I jumped into the drosky, and was gone.

"My disappointment only whetted my ambition. Somewhere in the world my great discovery was beckoning me. Somewhere the limit of existence was reached, and at that limit would be found the microbe of old age. I got in the habit of calling it 'my macrobiote.'

"Madame," I said one day after supper, "I am going to leave you for a few months, or even for a year or more. I have a mission to perform for humanity. I have made a great discovery. It must be verified. It may take much or little time; in

the meanwhile I wish to keep my rooms intact. If I return successful I shall be hailed as the greatest benefactor the world has ever seen—next, of course,' I said, reverently, 'to the historic Savior. In that case I shall ask you for the hand of your daughter Elsa.'

'Madame Von Krakenburg became very pale, but Elsa looked me straight in the eyes.

'*"Mama,"* Elsa said, after a long pause, 'I shall marry Carl, and no one else.' She arose, with royal dignity, and held out to me her hand, and I kissed it.

'They accepted my high claims and the necessity for my departure with a beautiful faith, and made suitable preparation.

'The next morning I read an account of a large whale which had been captured alive on the shores of the Baltic. My opportunity called me. I hastily packed in a special case all the apparatus for making and preserving cultures. It seemed as if Elsa's arms could not be untwined from my neck, and that my eyes were fascinated by her beautiful face; but later, when I bade Madame Von Krakenburg adieu, it seemed as if her lips had lost the power of detachment. What did that passionate kiss mean to her? What would it mean to me? Thrilled, but troubled, without another look at my weeping fiancée, I tore myself away, and rushed into the street.

'I need not detail my search for the oldest life the world had in existence. Birds, beasts and reptiles passed under my microscopic gaze. Impatience and disappointment were the travail of my mind, and what hope was left was rapidly dispelled through travail of the body. The carp, the turtle, the snake, the whale, the elephant, the cockatoo—in short, any animal supposed to live longer than the time allotted to average life, underwent a vigorous scrutiny. You know as well as I do that old age comes to animals as well as to man without a feeling of desire to be old. It is therefore abnormal, and it must be a disease. We all fight it. At last, overcome, we accept it with resignation. It occurred to me that this unconscious or even sentient antagonism to old age might be a means itself for hastening its advent, for it is a universal law that what we dread we invite. Every now and then there occurs a rare

case where old age comes with a desire for it. Such a clod of a man ought to live forever, for to him there is no waste of the brain and body tissue. The one I found in the hospital may only exist once in a century. I therefore decided to give up animals, and continue my search in plants. They have a circulation of the vital fluid, and may attain an extraordinary age. It has been stated by the greatest botanist that they have morality as well as sagacity. What is an elephant of a hundred years to a tree of a thousand?

'The decision made, I hurried to the Island of Kos, and to its little capital, for there is supposed to exist the oldest tree in the world. It was especially fitting that I should give this historic and guarded monument of ancient civilization a careful inspection, for it is undisputed that under its shade over two thousand years ago Hippocrates wrought his healing arts, and that four hundred years before, Æsculapius, his ancestor, the father of human medicine, beneath its limbs cured the superstitious of their diseases. Supported by columns of masonry, surrounded by a fountain, and railed from the populace, this most ancient living relic challenged the modern discoverer. Did the bacillus of old age course sluggishly in its atrophied veins? Had this wonderful tree stored in its heart the lore of the ancients? And would it yield up the secrets of eternal life to a disciple of Pasteur?

'This memorial relic of Grecian paganism is probably the most pathetic example of old age in the world. Its enormous trunk is only a hollow shell, and from its scaly bark only a few green shoots struggle for a starved existence. To gather one or two of these became literally the object of my future life. In vain I tried to bribe the zealous guards. No money could accomplish my purpose, for the tree had been worshiped by the simple inhabitants for many centuries; besides, it was the source of the island's greatest income.

'I soon found myself an object of suspicion, and dogged with a persistence that characterizes the bigotry of the Levant. Fortunately, at the critical moment of failure and despair, an Englishman, whom I had met pleasantly in Paris, sailed in on his yacht. I explained that I needed a few

twigs of that almost dead descendant of an unknown age for museum purposes, and told him how matters stood.

"Nothing pleases an Englishman more than a spice of adventure in which the superstitions of an inferior race are trampled upon. A few nights later, in a hurricane of wind and rain, a small party of us landed, and made for the sacred tree. The frightened guard was gagged and bound, ladders were hastily unlimbered, and in a few minutes the priceless twigs, oldest known specimens of living growth, were concealed in my breast-pocket. The next morning before sunrise we were in the open ocean, with only purple spots on the distant horizon.

"But all night long my eyes were glued to the microscope, searching in vain for that microbe of old age which I had once held in my possession, and which now seemed to have eluded me forever.

"In three months, after I had eliminated all the possibilities of Europe, I was encamped amid the giant redwood-trees of California; for, after all, it was forced upon

my reluctant imagination that the United States not only held the tombs of the most ancient civilizations the world knows of to-day but it also possesses within its fastnesses inorganic life that antedates the Montezumas, the Incas, the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Cliff-dwellers, and even the Mayas—that mysterious race, contemporary with the inhabitants of submerged Atlantis, and cousins to the shepherd kings, who antedated the ancient monarchs of Egypt by many thousands of years.

"I stood, surrounded by the gigantic sequoias, and seemed to be transported into that antediluvian age when ferns scraped the sky, and when dragons were not myths but were fearful realities. It did not take me long to run to earth, or rather to air, the oldest group of this strange species that have been

appropriately called 'sempervirens.' At Felton, near Santa Cruz, I soon found myself in a mystical circle of sequoias, more ancient than the Stonehenge, and whose birth perhaps antedated the sacred tree of Kos. The redwood is the natural receptacle of germs and microbes,



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

" 'COME!' I CRIED, 'IN THE NAME OF GOD ALMIGHTY, ONE DROP OF BLOOD!'"

for, like the fauna of arid zones, its veins contain much water and no resin. Pierce its cells, and it bleeds like an ox at the sacrifice. With infinite pains I selected the oldest of this prehistoric group. There it stood, pointing straight to heaven. Its base was over a hundred and twenty feet in circumference, while its huge fronds swept the pure air hundreds of feet above me.

"I had hardly pitched my tent at the base of this eternal monument, wondering what strange history it had witnessed and had disdained to record during its thousands of years of life, when a party of scientists rode up for purposes of investigation. These confounded college expeditions headed by the inevitable professor! How did I know that under the disguise of a blessing they were about to bring upon me a life's curse? How ignorantly and how buoyantly we walk into the traps that Fate is ready to spring upon us!

"That evening I drew the ichor from the sequoia's veins. It flowed elastically, nay, too eagerly. It lacked the inertia natural to senility. It dawned upon me, even before I prepared the fateful slide, that perhaps the gigantic specimen, born before Abraham was conceived, had not yet arrived at even a respectable old age. Cyclone, fire, flood, the ruthless axe of civilization—these may murder the red-wood-tree, but age has not yet wreaked her vengeance on that sublime order.

"My microscope, the most powerful made in Paris, showed, alas! undoubtedly this astonishing fact, that the oldest sequoia known had not yet reached middle life. If it were permitted to live on, it would in all probability witness the rise and bemoan the fall of our boasted American civilization. For such curves of progress and degeneracy are but ephemeral instances during its transcendent vitality.

"'What's the oldest thing alive?' I asked the professor next morning, as I smoked my pipe, trying to calm my vibrant nerves. As his students were off bug-hunting, we had a quiet moment to ourselves. The professor was one of those lean, spry men, whose eyes burn within their cavernous sockets, whose cheeks are high and hollow and hectic, and whose gaunt jaws are covered by fine, gray, un-

kempt hair. Driving, yet kindly, a bundle of watch-springs, yet philosophic, he combined the solidity of continental learning with the irrepressible originality of American expression.

"'Lichens,' he said, sententiously, as if he were about to deliver a lecture. 'There are some lichens that never die.'

"'Explain.' I looked at him, trying to control my breath. Little did he know how I suffered during those few seconds of anticipation.

"'Take the verrucariaceous apothecium,' he began, lightly, as if he were discussing corn.

"'Yes?'

"'Have you ever been to the Grand Cañon? No? It's a pity. When you go, if you are fortunate, you will see on one of the walls a huge grayish green stain, extending two to three thousand feet in circumference. It is the apothecium. There may not be more than ten specimens in the hundreds of miles of gorge. When the river first flowed, and cut its first depression, this lichen had its birth. As the Cañon deepened, the lichen followed its fall. As the erosion averages one foot every thousand years, and the Cañon is about three thousand feet deep, you can easily calculate the age of your friend.'

"'Three million years!' I exclaimed, ecstatically.

"'Precisely.' He took a leisurely contemplative puff.

"'But how can it exist on and on indefinitely?'

"'It is because the spores are developed in the theca, which constitute, with the paraphyses, the hymenium.'

"'Ah, I see.'

"'If the interior of the conceptacle were not thickly dotted with converging filaments—'

"'Of course!'

"'It continually throws off spore-like bodies, found within the spermogonium—'

"'Spermatia?' I hazarded.

"'Exactly so. It thus became perpetual in its cellular reproduction.'

"'Why had I not thought of lichens before? Taking their nourishment from the air, they contain the elemental principle of life as much as a violet, a tree, an elephant,

a man. I saw the end of my search and sorrows. I saw in the desert of cathedral rocks, amid the fastnesses of the Grand Cañon, the everlasting fount of eternal youth, the secret of which I alone held in my possession.

"Engendered in the hour the glacier receded from the North American Continent, and alive in the day of King Edward, and in the aggression of Emperor William, and in the might of Roosevelt, it beckoned me to its arid heart.

"I should think it would be about dead by this time," I said.

"Not at all." The professor waved his hand, lightly, as if a hundred thousand years more or less were a mere turn of the palm.

"I suppose they will be living when the ice age comes again and engulfs them with the rest of us."

"When will that be?"

"In about ten million years or so."

"Then the apothecium is hardly past its teething, so to speak."

"Hardly."

"When I looked up again into the sympathetic and puzzled eyes of the professor, I burst into violent laughter, the hysterics of despair.

"Now," said the college professor, strolling up to my tent the next morning, with a shrewd glance worthy of a professional palmist, 'I have been watching you, and I wouldn't take your disappointment so bitterly. Perhaps I can help you.' He held a square pasteboard box in his hand. The box was perforated with holes. 'You are searching for the last throes of life. Is that not so?'

"I nodded, moodily.

"I suppose its some new germ theory that you bacillus bigots are running to earth."

"I suppose so," I said, warily.

"And the subject must have lived longer than the number of years supposed to be allotted to the species."

"Much longer," I said, decisively.

"Well, here's a toad."

"A toad!" I said, contemptuously. I fell back against the trunk of the redwood-tree.

"I suppose you've heard of toads being found imprisoned in coal-seams." His tone implied indulgent sarcasm.

"Of course, I have heard of such things, but there are no authenticated cases. It's all tommy-rot. Greville experimented encasting toads and frogs in clay and plaster of Paris, but none ever lived over a month."

"But still such toads have been found, and here is one whose authenticity is beyond question. I saw it dug out of a coal-seam, fifteen hundred feet under the surface."

"The professor spoke with such sane assurance that I was aroused as if by a shock of electricity.

"That was six months ago. I have carried him with me ever since. He has taken only two meals since his rescue. I want to show you his case. There, hold the box carefully. You can take the cover off; he can't move."

"With the reluctant eagerness natural to a cautious scientist, I gazed upon this world-old specimen. It seemed indeed the gift of an unknown age. The only signs of life were the infrequent heavings of the puffy chest, showing that the lungs could still work. The skin was warty, rough, and wrinkled beyond imagination, and the eyes were glued shut. I touched the animal reverently. It was as cold as the age of ice.

"Here," said the professor, interrupting my stare, 'this may convert you. This nodule fell beneath my feet at the end of one of the drifts which I was investigating. Thinking that it might be a fossil, I carefully broke it with my hammer, and the toad fell out on my palm.' The dark bluish slate showed the perfect outlines of a fossil toad. The stone had become the living amphibian's shroud.

"There is no doubt in my mind," continued the professor, gravely, 'that this batrachian was born in the Carboniferous age, when coal was forming. Burrowing in clay to hibernate during a winter, it was overwhelmed in one of Nature's stupendous catastrophes, following on the heels of the Devonian period, and thus was included in the coal-formation. It may, and it may not live more than a few hours or a day. Now, young man, tell me what you want?'

"Only a drop of its precious blood! My God! Professor, only one drop, and I'll be satisfied!" Shaken with an anxiety and

wild excitement which I could no longer have been only through a supreme effort repress, I trembled almost as if I should that he went on. disarticulate.

"I guess your need is greater than mine. The toad is yours," said the professor, gravely. "Only don't mutilate the body, I want to keep it as a specimen. You'd better hurry; there isn't much time to lose. There probably will never be found another one like it in the world."

"I could have thrown myself at the professor's feet. Instead, I prepared my gelatin. In ten minutes I had everything ready for the cultivation of a colony of microbes, if my fate were at hand. Then I took the antediluvian, toothless toad from its box, and bared my scalpel for its divine use. Taking the cold, unresisting creature in the palm of my left hand, I made a quick incision above the heart. Not a drop of blood flowed from its congealed arteries. I plunged the knife deeper, and looked in vain for the priceless fluid. Ah, but I must cut to the heart! If it had nothing to yield, humanity's hope had died with the death of this immortal."

"I plunged the knife in. Then a frenzy seized me. With an oath I grasped the creature, and squeezed it in both my hands. The professor, my promise, everything was forgotten but the fact that I stood at the side of this expiring creature as sponsor for the life of the world. 'Come!' I cried. 'In the name of God Almighty, one drop of blood!'"

"Then there slowly oozed like carmine asphalt one dense globule. This I gathered upon the end of my blade. There was no moment for microscopic investigation. I thrust it into the warm gelatinous ooze, Nature's bed for bacilli. Even as I did so, I felt in my hand an icy quiver. I opened it mechanically! The Carboniferous batrachian was dead."

Doctor Cox's voice was lost in the rhythmic pounding of the screw. He lit his pipe, pulled savagely, following the tenuous smoke with his gaze as it was whiffed over the rail out into the silver sea. By the way he scowled as if in pain, I knew that the tragedy was about to be unfolded, and dared not speak. I could only wait for his errant mood to return to me. It might have been after an hour's pause that I heard a click in his throat. It must

"It was night when I arrived in Vienna. The ladies were at the theater, not expecting me until the next day, and I had slipped upstairs, lighted my fire, and was absorbed in the contemplation of my priceless colony of microbes."

"I looked up from my microscope. Elsa stood at the door, closely followed by Max, whose wagging tail was giving me his best greeting. Careful not to jar the table, I caught the splendid girl in my arms, and my lips met hers in the first real lover's kiss that we had exchanged."

"It has been so long—so long!" she murmured, clinging convulsively. "I thought I had died waiting for you, Carl, my love!"

"The foolishness that we were guilty of during those first five minutes of transport, if nothing more than a divine memory, was surely worth a century of life. I then held my fiancée at arms' length. Her face was a little thinner and paler, which gave a new glory to her blonde beauty; but her figure was better molded, and this added dignity and womanliness."

"Ah, dear heart," I said, aloud, thinking of my cultures, "you shall never die. I could not bear it."

"I do not want to, now I have you, Carl; but I could not have stood another month. I would have died. And Max, poor Max, he is nearly dead now: I only kept him alive by whispering in his ear that his Uncle Carl was coming. Didn't I, Max, dear?" Elsa stooped, and patted the old dog so lovingly that it brought tears to Max's eyes and mine. "Now, tell me," she said, brightening up, "where is it? There? In that jar? That wonderful discovery? Do you mean to say that what is in that muddy jar can restore youth, and you had to spend a whole year away from me finding it? You shall experiment, sir, immediately on Max. Do you hear?"

"Noting my astonishment, she added: 'Max must be saved. Hurry! He may die any minute.'"

"But, my dearest, I haven't experimented on anything yet."

"Then you must begin on Max right away. I shan't leave you until you do;

and, if I don't, what will mama say?"

"She looked so irresistibly roguish, and added such a potent argument, that I foolishly consented. At that moment Max uttered a deep growl.

"It's mama," said Elsa, with a pout. "Quick! There! At any rate we have had a few minutes together, haven't we?"

"There was a rustling on the stairs. There was a quick cry.

"Carl, my dearest son!" Before I realized what had happened, Elsa's mother lay in my arms, considerably closer than her daughter had been a moment before. I do not know what stirred within me, but, stunned and dazed, I strained my mother-in-law to my heart.

"Mama," cried Elsa, turning pale, "you forget that Carl has important experiments to make. It is late, and we must leave him. He is tired." Madame Von Krakenburg gave me a melting look. I could not meet it. My eyes wandered to Elsa. She evidently did not blame me in the least. She stood tapping her foot with high-spirited impatience upon the floor. Her mother had disengaged herself, and stood trembling.

"You will not forget your promise," said Elsa, in a low tone, glancing at the bewildered dog. "Max, you sleep with Carl, to-night. Carl, dear, won't you kiss me good-night?" She stole a triumphant glance at her mother. Shamefacedly, I kissed my fiancée on the lips. I did not linger there, but I felt the chaste and soothing influence that was balm to my harassed heart. Then I looked at her mother, tall, commanding, dark, magnificent and melting, and I did not know whether I hated her or loved her. Then the two women left me with Max and with my tumultuous meditations.

"But my promised experiment nerved me, and in the careful preparation of a spot above the dog's medulla for inoculation, I quite forgot the two ladies of my life. Max seemed to understand, as dogs do when you try to cure them. He did not interrupt or whine, but cocked his aged ears with interest, and tried to see out of his blind eyes. With infinite pains I injected the vivifying bacilli into his blood, sealed the wound from the air, and turned the dog into the hall to seek his mistress' room.

Then I flung myself on the bed, glad to be at home again, and yet puzzled as to the actual outcome of the amorous confusion in which I found myself snarled. Soon youth and health conquered, and I fell into a troubled sleep, only to be awakened in the morning by joyous barking and the eager scratching of a dog at my door. Wondering what could be there, I cautiously opened the door. This was pushed violently to one side, and a magnificent Newfoundland pup darted in, and, leaping all over me, began to kiss me violently.

"Whose was this creature? What could it mean? Then a mad thought illuminated me.

"Max," I cried. "Max, is that you?" At that name the pup whirled about me in ecstasy. But I could not rebuke his exuberance, for before me danced the first illustration of the vitalizing power of the serum at my command. Old age had been wiped from the face of the earth. Death could only entrap us through accident and illness. Immortal youth was the gift of my pleasure.

"After a few dabs and embraces the hurricane bolted out and down stairs. I locked the door, and threw myself upon the bed, feeling within me the power of a god, and wondering at the vast possibilities of my divine discovery.

"As yet Elsa was my only confidante. Without an exhaustive series of experiments, it would be impossible for me to give to humanity my discovery. A thousand problems of proportion, strength, and number of inoculations must be solved beyond a peradventure of a doubt. For the first time I had become reconciled to animal experiments, for my laboratory work would consist not in torture but in giving joy, not in vivisection but in vivifying, and I began to gather all the old and worn-out animals I could find. The resurrection of Max had to be explained to Elsa's mother in a way that bordered on a fairy tale. I was alleged to have brought this young pup with me to take the place of the old dog I had mercifully disposed of; but the strange thing was that the young Max seemed to have his senile antipathy to Madame Von Krakenburg redoubled in his rejuvenescence, to use the appropriate word. This antipathy became so serious

that the dog had to be kept chained except when he was in Elsa's room, in mine, or out walking. But the noble beast seemed never so happy as when Elsa and I were together.

"'Dear heart,' I pleaded, about a week after my return, 'why can we not marry at once? I need you so much.' Indeed my need of her was becoming urgent. Whenever Elsa took Max out for a morning walk, her mother would run up to my room, ostensibly to put it in order. I do not dare to think of the wild passion that swept like a sirocco over my nature at those times. My heart would cry out for Elsa, while my lips were snarled in what Madame Von Krakenburg was pleased to call a 'mother's kiss.' I was on fire, and, loathing the dual part that I became willing to play, I longed for the flame on the one side to consume me, and for the sweet peace of Elsa on the other hand to calm and comfort me.

"As yet Elsa could not suspect my disloyalty, nor could I explain it. She was curiously devoted to her mother, for whom her placid nature had no feeling of jealousy except when we three were together and Madame Von Krakenburg overstepped the boundary natural to a future mother-in-law. Was ever a man in such a predicament? As I sat between the two at table, and looked from the one to the other, my heart gave alternate leaps. I adored the one, and I could not live without the other. If Elsa had married me then and there, the future of mankind would have been immeasurably changed.

"It was on a day when I found myself peculiarly distraught by the strange entanglement in which I was placed that Elsa's mother received a call from General Von Fersen. This officer was not only an ardent admirer of Madame Von Krakenburg but was in close touch with the Emperor at whose court Elsa's mother was once a famous maid of honor. It seemed that this general had lately persuaded the Emperor to restore to the heirs of the dead Von Krakenburg some family estates that had once been confiscated, and this meant a fortune and an independence to the beautiful widow and her daughter. Stunned by the happy news, the lady fell into a dead faint. I was hastily called, and together

the General and I carried her to her room. Elsa and I were then left together.

"As I was about to employ the common restoratives, Elsa put her hand on mine.

"'Carl,' she said in a low voice, 'I will marry you next week if you will inoculate mama now. She will never know it, dear mama.'

"'Nonsense, Elsa!' I exclaimed. 'Don't talk foolishly. I must bring her to.'

"'Carl, dearest, you do not understand. I declare I will never marry you at all if you do not do this for me. Mama has been so unhappy, and, with this new fortune, youth will mean everything to her. I cannot bear to have her grow old. Will you, Carl? And we will be married next week.'

"'But, my God! Elsa, don't you see?' I exclaimed, madly.

"'What? See what?' Elsa asked, wonderingly. Then she straightened herself.

"'You can choose. Take me or lose me. Now, Carl?' I glanced from the indignant girl to the silent and royal woman who even in her pallor thrilled me with a powerful passion.

"'Elsa! Elsa!' I said. 'You know not what you ask. Anything else. My God! I cannot do it, and I cannot refuse.'

"'That or nothing.' She spoke with the icy decision peculiar to the blonde temperament.

"'My cultures were always ready.'

"'Very well,' I said. 'The result is on your own future. I pressed a kiss to my fiancée's lips, and slowly mounted the stairs to my room, hoping that the faint would pass by, and relieve me of my weak promise. When I returned, the woman was still motionless. Hectic with excitement, Elsa watched the process. It was so simple, so fraught with fateful results! In a moment the bacilli of life were sporting in the mother's veins, warring with age and death.

"'How terribly you look,' cried Elsa, glancing up. Then the unconscious woman moved. With a physician's anxiety I peered into her face as her eyes opened. To my frenzied imagination it seemed as if those crow's-feet, indicators of time, were even now disappearing.

"'Carl!' cried the lady, with outstretched arms. Then a puzzled look stole over her

features, and with a deep sigh she sank into profound sleep.

"But I could stand it no longer. 'Tomorrow morning, the living-room as usual, before breakfast,' I whispered to Elsa. Ten minutes later I plunged into the frosty winter air, not knowing where I was going, only intent upon getting away from the terrible complication.

"I did not enter until long after midnight, and then I could not sleep. Brunette and blonde, death and life, seemed warring in insane phantasmagoria within my fevered imagination, but rest was an impossibility. Finally I aroused myself from some weirder vision than the rest, and, after a cold plunge, dressed impatiently. I was cooled and comforted, and my heart cried out to Elsa and her trustful love.

"Early the next morning I stole downstairs to the dining-room, where the little German maid had already lighted an open fire. Its morning cheer made my whole nature smile, and I forgot everything but my promised bride.

"I heard Elsa's familiar rustle on the stair, and boyishly I turned my back so as to appear surprised and thus prolong the joy of the greeting. A few light steps across the room, two arms entwined them-

selves about my neck, and I felt a glowing cheek pressed to mine, and the breath of a garden of jasmine intoxicated my senses. I closed my eyes in ecstasy, and turning, took the divine creature in my arms, raining upon her face, her mouth, kisses which were avariciously accepted and returned. Such bliss as this beautiful woman bestowed upon me is reserved for few to experience.

I could have fainted in my joy. At the moment when it seemed as if heaven had taken the place of this inhospitable earth, I was brought back by a cold, cutting voice from the doorway.

"'Carl,' it said, 'Carl, what does this mean?' Opening my eyes, I saw Elsa in the doorway. She seemed surprised and indignant. In my arms lay the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—a human Jacqueminot—radiant with love, redolent with passion.

Ah, it was a woman for whom a man would commit a thousand crimes, and suffer a thousand deaths for one touch of her crimson lips!

"'Who is this woman?' cried Elsa, in a commanding tone. 'Explain her presence in your arms.' There the two creatures confronted each other. Passion and peace duelled for the mastery.



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

"'WHO IS THIS WOMAN?' CRIED ELSA."

"'Do you not know me, Elsa?' the stranger asked, with a triumphant smile—such as only comes to the mouth of a successful rival. Elsa and I gave each other a quick, comprehensive look. Her tender, blue eyes expressed forgiveness, horror, self-accusation and hopeless misery. Ah, what had she done? What had I done?"

"'Well,' cried the splendid creature, 'is this the way that I am received by my daughter? Carl was more sympathetic in his greeting. Oh, I live, I dance, I sing for joy, and I am so happy! I am just beginning to live. I feel as if I were born again. Carl, tell me, am I really beautiful again—or is it a dream? If it is, I will die. I could not bear to go back. Elsa, Carl, will you not explain? She stood there glancing from one to the other, for we could not speak, as the success of the experiment burst over our disordered minds. For I had conjured from the past, through the blood of the toad, the most glorious woman that my eyes had ever beheld. There she stood, vibrant with life, glowing with youth, eager with the enthusiasm of girlhood, a poem of passion, an ode to ecstasy, and with a heart that quivered with forty-five years of experience. I looked upon this creature of my microbes with blinded eyes. Who could withstand her? She was the incarnation of love. She was the empress, nay the temptress, of the world. Beside her, Elsa seemed a pale replica; but there was that hovering about the girl's lips which made me wonder that I could ever have wavered."

"'Mama,' said Elsa, her lips dry, her tone quiet. 'Carl did it; I asked him. I promised to marry him if he would. That is his great discovery. He made Max young. Now he has made you young. I—I did not know, I did not realize——' The noble girl swayed, and I bounded to her side. 'It is nothing,' she continued, with great dignity. 'Do not touch me, Carl. It is evident that you have a decision to make. You can make it now.'

"'Before her daughter had finished, the young mother had thrown herself at my feet, and was kissing my hand."

"'My benefactor! My god! My creator!' she exclaimed, in increasing vehemence."

"'There was a bounding on the stairs! A whirlwind in the shape of a big dog rushed in. It was Max. Seeing the hated woman at my feet, he seized her by the arm, and held her in a growling grip."

"'This broke the terrible tension. In an instant I had caught the dog by the muzzle, and forced his reluctant jaws apart, dragging him by the collar."

"'I will chain him up,' I said. At the door I stopped, and looked back. Decide? A Jupiter could not have decided. I loved Elsa—I adored her impetuous mother."

"'When I found myself in my laboratory with the dog, I doubly bolted the door. By this time madness had taken possession of my mind. To what impossible end had my impious ambition brought me! How I cursed those jars of jelly filled with life! I raged before the phalanx of glasses, of test-tubes and beakers filled with bacilli, shaking my fist at each in order. The window was unlocked. I threw it open for breath. Outside, the air was crisp, and the snow crunched and creaked under horses and sleighs."

"'Ah, what misery had I caused when I dreamed of joy and glory to mankind! Is it possible that God knew better than man?"

"'The idea had never occurred to me. I thought it man's business to outwit God, and this was the result, this topsyturvydom of love."

"'Something stronger than my will impelled me. I took up a jar, and threw it out of the window. It fell with a crash. A few minutes, and eternal life had frozen to death. 'If one, why not all, old boy?' I cried, turning to Max, who wagged his splendid tail encouragingly. Then followed a mad fusillade of microbes. Ah, how the world would have cried out for mercy if it had known what slaughter I was committing!"

"'Suddenly I stopped, aghast. The last jar had gone, and the gift of the toad had been irretrievably destroyed. God! how we spend the best of our years in searching for life, and how we cast it away! May I never experience such a horrible conflict again. I blessed, I cursed, I rejoiced, I regretted, I stormed, I prayed, I hated, and I loved. At last overcome, broken of life, lost of ambition, and forever deprived of joy, I threw myself on the bed,

and sank into blessed unconsciousness, Nature's calm for the storms that wreck and kill.

"That night I packed my bag, and softly stole away as I had come but a few weeks before. I did not see the two women again, but the fleeting kisses of Max's cold nose are still upon my cheek.

"For two years I have been a wanderer, although I have left with Elsa my address in case I am called; but I never expect to hear from them again."

It was long past midnight. I silently wrung the sufferer's hand, and slipped into my room, leaving him sunk in sleepless reverie. The next morning we were up at six. The fog was lazily lifting as the steamer mowed its way slowly up the motionless channel. It was low tide. A dory defiantly sculled across our bow with a big Newfoundland vigorously pursuing it, yapping the salt water from its mouth. At sight of the animal I gravitated toward Doctor Cox, who was at the extreme bow.

"Why not breakfast together at the Grand?"

"All right," he assented, resuming his hopeless stare, the look of a man searching for that which he knows he can never find. The kindly customs officers did not trouble us, as we had no bicycles or whisky, their *bête noire*. Half an hour later we were seated in a spacious dining-room, waited on by freckled girls who brought us huckleberries and little else. Both of us were ineffably bored. It seemed so petty com-

pared with the tremendous drama enacted by the silent man with his back to the door. The tourists were shoveling in the berries contentedly like cows. Then there was a hush in the clatter. The young clerk stood in the door, flourishing a yellow envelope.

"Dr. Charles Cox!" he called. "Is Doctor Cox here?"

The doctor turned a ghastly shade.

"You take it," he said, "I dare not."

Mechanically I held out my hand, while the blood leaped within me. Somehow I felt that I was providentially in at the finish.

"Open it," he commanded. "Read it first, Doctor—then tell me."

The message had been forwarded from the Doctor's lawyer in Boston, and read thus:—

"Mama found dead in bed this morning. Max guarding her. Come.

"Elsa."

As I read this call from another continent, the face of my *vis-à-vis* became changed as through a potent conjuration. Happiness is, after all, the surest elixir of life. He threw off twenty years in twenty seconds. His face radiated power and manhood, for his joy was sublime.

"My God!" he cried. "I did love Elsa! Quick! There is no time—Good-by, Doctor, good-by. You were very good." Languor and restlessness had vanished like mist. He passed out of the stuffy room like a whirlwind, vital as an electric current, and was gone.





GRANDMA

by
GEORGE HIBBARD.

AS if floating down through the still air from some gray tower the hour of five was sounding from the cathedral chimes of the big clock on the stairs; but already, on the short December day, the darkness had fallen. The snow that had continued all of the afternoon had brought the night even sooner. It was a true Christmas storm, soft and gentle, the flakes falling slowly and resting serenely until all was covered. But the wind was coming up, and soon there would be drifts and buried fences. All the people staying in the big country-house were gathered in the hall, where the fire—an honest Christmas fire—burned riotously on the hearth. The oldest granddaughter sat beside the tea-table, and about her, on the arms of chairs, on window-ledges and even on the floor, loitered, lurked and reclined the rest of the party.

"But I have told you so often," said the nice old lady, as she glanced at the group before her. She spoke, however, with a certain pride; and her bright old eyes grew a trifle brighter, and her pink old cheeks a shade pinker. She was a very nice old lady indeed, as an old lady should be, with a pretty cap upon her erect little old head, and a pretty, soft dress upon her little, trim, old figure.

"And it was so long ago," she urged, in lax remonstrance. "Why, that was in 1902, when I was only nineteen years old."

"I don't care," said the youngest granddaughter, who was sitting almost at her feet; "I love those dear old times, when everything was so picturesque and romantic. When men wore those curious, shining, tall black hats, and women those quaint skirts. In the houses they had those dear registers, at which they warmed themselves, and actually carpets on the floor. And then there were horses and

carriages in the streets, and at night gas burned in those dear old lamp-posts. When they built those strange "sky-scrapers," as they called them, in the cities, and in the country all the fences and places were not covered everywhere with advertisements, and one could see something else. Oh, Christmas must have been charming in those days, and really Christmas! I can understand how a girl could elope."

"Yes," said the nice old lady, thoughtfully; "I did elope." Then she laughed. "It was a curious elopement. I don't believe there was ever one quite like it before or that there has been since. A reversed elopement. That is what I call it, my dear."

"Tell us," urged one of the young men, earnestly. He was engaged to the oldest granddaughter, and they were only to be discovered with difficulty in the obscurity of a curtained window. "Tell us about the reversed elopement."

"And don't leave anything out," insisted the middle granddaughter. "I am like Florence. I adore all those nice old things. I have positive thrills when I think of those sleepy days when people had time to be really in love and nicely foolish and sentimental."

"And yet, my dears," said the old lady, "we used to think ourselves utterly practical and prosaic. We mourned over the fact that all romance had gone out of the world in what we called the rush of modern life."

"Fancy!" said the youngest granddaughter, incredulously.

"Oh, we used to be amazed at our 'advance,' as we named it, and I remember that when they first took a photograph through a man's body that every one considered it perfectly marvelous."

"I imagine it!" exclaimed the oldest granddaughter, in wondering tones.

"And your grandfather," continued the old lady, "in the Spanish War——"

"The Spanish War!" interrupted the

youngest granddaughter, rapturously. "When they had those absurd old rifles that would only shoot two miles, and those ships that rode on the water so proudly where every one could see them. Oh, if I could have watched a regiment of those wonderful old soldiers—those dear "Rough Riders" or the Zouaves——"

"They were in the Civil War," suggested her grandmother.

"Oh, well," she admitted, "I get them a little mixed up, it was all so long ago! But if I had only seen them! Indeed, I can't understand how any girl could help running away then when everything was so decorative and dear."

"I couldn't," said the old lady, with a singularly fine blush spreading quickly over her cheeks. "But I am afraid that Alec was more the reason for it than the times. What a way he had with him!"

"Yes, men were different in those days," commented the youngest granddaughter. "They knew how to be in love——"

"I complained, though, just as you do," continued her grandmother, "until I met Alec. I felt that it was all over with me the very first time that I saw him, though, believe me, I didn't let him know that. I never shall forget, when Sally Grantly presented Mr. Alexander Forbes to me that Sunday afternoon, how he bowed——"

"The delightful stilted old manners," sighed one of the girls.

"We were at the door of the Trevors' house, and I was just going out. I thought he was the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld as he stood with the trees across the street as a background, for the house was on Fifth Avenue opposite Central Park——"

"Can you think of actually living on Fifth Avenue opposite the Park," gasped one.

"I didn't see him after that," resumed the old lady, "until late in the autumn, when I met him at the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, and found that he was going down to stay at the same Long Island country-house that I was. Oh, I was delighted, though of course I did not allow him to see it! Indeed, just because I was so glad, I treated him abominably."

One of the granddaughters laughed. "It's always amusing to hear of the queer irrational conduct of girls then."

"At once," her grandmother continued, "I made him known to Papa, and I was astonished at how civil Papa was to him. Generally he was very gruff and almost impossible with all young men, but he was gentleness itself with Alec. And, if anything, I behaved worse than ever. There were other men in the house, and one who was rather fast and fascinating. Of course what had I to do but to be as nice to him as possible, driving poor Alec nearly frantic. I could see him grow red and white and clench his hands and mutter to himself. And Papa—he was almost distracted, too, because he was afraid that I was getting to care about the other man. And all the time I simply couldn't do any differently."

"The crisis came one evening. We had been at a meet in the afternoon near the house. I had been particularly gracious to every one but Alec, and I had been particularly hateful to him. When we started to come back the other man kept with me, and he managed to sit next to me in the trap. Alec, who was not following that day because of a lame horse, saw that he could not get near me, so he said that he was not going to drive at all, but that, as he wanted some exercise, he was going to run the distance back to the house. We were three miles from home, but he started off trotting ahead of the horses. Of course, every one thought that he would give up, but he didn't. Though the horses went pretty fast he kept before them all of the way, and the last mile he 'sprinted,' as he called it, and got to the door some time before we did. Oh, what a man! As you may imagine, I did not pay very much attention to any of the pretty things that any one else was saying when over the ears of the horses I could catch glimpses of that figure jogging along in the dusty road. And then after dinner we had it out in the library. When we were alone he simply came forward, and took my hands."

"Now this has got to stop," he said.

"What!" I asked, as calmly as I could, though my heart was beating twice to every beat of the clock on the mantelpiece.

"You," he answered, bluntly.

"I have got to stop!" I exclaimed.

"I know that you like me," he kept on, "and we are just wasting our time."

If you don't love me I am going to make you," he said.

"Oh, but I do," I answered, just as decidedly.

"I saw that he was a good deal taken aback at that, and I was so delighted.

"Well," he replied, almost huffily. "Then it's all settled. I only wish that you had told me before."

"But you never asked me," I said.

"You are too provoking," he replied; "but I have got you now."

"Indeed, he had me tight in his arms, so that I thought that I couldn't breathe.

"I don't know what Papa will say," I suggested, as soon as I could speak.

"You can make him do anything you wish," he answered.

"Yes," I admitted, "he is awfully afraid of me."

"Oh, later I was stupid! I felt that I must tell some one, and so a few minutes before every one went up-stairs I found Papa, and told him that I was engaged. I never saw any one so surprised, and I did not believe that any one could be so angry.

"Engaged!" he cried, angrily. "Married! Never!"

"Of course," I answered, dutifully, "I should not think of doing it without your consent."

"Then this marriage will never take place."

"I smiled at him.

"How can it?" he asked, defiantly.

"Because you will consent, because I'll make you," I answered, confidently.

"You'll see this time," he replied, with conviction.

"You'll see," I answered, just as confidently.

"You promise," he said, "that you will not marry this man without my approval?"

"Yes," I answered, promptly.

"He nodded in a way that I did not understand.

"Alec and I had arranged that the next morning he should make the formal request for my hand. As I couldn't sleep half the night from the excitement, I couldn't help thinking how quickly I'd make papa yield as soon as I really took him in hand. I enjoyed the thought of it all night.

"You may imagine my surprise when a note, addressed in Papa's handwriting,

was given to me as I came down-stairs.

"My dear," the note ran, "I find that I am unexpectedly compelled to go to town, and take the next steamer sailing. You need not feel the least anxiety because of my sudden departure, and you must remember your promise.

"Lovingly,"

"Your Father."

"Oh, the dear old fox! Oh, the darling coward!" I exclaimed. But I was not at all pleased with him then for running away.

"Indeed, I was very angry. I saw just how he had caught me, for he knew, of course, that I wouldn't break a promise when once I had given it. He knew that I could twist him round my finger if I could reach him. Now he had slipped out of my hands altogether. Oh, I was furious! When Alec came down, I laid the case before him in indignant tones.

"Of course, we can wait," I concluded, doubtfully.

"Not at all," he said, in a tone that made me jump. "We are going to be married at once."

"But my promise," I gasped.

"He frowned.

"Of course, you must keep it."

"I nodded.

"You're sure that you can make your father give in, if you can talk to him?"

"Absolutely.

"Then we'll find him, and you'll make him consent."

"But he's gone!" I cried. "He's going to sail to-day."

"He's only been gone a few minutes," Alec replied. "We can catch him at the station. The train may be a little late, for it is often late. There's an automobile all ready at the door——"

"Oh, one of those dear, rumbling, bumping old automobiles!" interrupted one of the grandchildren, clasping her hands, ecstatically.

"In an instant," continued the old lady, "Alec had me in a coat, and had lifted and almost thrown me into it, jumping in after me, and with a turn of his hand we were spinning away at thirty miles an hour."

One of the listening grandchildren laughed as the old lady paused.

"Thirty miles an hour," the grandchild

said. "Think of considering that fast in one of those pounding old machines over those rough old roads."

"Anyway," continued the grandmother, a little haughtily, "we considered it very fast, and it seemed to me that we were flying. And that is the way I came to start on my elopement."

"Really a reversed elopement," laughed one of the men.

"We were dutiful in thosedays," said the old lady, loftily; "and we owed some reverence and respect to our elders. But I was angry. I had to have Papa's consent, and here he was running away from me as fast as he could go."

"I hoped that we might catch him at the station. The automobile rumbled on. We passed everything in the road. The horses shied as we dashed by. Through the village we went, scattering a lot of squawking chickens, and with all the dogs yelping behind us. As we cleared the last house I caught sight of the smoke of the train."

"There it is!" I cried.

"I saw Alec's face grow more set. He let out the automobile to the top of its speed, and we thundered down the hill.

I could see the train draw nearer. It soon stopped at the station, and I could count the people getting into it. We were almost there. I cried out, though my voice could not be heard so far, commanding them to wait. We were nearly at the station platform. I heard the engine give an exasperating little toot. I could see it move. In a minute the train was off, dis-

appearing down the tracks, and out of sight round a curve. We stood there, indignant and helpless. Alec was the first to recover himself.

"When is the next train," he demanded of the station-man.

"Not till twelve-forty-five," answered the man.

"I must be in town before that," answered Alec.

"The quickest way," the man suggested, "would be for you to go across to the Junction."

You'd get the through train there that beats this one in."

"How far is it?" Alec asked, quickly.

"Five miles."

"In a moment Alec had me bundled into the automobile. I hadn't a chance to speak; but it wasn't necessary, for I was just as determined as he that Papa should



Drawn by C. M. Kellogg.

"HAS THE TRAIN GONE?" ROARED ALEC."

not steal a march on me in any such a fashion. Alec sprang after me. He turned the lever. There was a whirr, a roar, and a heave of the whole machine, and then it settled down heavily.

"'Busted!' said Alec, vulgarly.

"At that instant he spied two bicycles leaning against the wall of the station.

"'We can do it with these,' he called, jumping out and abandoning the automobile.

"'We didn't know to whom they belonged. We didn't care. One was a woman's, and I jumped on it. I had not ridden a bicycle for some time, as they were not as much used as they had been, but I was young and strong and ready for anything.

"'What do you suppose they'll say,' Alec cried.

"'Who!' I demanded.

"'The people to whom these belong.'

"'Oh,' I gasped, 'they'll think that we have stolen them!'

"'We'll send them back,' answered Alec. 'But this is the most up-to-date elopement that there has ever been. Automobile. Bicycle. I wonder what next?'

"'He called that up to date,' commented the middle granddaughter. 'The funny old phrase.'

"'The road was good,' resumed the old lady, 'and really we made very good time. A clock in the church was just striking ten as we went through a village.

"'Two miles more,' Alec cried.

"'I put my teeth together, and clung to the handle-bar as for dear life. We flew.

"'On and on we went. We were in the open country, and I thought that we should never see a house. At last I caught a glimpse of the first cottage.

"'I tried to go faster. With the last breath in my body I stopped at the station-door, almost fell off the machine, and leaned against the side of the building, panting.

"'Has the train gone?' roared Alec.

"'What train?' the man demanded, blankly.

"'The ten-ten.'

"'There ain't no train at ten-ten. That's over at the Junction?'

"'Where is this?' I asked.

"'Crossways,' the man answered, staring at us,

"'For, will you believe it, my dears, we had been making all that haste and breaking our backs and almost our hearts to get to the wrong place. Alec thought that he knew the country because he had ridden so much over it, but he had made a mistake. I felt that I ought to cry, but really I felt more like laughing, and in a moment I did laugh. Then Alec, who had been looking at me rather anxiously, laughed, too.

"'Now we can't do anything,' I said.

"'I don't know that!' Alec answered. You see he had a square chin, and that was the way he spoke and felt.

"'What's the quickest way of getting to town?' he asked.

"'The trolley'll take you almost as soon as the train,' the ticket-agent answered.

"'As the man spoke we heard the gong of a trolley-car. In a moment the car was in sight up the road. Alec took my hand, and we ran. It was an elopement. Breathless, we reached a point where we could signal the motor-man to stop.

"'We clambered in.

"'Now,' said Alec, as he showed some money to the conductor and the motor-man who was listening, 'I'll make it all right with you. This is a *special train*. Do you understand? It doesn't stop anywhere for any one. Is there anything in your way?'

"'The car before us'll be in Brooklyn by this time,' the man answered.

"'Then,' said Alec, 'let her go, and we'll see what you can do.'

"'We'll get fired for it,' said the conductor.

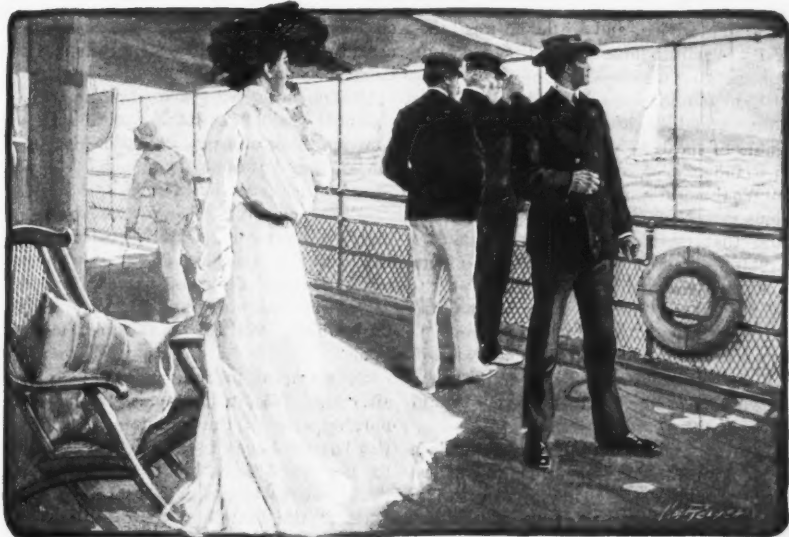
"'Never mind,' insisted Alec. 'I'll make it up for you.'

"'The conductor and the motor-man looked at him for a moment with careful consideration.

"'Is it a go, Jim?' asked the conductor of the motor-man at last, evidently well satisfied with what he saw.

"'It goes,' said the motor-man, who was evidently a laconic person.

"'I think that the conductor and the motor-man, seeing us two young people together, suspected that there was something romantic. Anyway they understood that we wanted to get to the city as soon as possible, and they did all that they could to help us. We never stopped, and hardly



Drawn by C. M. Kelyea.

"ALEC WALKED UP AND DOWN MORE AND MORE RESTLESSLY."

went slower anywhere. Alec and I laughed and laughed to see the people as they looked expectingly at the car as it approached, blankly as it swept past them, furiously after it had gone. They were very funny.

"Already the first buildings of Brooklyn began to show through the windows, appearing and disappearing in a flash. The motor-man had to keep his gong sounding all the time. We were among other cars now, and had to go more slowly, but still we never stopped for any one.

"It's the last trip for me on this line," said the conductor. "But it was worth it, and the young lady wanted it."

"I beamed at him delightedly. Oh, what a morning we had! I hadn't got my breath yet. I hadn't got it when we left the trolley, and made a rush for the ferry. The gates were shut just as we got to them, and there we had to wait, seeing the boat float out into the river with all the passengers from the train, knowing that Papa was among them, and that I couldn't reach him. I was desperate.

"We'll get the next one," said Alec, as cheerfully as he could. "And then get across the city as fast as we can. We'll catch him yet before he sails."

"Alec's eyes were flashing, and the spirit of the chase was in him. There was another rush when the boat touched the New York side. We ran out into the street. Not a conveyance of any kind to be seen! The people from the train had taken all.

"A quarter after eleven," said Alec, looking at his watch. "We'll never do it now."

"The telephone!" I cried.

"Yes," said Alec, catching at the idea. "He's so well known that there would be no difficulty in having any one find him. And do you think that you could do anything with him through that?"

"Of course," I answered, "I could manage him better face to face, but I can try."

"We rushed for the nearest telephone. We had rushed all of the morning. We had done nothing but rush. Alec begged and threatened and stormed."

"Did you really go into one of the queer little dark boxes that they used to use," interrupted one of the granddaughters, "and say 'hello.' Oh, how bewitching!"

"We did," said the old lady, now thoroughly excited. "And we said a great deal more, for both of us were there together, and while I was talking Alec was fuming

and giving advice, and while he was talking I was telling him all the time to do or say something different."

"Can you conceive of it," laughed the oldest granddaughter "having all that trouble to speak to a person just across the old-island part of New York."

"We thought the telephone was very marvelous even then," said her grandmother; "and that morning we were very glad to have it. I am sure that before we were finished that we had every one in the neighborhood of the steamer running about to find Papa. I believe that they were convinced there was something so sudden in Wall Street that if he were not found there would be a panic, and everybody would lose everything."

"All the messenger boys about the place are looking for him," reported Alec at last from the receiver. "They're sure to find him. Ah!—"

"What is it?" I asked.

"The last bell is just ringing, they said. Every one is leaving the ship. It's too late."

"I felt that at last we should really have to give up. Alec, I thought, felt so, too, but he was not going to let me see it."

"We'll have to try something else," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"We'll have to wait," I said.

"Not a bit of it," he answered, contemptuously. "We've eloped, and we're going to be married at once."

"I did not expect him to say anything else, but the determination with which he said it surprised me and made me draw closer to him."

"Hello!" cried a voice, almost at my elbow.

"In a moment Alec's hand was being wrung by a man whom I had never seen."

"Glad to meet you, Charton, old man!" Alec cried.

"What are you doing here?" asked the other, looking at me in some surprise.

"Why," Alec laughed, "to tell you the truth we are eloping." And he turned to me. "I don't think that you know Mr. Charton Rogers."

"Mr. Rogers whistled."

"Eloping!" he murmured.

"At least," said Alec, "if it is not the conventional thing, and we are not being chased by a parent who will not give his

consent, it is almost the same, for we are chasing one to get it. And he's just escaped us on the "Erthania.""

"You want to get hold of the "Erthania,"" said Mr. Rogers, quite as if he were speaking of a new direction for cooking lobster.

"Rather!" replied Alec.

"I've got the "Velox" at the next pier," he went on, briskly. "She's all steam up. I was just off to see a yacht-race. Having a race of our own will be better than watching one. She's the fastest thing afloat. We'll catch the "Erthania." Come!"

"He started to run, and we both ran after him. We rushed again. I had done nothing else all the morning, and since I had left the house I had not had a chance to get my breath. We raced down a dock, and I was gasping for breath again when I sank back in a chair on the white deck of a yacht."

"Cast off at once!" Mr. Rogers cried.

"The men ran about. The bells sounded. In a minute we were out in the stream and gliding through the water."

"How we rushed through the little waves! But she didn't go fast enough for me. And Alec walked up and down more and more restlessly as the time went on. We were under way and off from the Bridge in no time, and before I knew it we were far down the harbor. The crew had discovered at once that something unusual was going on, and every man was on deck or in the rigging. I saw Mr. Rogers' face grow longer, and I understood that he was losing hope. He held constant consultations with his captain, who constantly shook his head."

"I say," said Mr. Rogers, suddenly wheeling round on us, "all you want to do is to get a word with the old gentleman?"

"If I could only speak to Papa a few words I am sure I would be all right," I answered, fervidly.

"Well," said Mr. Rogers, "we've the wireless telegraph. We might reach him that way."

"Of course I had heard of wireless telegraphy, which was just beginning then, but I didn't understand it; and, like a great many others, in my heart I didn't really believe in it."

"'Could you do it?' asked Alec, anxiously.

"'We can try,' Mr. Rogers answered.

"I stood in the doorway of the cabin. I had not the slightest confidence in what they were trying to do. It all seemed to me to be too wonderful to be true. I waited unbelievably while they ticked away into space."

"*That* wonderful?" again interrupted the youngest granddaughter. "Oh, poor, dear, little unsophisticated granny! *Did* you really think telegraphing from one ship to another not twenty miles apart was wonderful?"

"We *did* think it wonderful," her grandmother replied, "for we didn't know all the things that were going to come, though we believed that there would be a great deal. But then it seemed marvelous to stand there not seeing anything, and yet hearing from people so far away, for suddenly I heard the instruments begin to tick-tack. There was a shout.

"'It's our signal,' exclaimed Mr. Rogers. 'They must be answering. It can't be any one else.'

"A minute of trembling suspense followed.

"'They wish to know what we want,' the operator reported.

"Say that Mr. Manton Lloyd is on board the "*Erthania*," and that his daughter—no, some one on important business wishes to communicate with him.'

"The instruments clacked busily.

"'Mr. Lloyd is there, and asks what is wanted of him.'

"Alec called me.

"'Your father is here,' he said, solemnly, though we were just out of the harbor, with no sign of Papa in sight of course, 'What can you say to him now to make him change his mind?'

"I was very much embarrassed. There I stood on the deck of the yacht with all those strangers about me. There was nothing but that little instrument, in which I did not believe a bit. And I was expected to utter my request to the air, to pour out my woes vaguely over the sea, and to try to bully Papa at a distance of twenty miles.

"'Say,' I began, nervously and all in a

jumble, 'I want my promise back. That Alec Forbes and I have eloped, and that I am firm in my determination. That I will not yield, and that he must in the end, and had better give in now——'

"'Wait!' interrupted the operator. 'They are asking something. They wish to learn the gentleman's name.'

"'Mr. Forbes, Mr. Algernon Forbes,' I replied in surprise.

"'Tell him——' I began again.

"The operator held up his hand.

"'They are sending a message,' he said.

"'This is the message we received: 'Why didn't you let me know. I thought that it was the other man. You made everybody think so. Of course, Forbes is all right.'

"'Oh!' I gasped. 'He didn't see that it was you all the time!'

"'I don't very well see how he could,' Alec answered, crossly; 'I didn't.'

"'And I never thought to tell him,' I moaned, 'for I never thought of any one but you for an instant, and I had nothing but you in my mind.'

"'And he has sailed for Europe to escape,' Alec continued, grimly.

"'So he has,' I replied, blankly. 'Poor Papa! And yet it's funny——' I turned to the operator. 'But please tell him now that I am very sorry.'

"'There is a message,' the man announced, and he wrote it out slowly as the instrument ticked on.

"'This was the message: 'Think I have got the worst of it. I'll be back with a wedding-present. Bless you, my children, bless you.'

"'And that was the end of my elopement,' continued the nice old lady. Mr. Rogers took us directly back to the city, and Alec and I were married at once with him for best man."

The wind that had risen howled outside with sudden vigor, making the warmth of the dark hall seem doubly desirable. A sudden gust in the chimney caused the fire to shoot up brightly, the sudden blaze illuminating the listening group.

"Those funny old times!" mused the youngest granddaughter. "How different they were. I never can believe that they were really true unless Grandmama tells me about them."

THE SUITOR.

By TOM MASSON.

HE reached forward, and took her hand in his. For a moment—it seemed to him only an instant of time, and yet it was just long enough to convey its own meaning—she allowed it to remain. Then she withdrew it.

He was a wise young man. If he had attempted to pursue even this infinitesimal advantage, and to reach forward again, doubtless he would have been rebuked in that queenly manner which upon occasion she could so easily command.

And so he was content to wait, and change the subject.

It is proper to state, however, that the new subject was more in line with his real train of thought than the old. They had, when he made his advance, been talking on the commonplace topic of the latest historical novel.

Now he turned slowly, and looked her squarely in the eye.

"I'm going to marry you!" he said.

"Are you indeed? When did you make up your mind to that?"

"Oh, some time ago. I mean it, you know."

"And lose a million?"

He turned again, abruptly.

"How did you know anything about that?" he asked.

"Your father told me."

"When?"

"Oh, some time ago. He called."

"Why you must have known then——"

"That you wanted to marry me? No, I didn't. All I knew was that you had spoken to your father about it. You know you might have changed your mind—afterward."

He smiled, grimly.

"What you mean," he said, "is this: that I thought it best to consult the governor first, and find out where I stood with him, before I found out where I stood with you."

"Yes."

He got up, and took a turn around the room.

"Well, that wasn't exactly it," he continued.

"You see, if I had had any doubt about marrying you, I wouldn't have done that—I would have gone for you first, and let the rest go. I meant business, and I thought it ought to be done right.

Besides I said to myself:

"If the old man turns me down, then my conscience is clear."

She apparently unheeded the last part of his remark.

"May I ask," she said, "what made you so sure of me?"

"I wasn't. But I was sure of myself. I knew the girl I wanted. That is everything in love."

"You seem to have gotten very wise all of a sudden."

He grasped the top of the tarnished gilt chair with both hands, and leaned against it hard, as he looked into her eyes.

"I've knocked around some," he said.



*Drawn by
Edmund Frederick.*

"HE TOOK IN THE FAMILIAR
NAME IN ONE BURNING GLANCE."



Drawn by Edmund Frederick.

"'YOU DON'T LOVE ANYONE ELSE, DO YOU?'"

"Since I've left college, I've run with the Newport crowd and the high people in town. I've had a lot of girls thrown my way, but I wouldn't give a white chip for the whole gang. I've seen them at their best and worst. They're all right—some of them. It's the life I don't fancy. I don't care for the pace."

It was her turn to smile.

"But there's nothing about me," she said, "that ought to specially recommend itself to you. Why, I even have to earn my own living."

"But your grandmother didn't, did she?"

"Why, no, I suppose not. She was a Puritan."

"Well, mine did. I've heard the governor tell the story. So what's the difference? A few years of time more or less, a generation or so."

She opened her eyes rather wide.

"You seem to have taken on such a

sudden weight of accumulated philosophy," she said, "that I hardly recognize you. Where's Jack Wakefield, member of twenty clubs; the great polo-player, the howling swell? That sort of fellow doesn't go with such depth as this."

"Can't a man do that sort of thing, and still be—a man?"

"Why, of course; but they don't go together as a rule——"

"Well, maybe *you* did that for me, or maybe the governor got me mad, I don't know which. He's lived so much by himself, of late years, that the old fellow is crabbed, I guess. But he did turn me down hard."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know that I can rehearse it all—it was sometime ago. But the main point was that, if I married you, he'd disinherit me. My allowance would continue, but no more. He must have gone direct to you to make a sure thing of it, didn't he?"

She turned her head slowly, and looked far away out of the dingy window, beyond the street, past the whirl of the great town, into the unknown distance.

"Yes," she said, "several times. He doesn't want you to marry me. Not a bit."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me whether he does or not. I can go out and hustle for myself. Money isn't everything."

The boarding-house bell rang—not an unusual occurrence. Outside there was the slow snorting of an automobile.

He drew nearer to her. Again he took her hand.

"Helen, dear," he said, "what's the answer?"

She brushed away a tear.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You're too good for me."

He laughed—a spontaneous, hearty laugh.

"That's a good joke," he said. "Too good for you. Ha! Look here! Let's be honest with each other. I've had slathers of money, and there's nothing in it. Why spoil the game just because of a paltry

million? I tell you, it's all right. I assure you, I'll never mention the matter again. We can live."

She shook her head.

"I cannot marry you," she said.

"You don't love anyone else, do you?"

There was no answer.

"I know what it is," he said. "It's your pride. Never mind! I can wait. Of course, it's embarrassing for you. You don't care anything about the money, of course, but your conscience troubles you about my losing it—naturally. Well, never mind. I'll show you! But now, dear, can't you give me some little word of encouragement?"

A capless maid entered the musty drawing-room, holding in her red fingers a card.

"For you, miss," said the maid.

"Very well, Martha. Ask him into the small reception-room, as usual."

Then she held out the missive to him.

"I am afraid," she said, "there is no hope for you. You see, I am going to marry this gentleman."

He took in the familiar name in one burning glance.

"The governor!" he exclaimed.

BETRAYAL.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THERE came a day in winter when the sun
Reached down and swept the world all clean of snow;
When captive streams long hushed in icy woe
Escaped with song again to dance and run:
Between the purple hills the vales were spun
With silver mist, and, dreaming in the glow,
The trees and vines were tremulous as though
They felt the buds unfolding one by one.

Just for a day this glamour touched the dearth
And dreariness of life,—one vision brief
Of joy that lit the sorrow of the earth,—
Then passed, and with it hope went and belief:
So Love once came and with a voice of mirth
Betrayed my heart and left it dumb with grief.



A RUSSIAN CORPS.

FOREIGN FIRE-FIGHTERS.

BY FRITZ MORRIS.

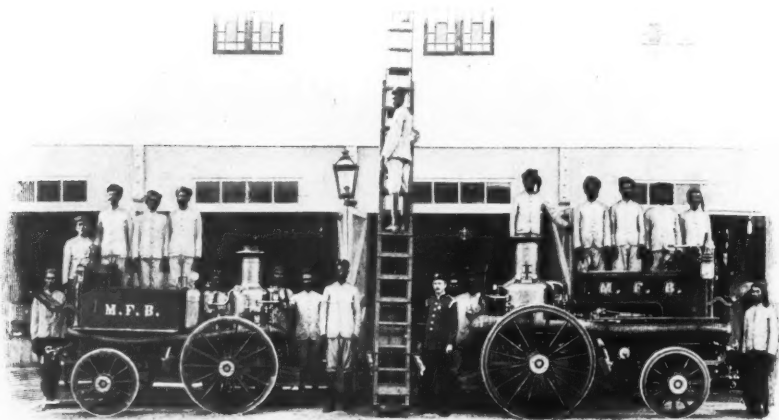
AMERICANS are very properly convinced that their firemen are the best in the world. Still it can do them no harm to understand that "there are others," even in effete Europe. It is, perhaps, difficult to realize that King Edward was

ever an energetic, active, amateur fireman, but there are members of the London Fire Brigade who remember him in that rôle, as well as his friends, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Arthur Somerset, and other young aristocrats of the sixties, who never



PORTUGUESE FIREMEN.

FOREIGN FIRE-FIGHTERS.



THE MANDALAY FIRE-BRIGADE.

missed a London fire if they could help it, and who used to take a very active part in fighting the flames. On one occasion—it was at a big fire at the King and Queen Granaries—the then Prince of Wales greatly distinguished himself, working till the perspiration poured down his face, which was blackened with smoke, and narrowly escaped being crushed to death

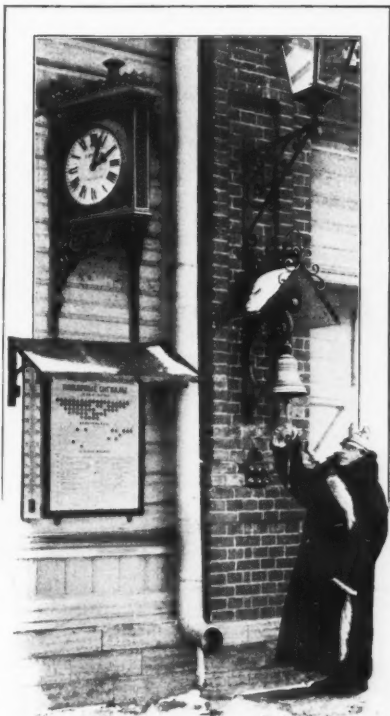
when the towering walls, forced out by the swollen grain, fell with a crash that might have been heard a mile away. "Scarcely a soul recognized him," my informant said; "and the very men who were working by his side had no idea that the grimy, perspiring fireman was the heir to the throne of England." Captain Shaw, the former chief of the London Fire Brigade,



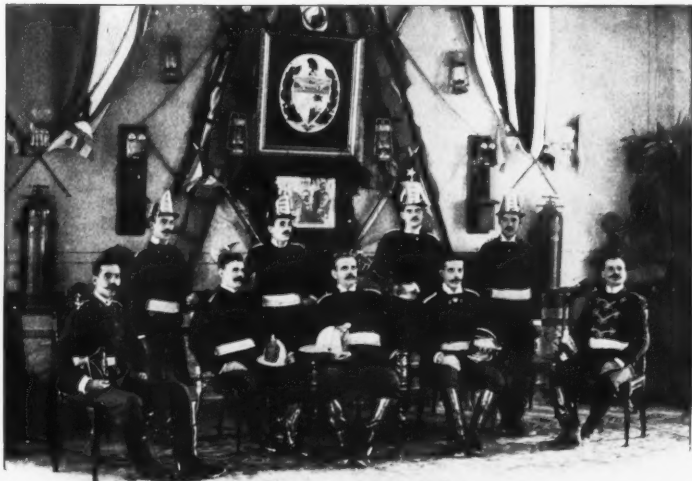
FIRE-DRILL ON BOARD THE GERMAN WAR-SHIP "MARS."

has had the King by his side at many a big blaze, and always found him a willing aid. The National Fire Brigades' Union of Great Britain, embracing nearly all the companies in the United Kingdom, is a permanent and pronounced organization with distinguished membership and royal patronage. The president, who is an ardent friend of the firemen, and who devotes much of his time to their interests, is the Duke of Marlborough. The most successful reunion of the British Fire Brigades' Union, of recent years, took place at Blenheim, and the American Duchess was hostess to a thousand British firemen.

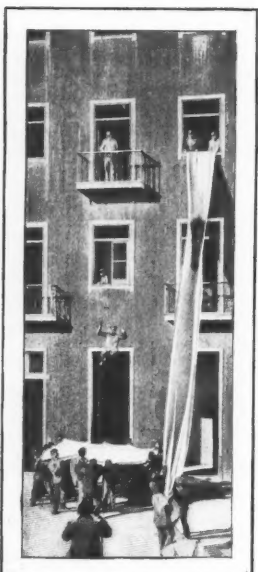
In Germany, the firemen are often hampered by absurd red tape, and good work is often prevented by the most rigid rules, for in Germany rules are made to be obeyed. A fire started one night, not long ago, in the apartment of an American who was staying in Berlin, and the tenant rushed across the street, and turned in an alarm at a box. This particular street happened to be the boundary line between the city of Berlin and the town of Charlottenburg, which is one of Berlin's suburbs. The American's apartments were on the Berlin side, the fire-alarm box on the Charlottenburg side. The Charlottenburg fire-department responded to the alarm, and found to its indignation that it had been trifled



A RUSSIAN FIRE-ALARM.



GROUP OF CUBAN FIRE-CHIEFS.



PORTUGUESE LIFE-SAVING TESTS.

When the excitement was over, the American was arrested for giving a false alarm in

with by being summoned to a fire that was out of its jurisdiction. The chief hurried to the nearest box on the Berlin side, and turned in an alarm; then he hurried his men and apparatus back to the engine-house. In the course of time, the Berlin firemen arrived, and put out the remains of the fire.

the town of Charlottenburg; but, as his nationality raised a presumption that he was non compos mentis, he was lucky enough to get off with a reprimand.

Of course, discipline is necessary to the well-being and successful management of every organization, and a fire-department is no exception to the rule. But military methods may be carried to excess, even in a fire-department, and the writer remembers a very distressing tragedy occurring in Berlin as the result of too much discipline on the part of the firemen. It was in 1890, and the fire was in the upper floors of an apartment-house, not far from the Oranienburg Strasse. Kadelburg, the actor, who is well known in this country, lived in the house, and when he returned suddenly the place was on fire. The firemen would not go upstairs through the different apartments without command from a superior officer. Kadelburg begged, pleaded and implored to be allowed to go in because he knew there were people upstairs. In vain the fireman awaited the arrival of the officer, the flames swept through the building, and by the time the officer came the inmates were burned to death.



THE TURK AS A FIREMAN.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH REVIEWING THE NATIONAL
FIRE BRIGADES' UNION AT BLENHEIM.

The following is another example of red-tape methods being particularly hard on effective fire-service. A fire recently broke out at Hermannsreuth, an Austrian village, near the Bavarian frontier. A Bavarian brigade only three miles away hastened to the scene, but the Austrian custom-house authorities refused to allow the fire-engines

to pass the frontier without paying the usual tax on imported machinery. The Bavarian firemen naturally turned back, and half the village was destroyed before the nearest Austrian fire-brigade could reach the scene.

The Fire Brigade, or corps of Sapeurs-pompriers, of Paris, which is one of the best



JAPANESE FIREMEN IN THEIR WONDERFUL CLIMBING DRILLS.

equipped in Europe, is partly under the direction of the Prefect of Police and partly under that of the Minister of War, who takes charge of its organization. Much was said at the time of the terrible fire at the Opéra Comique, in 1887, of the evils of this dual system. The chief of the corps, an officer appointed by the War Minister, was often an experienced soldier, but, before his appointment, not a skilled fireman.

In St. Petersburg, the arrangement of fire-alarms is rather peculiar and decidedly unique, and the fire-alarm telegraph is an unknown thing. Instead, a fireman is at all times in the tower of the City Hall, and he watches the surrounding city to catch the first glimpse of a fire. When a fire is discovered during the day, he runs up black balls on the top of the tower as signals; at night, red lanterns are used. The number of the balls or lanterns shows the district or ward in which the fire is located. As soon as the signal is seen by the man on duty at an engine-house, he rings a bell outside, which calls together the members of the company, who may be scattered over a couple of blocks. This method is not conducive to quick time in reaching the scene; and from twenty minutes to half an hour is good work, unless the fire happens to be near an engine-house. A St. Petersburg fire-company on its way to

a fire is a little parade in itself. There is a line of vehicles, and there are many queer pieces among the fire-apparatus, which consists of wagonettes to carry the men, pumps, casks of water on wheels, carts for automatic ladders, hand-ladders and fire-escapes, and three steam fire-engines, all of which seem to be marvels of uselessness.

The Turkish firemen are certainly not up to date. Those stationed near the Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's Constantinople palace, belong to the regular army, and are uniformed like most European firemen. They are swarthy, wiry, agile and, as a rule, small. They look likely and promising—but that is all. Primitive in his opinion of everything modern, the Turk has only a vague idea of the origin of a fire, to say nothing of the most effective means of staying its progress when once under way. There have been so many serious fires in Constantinople that the Sultan has issued instructions to the police that they must see that the number is materially reduced.

The Japanese firemen of to-day are well drilled. In cities like Tokio they are under the control of the metropolitan police boards. They are provided with modern fire-engines and good serviceable ladders and apparatus. But this is an affair of quite recent years, and even now the Japanese fire-fighter loves nothing better



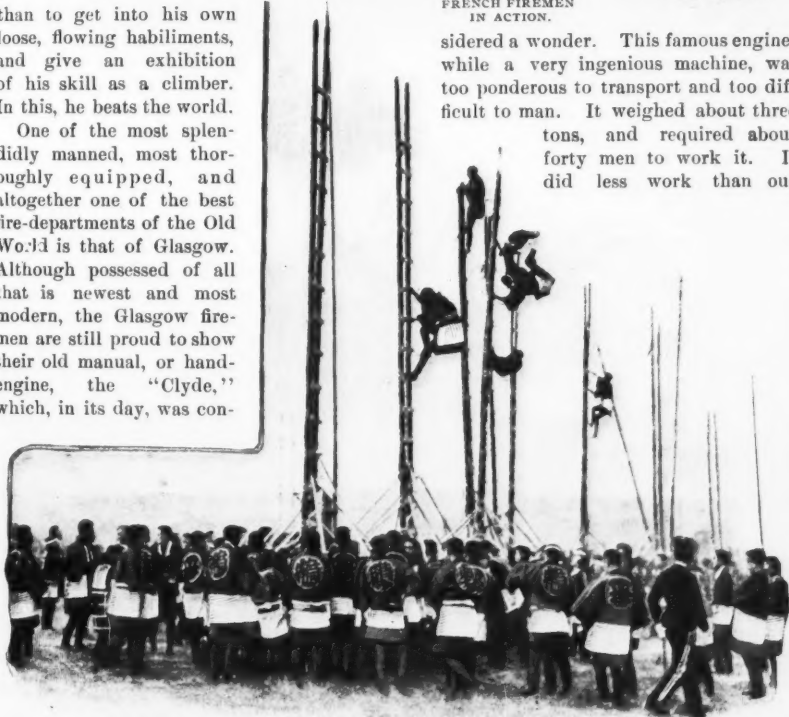
THE "CLYDE," THE FIRST FIRE-ENGINE OF THE GLASGOW FIRE-DEPARTMENT.

FRENCH FIREMEN
IN ACTION.

than to get into his own loose, flowing habiliments, and give an exhibition of his skill as a climber. In this, he beats the world.

One of the most splendidly manned, most thoroughly equipped, and altogether one of the best fire-departments of the Old World is that of Glasgow. Although possessed of all that is newest and most modern, the Glasgow firemen are still proud to show their old manual, or hand-engine, the "Clyde," which, in its day, was con-

sidered a wonder. This famous engine, while a very ingenious machine, was too ponderous to transport and too difficult to man. It weighed about three tons, and required about forty men to work it. It did less work than our



JAPANESE STRAIGHT-LADDER CLIMBING.



THE CHIEF OF THE ST. PETERSBURG DEPARTMENT.

smallest steam-engine of to-day. In Glasgow the writer saw an amusing scene, one which proved the Glasgow chief a man of action and determination. One forenoon a gang of laborers appeared in front of the headquarters, and began preparations to tear up the street.

"What are you about to do?" the chief asked the foreman.

"We are going to put in some new telephone-wires by order of the municipality."

"If you put any new wires in this house, you'll bring them in from the rear. The street in front of this engine-house *cannot* be torn up."

The foreman showed his written authority to tear up the street, but the chief was obdurate. Finally, when the argument was getting decidedly hot, the foreman ordered his men to get to work.

As the first pick struck the ground the chief turned to his deputy, and said: "Mr. Muir, turn the water on, and drown them out of that." It was done. The chief was arrested and fined ten dollars for assault and a breach of the peace, but no further attempts were made to tear up the street in front of that engine-house.

Europe is supplied with both firemen and a number of firewomen. Consuelo Vanderbilt, the Duchess of Marlborough, is the holder of a diploma, making her an

honorary member of all the Belgian brigades. The Archduchess Maria Theresa is honorary captain of the Central Fire Brigades of the Austrian Empire.

In Nasso, Sweden, all the "firemen" happen to be women. The place is only a little village, and four enormous water-tubs constitute the "water-works." The fire-department is made up of one hundred and fifty women, and one of their duties consists in always keeping the "water-works" in order—the tubs filled with water. They are said to be very fine "firemen" and to know how to handle a fire with little confusion or delay.



A DUBLIN CORPS.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE GENESIS OF A GREAT CAREER.

BY FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P.

I.

IN this article, and in three others to follow, I shall endeavor to tell the unrivaled story of what is commonly known as the Italian Campaign of 1796, the genesis of Napoleon's fame.

I shall strive to convey to the reader my own impressions, I might say my convictions, regarding the genius and, incidentally, the meanness of the man whom I regard as the greatest human being God ever sent to this earth of ours. His doings, sayings, writings, and his curiously constituted character, have been my study since boyhood. Few tire of reading about him; even his commonplace brothers and sisters have a strong reflected interest for most of us. Indeed, everything regarding him personally or his unprecedented career excites the attention of this generation.

His story drives one at times into a moralizing mood. How comes it, we ask ourselves, that this colossus among men, to whom the Supreme Ruler gave power over all the nations of Europe, save one, should have been everything that the Bible describes as unholy, and which Englishmen regard as mean and despicable and utterly unworthy of any one who claims to be a gentleman? Truth and honor are the manly virtues the Anglo-Saxon race esteem most highly; but the Corsican Bonaparte had no regard for either.

This campaign may be said to have ended the hideous Revolution from whose effects France, apparently, has not as yet entirely recovered, and to have begun what may be truly described as the Napoleonic era. I do not know of any one campaign so full of useful lessons for the soldier, both in the science and in the art of war; for many reasons it also deserves the close attention of the statesman. I well remember how its story fascinated me, when, as a very young soldier, I studied its details in what were then to me the engrossing chapters of Jomini. It can never fail to interest

the historian as the first example of Napoleon's immense capacity for war, and as a striking landmark in the closing events of the first French Republic, "one and indivisible."

It was Napoleon's first independent command in the field, and its startling results brought into the arena of European politics a man who, though born in humble life, by sheer ability and unswerving determination made himself the most renowned king, the most powerful ruler that Europe has ever known.

The early ventures of great leaders in the difficult and uncertain game of war have a peculiar fascination for the young. It is by a close study of how some have won and why others have failed that the ambitious soldier learns to avoid the quicksand in which so many a promising genius has disappeared forever.

History tells us of no famous ruler or general who has read more about the great men of action in all ages than Napoleon had done in his early years. The writings of Plutarch had been his delight, and from the soul-stirring pages he had doubtless learnt encouragement, as well as useful lessons. His natural genius for war's endless combinations proved eventually equal to that possessed by the greatest leaders described in ancient history. But with a wisdom beyond his age he soon realized that genius, unfortified by the military lessons which history alone can teach, is too often but the will-o'-the-wisp that will tempt you on to your destruction. He began at an early age to feel that, if his soaring ambition was ever to be satisfied, it could only be so by a thorough study of the lives and achievements of the great soldiers and rulers who had gone before him.

As a strategical and tactical study, this campaign deserves the close attention of all who delight in war-problems—indeed, of all who aspire to lead troops in the field. But if I would treat my subject as something more than a purely academic military

exercise, I must deal with it as the beginning of Napoleon's greatness as a statesman and ruler, as well as a general. The ambition of this archangel of war was boundless. Its early germination began in the disillusionments of those fervid aspirations for Corsican independence which had filled his youthful soul when under the influence of the patriot Paoli. It was from the ruins of this lofty ideal that sprang his measureless personal ambition, and as it expanded his whole character changed. In early youth, as long as he was loyal to Paoli and to the cause they both fought for, he was at heart the vindictive, half-savage Corsican; but when his reason told him it was a lost cause, and personal ambition replaced his insular patriotism, he became the wily, intriguing, crafty son of Italy, the land from which his forebears came. His Italian strain of race was strong. We can trace it in all he did and said and wrote. He never acquired the virtues for which the gentlemen of the old French régime had always been distinguished.

It was eminently in this campaign that his subsequent character was formed, a fact that makes its history all the more intensely interesting as a psychological study to those who believe him to have been the greatest of men.

To all who read much about him, whether for pleasure or profit, I would recommend a close study of his life during the three years between December, 1793, and the end of 1796. It was then, I think, he acquired that practical knowledge of men and of public affairs which was the foundation upon which he built his subsequent greatness. It was then he thought out for himself the problems which life at that epoch of French history placed before the mind of the recklessly unscrupulous soldier—indeed, before all who made light of honor, and who mocked at notions regarding the just treatment which men owe their neighbors.

The poverty in which he existed in his Corsican home, and the misery of his life at Brienne, and afterward when serving as a young officer in France, most certainly affected his whole character. The neglect with which he was treated at school in France by his rich and well-born companions he never forgot, and the cruel manner

in which they looked down upon him as a poor Corsican of no family, made a lasting impression. Those who would condemn him because he lacked those feelings of honor which are the birthright of a gentleman, should remember the pernicious atmosphere in which he was reared, and the vulgarity and want of principle which characterized his surroundings in early life.

For the last half-century, writers and lecturers upon the art of war have pointed to this campaign as a fine example of strategical conception. Indeed, it will always be studied as a striking illustration of the soldier's science.

Its splendid results cheered the heart of France at the time; even of those who most loathed their recent Revolution and most dreaded its results, large numbers rejoiced to have found at last a great military genius capable of leading their armies to victory. "The little Corsican" at once became the idol of his soldiers, and all France hailed him as a second Turenne. In genius he certainly was that hero's equal—some might say his superior—but there the comparison ends. For it must be acknowledged that Napoleon lacked the noble and chivalrous qualities which characterized the famous son of Sedan's Protestant prince.

Had he possessed the high personal character of Turenne, he would, if not at the time, at least in his memoirs, have told the world that it was the Marshal de Maillebois who had designed the plan of campaign he followed in 1796. So far-reaching, however, was Napoleon's military genius, that it is quite possible, if not fairly probable, had he never known of that plan for the invasion of Northern Italy, he would, all the same, have maneuvered as he actually did. We now know for a certainty that before the campaign of 1796 opened, he had studied the plan which was devised for a similar undertaking, and which is described in Marshal de Maillebois' published works. It is painful to be obliged to state that this great soldier-Emperor, having carefully studied de Maillebois' plan of operations, deliberately cribbed and adopted it. Marching from victory to victory in following it out, he took all the credit to himself, as if he alone had originated the scheme of operations which brought him so much

glory. The distinguished Marshal, a gifted and trusted leader under Louis XV., had framed this plan of campaign for the war he conducted in Northern Italy in 1745-6. We now possess what I think I may describe as absolute proof of this statement. It is given in the remarkable pamphlet published in Paris, in 1889, styled: "Comment s'est formé le Génie militaire de Napoléon I^{er}." par le Général Pierron.*

From this pamphlet we learn that Napoleon was the pupil of this Marshal de Maillebois' son, by whom he was taught strategy. Also that when Napoleon started from Paris in 1796 for Nice, he took with him a copy of the Marshal's book which contained this plan of campaign. The pamphlet is well worth reading, and I advise the reader to study its interesting pages.

For nearly a century intelligent soldiers of all nations have striven to understand the strangely constituted demi-god who, in 1796, led a French army from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adige. They have endeavored to discover the motives which then influenced his plans, and to lay bare the objects he then aimed at. That he had then no love for the country in whose army he found it convenient to serve, and whose language was still a foreign one to him, goes without saying. Brought up as a boy to believe in the possibility of Corsican independence, he had as a young man repeatedly fought against the soldiers of France.

Those who would solve the enigma of his early life should study all he did and suffered, all he wrote and is known to have said, between the date of his first commission and the day when he quitted Paris in 1796 to assume command of the "Army of Italy."

The story of his school-days in France, without money, without friends, and even without cordial playmates, is truly pathetic. Not only was he the architect of his own fortune, but without advice from others he had educated himself to think logically, and by degrees had deliberately prepared himself by close study for the great future he seems always to have believed was before him.

He did not, however, rest content with mere dreams as to that future. The history of the Revolution up to 1796 taught him that boldness and cunning, combined with great ability, might secure to the ambitious man a large share in the future government of France. His clear brain, well stored with the teaching of history, reminded him that in all the world's epochs of mad anarchy, the successful general, if sufficiently young and unscrupulous, is sure to come to the front. To make himself master, he requires just sufficient daring and determination to press through the wild crowd of noisy talkers who almost always usurp political power during the opening scenes of a revolution. To hold and retain the authority so obtained, a high order of well-balanced wisdom is required; and Bonaparte, without doubt, felt that he was a man who could not only seize the power but who knew well also how to retain what he had won. His longing for praise was strong, but his determination to secure posthumous fame was still stronger. It was not enough, it did not satisfy his insatiable craving for renown, that all nations should recognize him as the greatest of living men; he would have his name coupled forever with those of Alexander and of Julius Cæsar, and placed beside theirs in the world's great Valhalla. Of all he wrote and dictated at St. Helena, this aspiration was the keynote. Those who assisted him in the compilation of the hodgepodge of interesting untruths, concocted there for publication, helped in this plot to conceal facts and deceive future generations. He would have had us forget the heroes of other ages, and would have history filled with the story of his fame alone. He placed on record in his beautiful island prison, not what he had thought or said or done during the vicissitudes of his unparalleled career but what he wished history to accept and repeat as facts forever.

There is no great historical character of modern times whose early life has been more variously recorded than his has been, and none contributed to this result more than he did himself. The large amount

*See "Histoire des Campagnes de M. le Maréchal de Maillebois en Italie pendant les années 1745-6, dédiée au Roi par le Marquis de Perzay, Mestre de camp de dragons, et cetera, et cetera. A Paris, de l'imprimerie royale, 1775."

of fiction with which his story abounds has so long passed current as fact that legends have been created on its foundations to further what I may well term the "Napoleonic worship." These fables are still repeated in many of his most important biographies as facts beyond all dispute. A divine origin was claimed for Julius Cæsar, and he fostered the tradition. But in the early life of Napoleon, and in the history of his family, there was much that did not evidently accord with his own notions of what should be the story of a Cæsar's youth, and of a Cæsar's parents and nearest relations. As I take it, the aim of this great Corsican romancer was to mystify posterity concerning the occurrences of his early years by relating them not as they were but as he conceived they should have been in the life of the Second Cæsar—Napoleon, Emperor of the French.

In the lawful occupations of life, it is not ambition—that most commendable of human instincts—but the excesses which too often attend upon its gratified anticipations that make hateful the memory of some great men. Napoleon had the genius to be great. His waking and sleeping dreams were of opportunities for winning renown, and his ambition had unlimited self-confidence as a twin brother.

But Napoleon's self-confidence was based upon his knowledge of war and of human nature. It was the self-confidence of the experienced soldier, of the clever and constant reader of character: of a man gifted with great imagination and with sufficient brain-power to prevent that imagination from running away with him. It was perhaps because he understood man so well that he so despised him. No miser himself, he fully appreciated the power of gold, and understood man's greed for it. He gave it away liberally. The common longing for decorations and personal distinction was a weakness which he also played upon to his own advantage. But, above all things, he knew how to fill the republican soldiers of his early wars with enthusiasm, to fire them to deeds of noble daring, and to captivate their imagination by appeals to their love of glory. His military orders and special bulletins may seem bombastic to British ears, but they stirred the hearts and electrified the passions of

those for whom he intended them. In fact, he thoroughly understood the foibles and the impulsive nature of the gallant men he commanded—a knowledge very essential to all leaders.

The story of Napoleon's campaigns have been recounted by very many writers of entirely different minds. Some of his biographers, gifted with great powers of description, declare in unequaled language that they can see no fault in this great conqueror. They will not admit he made mistakes, like other generals, and represented him as endowed with the attributes of a Jove, an inspired man whose plans of campaigns were improvised upon the spur of the moment.

That he made mistakes, huge and disastrous mistakes, is declared in the pages of history; and the general who says he has made none can have made war for a short time only.* None can think more highly of his genius as a soldier and as a ruler than I do, but my knowledge of his wars convince me that no man known to history ever prepared himself by deep study for the part he played in life more thoroughly than he did. The innate ability he displayed in 1796 was great. As I have already said, the plan of campaign he followed was another's—it was no electric-like flash of genius upon his part; but it was weighed in all aspects by him. This he was all the better able to do from his knowledge of the theater of war, having reconnoitered the passages through the Alps into Piedmont immediately after the siege of Toulon.

A great English general once wrote that: "Reading and discourse are requisite to make a soldier perfect in the Art Military, how great soever his practical knowledge may be."† From boyhood Napoleon seems to have thoroughly realized this fact, and a remarkable memory helped him to make use of the lessons so acquired. He longed for power; he did not, however, sit idly wishing and waiting for it, but spent years of his young life in acquiring the knowledge which he hoped would bring him that power. Once obtained, he believed his ability would enable him to use it to advantage whenever the wished-for opportunity arrived.

Determined to rise in the world, and

*A saying of Marshal Saxe.

†The great Duke of Albemarle.

weighted with no scruples of any kind, a soldier of his superhuman ability and of his towering aspirations was sure to succeed in the revolutionary period that France was then passing through, unless some stray bullet should prematurely end his days.

Early in life he had realized that, except by the practise of war itself, it is only by a close study of past wars that an officer can be trained and fitted for military leadership. *Nascitur non fit* may apply to poets, but not to great commanders. Though the qualities—that is, the material from which a Napoleon can be made—must be born with him, this “born, not-made” theory would destroy emulation in any army, and would make the idle still more so. The fool is often ‘cute enough to realize that no amount of reading will ever provide him with much that was worth his knowing. You may teach him to repeat, parrot-like, Euclid’s reasoning, but his brain-power still remains incapable of assimilating the reasoning he has learnt by rote. In all armies a considerable proportion of the officers are dull and incapable of learning much, though many of them make useful soldiers in subordinate positions. At a time when it is the rôle of a certain clique to abuse our officers, I may perhaps be excused if I say that, according to my own experience, the British gentleman makes the most invaluable of regimental officers. It goes, however, without saying, that, as in all armies, it is only a small proportion of our officers who possess the knowledge, the ability and military training required for the higher commands. In all good armies there is a fair proportion of officers who will do well as colonels, brigadiers, or even as generals of division under the command of others, but I verily believe that there is not one out of every thousand officers in any army who is fitted for an independent command of serious importance. They lack the imagination and that power of logical reasoning and deduction which are indispensable for those in trying positions of responsibility. I have known many an ambitious soldier who lacked the wisdom to comprehend that God had not gifted him with the talents and qualities that are essential for the general commanding an army, just as I have known men in office whom no length of associa-

tion with able soldiers could—when war was upon us—convert into efficient War Ministers.

The laws which govern most sciences, and also the rules deduced from such laws, can be learnt by men of ordinary intellect. Yet no amount of knowledge so acquired would, for example, enable an unimaginative man to design the Tay Bridge. Neither would it invest the ordinary soldier with the mental power required by the strategist to plan or execute the Austerlitz campaign. Inspiration, or, in other words, a high order of imagination in addition to genius, is necessary for the man who would rule in the world’s great affairs. In war this is specially so, for knowledge without the gift of a fertile imagination is too often but as a Deau Sea apple in the mouth. It is soulless, and does not necessarily accompany either invention or initiation. To know how to suddenly and effectively apply military knowledge to the exigencies of any unexpected crisis, the general must be gifted by nature not only with great decision of character but with an originality—the outcome of imagination—and an inventive genius of no mean order. These were among the rare qualities which enabled this young nationless adventurer from Corsica to play the great rôle, and to fill the place he subsequently did with such boundless glory in the world’s history.

It is because so many writers upon Napoleon dwell almost exclusively upon his inherent genius that I would rather draw marked attention to the assiduous care with which he always strove to develop his natural gifts by study and reflection. No soldier ever applied himself more to the science of war than he did. He devoted himself to history, as from it he learnt the best and the greatest military lessons, and by a careful analysis of the campaigns of great commanders he was able to formulate precepts for his own guidance. To write about him at all is attractive; and, in describing his commanding genius, even the most sober-minded of historians have been carried away not only by the absorbing greatness of their subject but, also, by its alluring witchery. He is often described as a “heaven-born leader,” but I confess to a disbelief in that species of man. Those who have had most experience in war, none

more strongly than Napoleon, have left it on record that he who would command successfully should prepare himself for that duty by deep study. He himself—war's greatest master—wrote that the ambitious soldier should read and reread the campaigns of the world's most renowned generals. Without doubt, no man, ungifted with natural wisdom and great ability of a very high order, can ever be a great commander; but, in addition to those essential attributes, his brain should be well stored with the military lessons of history, and with all the technical, strategical and tactical knowledge which reading and study alone can supply. It must be remembered that every new, great or largely used invention adds to the difficulties and complications with which war in all ages has been surrounded. The application to war purposes of steam, electricity, bicycles, motor-cars, et cetera, et cetera, has introduced into all military problems entirely new elements of power that must be well considered by the military student of to-day. Napoleon may have been a heaven-born leader, but it is certain also that he was a great student of military science and of military history.

It is a mistake to think that the young officer learns much more from wars on a great scale than from campaigns in which the opposing armies are small. Bonaparte learnt his first military lessons in the skirmishes between the French troops and the Corsican patriots in his native island. Without doubt, the experience there gained enabled him all the better to apply the rules he had learnt from books to the serious operations he had to deal with subsequently. And here I would call attention to a small matter, which is in many ways a fair exponent of what was little in this great man's character. In recounting the names of the renowned generals whose campaigns he recommended all officers to read, he left out that of Marlborough. Had he wished to recount the names of the great luminaries by which this world is lit, he might equally well have ignored the sun. It is easy to understand why he should—for personal reasons—omit the name of our renowned Wellington; but that he should ignore that of Marlborough can only be accounted for by his hatred of the nation

which caused his downfall, and which wrecked all his hopes forever. We know that he was fully conversant with Marlborough's wars. Indeed, one of the works he took with him to St. Helena was Coxe's life of that great Englishman. This book Napoleon in St. Helena presented to the officers of the Lancashire Fusiliers, and it is still preserved in their mess. Further, it is a curious fact that the only able and even readable work upon Marlborough's campaigns was written by the express order of Napoleon when he was at the great camp he had established near Boulogne to threaten England with invasion. He was then making plans for his possible march across France and over the Rhine to the valley of the Danube; and, without doubt, he then studied the routes followed by Marlborough in 1704, when he, too, marched to that great river, and there destroyed the army of Louis XIV. at Blenheim.

It did not, however, suit Napoleon's policy to recognize as one of the world's great leaders an Englishman whose footsteps he had thus followed somewhat closely, and with whose name, he was well aware, French mothers had been wont to frighten their children earlier in the century.

War is a science whose rules can never be violated with impunity or disregarded without danger. But the human element enters, and must always enter, too largely into the application of its rules to the varying circumstances of the moment to admit of its being classed as a purely exact science.

The personal idiosyncrasies of the leader will more or less influence the mode in which he carries out the military lessons he has learnt either from experience or from books. It is just as with the chess-player, who is apt to favor some one pet opening or some one special plan for meeting his opponent's attack. Hence the fact that a wise commander in the field will always strive to divine his adversary's intentions from a knowledge of what he did in previous campaigns, and from the knowledge he has himself acquired of his character and disposition. He tries to put himself in his enemy's position, and to view the chances for and against himself through that enemy's spectacles.

Napoleon through all his wars often repeated to himself: "What are the enemy's

aims? what is he most likely to do under present circumstances? and how will he do it?" Possessing great imaginative powers, he was better able, with his knowledge of war, to solve such enigmas than most men. If a general cannot fairly estimate, by inference, what is hidden from him in the field of battle, both he and his army are in a bad way. Napoleon said that imagination ruled the world; and the Duke of Wellington has left it on record that he spent much of his time in war trying to imagine what was taking place behind some hill or mountain in front of him. This was the gift which Napoleon and Marlborough possessed above all other leaders in their respective epochs. And yet how often were both mistaken!

The officer who would learn to conduct even the simplest military operation will find in Napoleon's published correspondence proofs without end of how deeply he thought out his plans beforehand. No leader of men, as far as military history tells us, ever calculated more minutely than he did his chances of success, or provided beforehand against every probable, I might say almost every possible, contingency. From this practise resulted the fact that he was very seldom taken by surprise, and no matter how startling an unexpected event might prove to others it found him fully prepared for it. Writing to "The Committee of Safety," in October, 1793, he remarks that "three-fourths of mankind do not occupy themselves with even the most necessary things until they are suddenly made to feel their pressing need—in other words, only just when it is too late." In reading the story of his life, no fact is more remarkable than the care with which he always provided himself with a second scheme should his first fail or become impossible. Take, for instance, the plans he made for the invasion of England, which he had worked out in the fullest details. When Admiral Calder's victory* destroyed all immediate chance of being able to put them into execution, he at once drew, as it were, from out his sleeve the alternative project he had prepared. His "Army of England" was at once set in motion from Boulogne, and, the news being kept a profound secret, he moved it across France into Germany, and the victorious campaign

of Ulm was the result.† Second-rate generals, when called upon to plan campaigns, are apt to fall into the serious error of forgetting the means available for securing the end to be gained. They are consequently prone to frame their projects too exclusively upon theoretical military lines. The soldier pure and simple is inclined to dwell in his mind overmuch upon the strategical aspect of the problem he has to solve, and to care too little for the political considerations out of which the war may possibly have grown. Bonaparte never fell into this error. All through this campaign of 1796 it is evident that neither in his plans nor in their subsequent application were the political issues ever absent from his calculations. They had with him as much weight at starting, and throughout its progress, as the success of the military operations upon which their accomplishment depended. His brain was of that mathematical and calculating quality which is indispensable for the man who has often to make up his mind rapidly in the din of battle, amidst the excitement of victory or the confusion of defeat. I have often watched with astonishment the coolness of the ringman as he fixes the odds against horses amidst the conflicting shouts of the crowd around him. As I have done so, I have felt that, in the power of concentrating the reasoning faculties under circumstances most adverse to any sound calculation, there must be something in common between the natural gifts of the successful general and of the successful ringman.

Great risks have often to be run in war, and with Napoleon the question of whether they should or should not be incurred was always a matter of close mental calculation. The man with a slow-moving mind will never be a great commander in the field; but he who suffers from the dread of being thought slow, and who is therefore over-anxious at once to answer the most serious question, sometimes even before the proposition has been fully explained to him, will some day or other bring disaster upon the army he commands.

But what sort of man was this most brilliant of conquerors and greatest of rulers, this most remarkable of lawgivers, this organizer of states who dictated his will to all European Powers save one? What

* July 22, 1805.

† The Austrian army surrendered October 20, 1805.

was he like? What were the natural gifts and qualities which enabled him to rule the Continent of Europe for so many years? Essentially Italian in appearance, but in mind imbued with all that savage, unfor-giving nature of the Corsican into which there entered neither truth, honesty, nor any love of fair play, he understood the importance attached to those qualities in old monarchies, and accordingly dwelt much upon them when it served his purpose to do so. Under the rule of the French Republic the standard of morality was very low, but even then the native of Corsica had a bad reputation in France: he was generally regarded as bent upon obtaining money with absolute indifference as to the means he used in getting it. But Napoleon never evinced any greed for money, and, when we read of the horrible surroundings amidst which he was reared, we are loath to condemn him upon any charge of immorality. Englishmen are apt to compare his character with that of his conqueror, but it is not fair to Napoleon to do so. Wellington was in every sense an English gentleman, with all the faults and prejudices of his class, but with all its noble virtues, too. Napoleon could not pride himself upon belonging to any nationality. His father was an extravagant man of Italian origin, a man of no principle, who lived "from hand to mouth," and by borrowing when unable to obtain any small office under the French Governor of the island. Wellington's ambition was restricted by the laws of the limited monarchy under which he and his forebears had lived. The man entering French public life during the last ten years of the eighteenth century acknowledged no limits to his ambition nor any restrictions as to the means to be employed in furthering it. He feared no God, and was held back by no sense of propriety from following the line of conduct he thought best suited to forward his ambition and his immediate interests. We should therefore hesitate before we condemn him for any want of principle.

In appearance he was a strange, ungainly looking young man of twenty years of age when he joined the army in 1788. There is, I think, little doubt that he was born in 1768, as it is stated in the registry of his marriage.* It was not to make him-

self out a year younger that he falsified the date of his birth, but to make himself out to be a Frenchman by birth. Corsica was not annexed to France until June, 1769, so if born in August, 1768, he would have had no claim to be called a Frenchman; but if born in August, 1769, he would be at least technically a Frenchman. Like Frederick the Great—whose campaigns he knew so well—he was near-sighted. His shoulders (in 1796) were still narrow and sloping; he was small in stature, with short legs, and generally insignificant in appearance. His complexion was of a pale olive color; his head was large and massive, and his extreme thinness caused it to look still bigger. His countenance was gaunt, and of a careworn expression. He had remarkably piercing eyes of grayish blue, and a big, well-formed nose. Long, straight locks of very dark and much-oiled chestnut hair hung upon his shoulders, after the unkempt fashion of the Republic. Care seemed already to have marked him for her own, the result probably of the misery of his school-days and of the abject poverty he subsequently endured when a subaltern in the army. But at the same time it must have been a face that would in any country have attracted attention, from the impress it bore of ability and deep thought. His eyes seemed rather to search the thoughts and opinions of those he conversed with, than to reflect what was passing through his own brain. He was a great play-actor throughout the whole of his eventful life; and, if he could not always divine what was passing in the minds of those with whom he conversed, he generally contrived, by a well-studied manner, and the intense and searching gaze he turned upon them, to make them believe he did so.

The more I read of him, and the more closely I study his character, the more strongly I feel that in many ways he never was a thoughtless boy or knew the pleasures of being young. His earliest portraits strengthen me in this conviction.

Before the Revolution had swept over France, with all its loathsome and degrading horrors, the early life of Bonaparte (he spelt his name Buonaparte until March, 1796, when he began to omit the Italian "u" from the first syllable) had been little

* See De Jung's work on Napoleon, where good reason is given for this belief.

more than a pathetic struggle with poverty, a sad period of mental distress and bodily misery. Proud, yet so poor that he could with difficulty pay for his humble board and lodging, it is no wonder that at times existence became so intolerable that more than once he contemplated suicide. His want of means in the land of his adoption—a country in which he held no social position—caused him to lead a solitary life when in French garrisons. He is described then as being silent, unsociable, slovenly in appearance, and speaking French and Italian with a Corsican accent. Indeed, it may be said that he spoke no tongue fluently, except the mongrel, barbarous tongue of his native island. But, although he never spoke French like an educated Frenchman, he was able to write it in nervous, telling sentences, when he wished to excite his army or the French nation to action. Looked down upon, when young, by his comrades as a foreigner, there could be little sympathy between them and so unsociable and yet so proud a brother officer. "Life is a burden to me," he wrote from Valence, his first garrison, "because the men with whom I live have manners and habits as different from mine as moonlight is from sunshine."

The great Corsican patriot, Pascal Paoli, a fine, noble character, was an old friend of the Buonaparte family. He made a constant companion of young Napoleon, whose mind he early filled with wild, unpractical dreams of a freed Corsica. Its French rulers had become very distasteful to the people, and there had been several attempted risings against them. In these, Bonaparte, fighting in the Corsican ranks under the command of Paoli, had taken part. He had been engaged in many a skirmish against the French troops, and it was then he first experienced the sensation of being shot at, always an important event in the life of a soldier. Paoli was then to him a species of demi-god, the noblest of characters, a very prototype of those classical heroes whose history he loved to read, whose deeds he knew so well. His career was noble, unselfish, and full of self-sacrifice. Born in 1726, of humble origin, he had dreamt of making his native island in-

dependent of Genoa, to which she then belonged.*

An all-absorbing love of country—that is, of Corsica—was then Bonaparte's strongest passion, and it was a pure one. For her freedom he longed to fight, in her cause he was prepared to die. Without doubt this was the noblest aspiration in all his life. Many say it was the only truly unselfish and chivalrous impulse he ever felt. Self-interest had not as yet taken exclusive possession of his soul. Corsica was then still his country, and he loved her savage and vindictive people, her wild mountains and thick forests and rocky valleys with all the fervor of a true patriot. To her he turned with a longing deep and earnest. Her welfare was still foremost in his thoughts, and she was then to him all that men love and revere most under the name of "country." Like most of his compatriots, he had learnt to hate France as the oppressor of his native land. He had thrown himself, under Paoli's leading, into the struggle for Corsican independence with all the earnestness of youthful inexperience worked upon by a sensitive nature and a mind overcharged with a very active, and as yet, an unregulated imagination.

Paoli had recommended Bonaparte to join the English army as the best course open to him. His answer was characteristic.

He said he preferred remaining in the army of France not for any love he bore that country but because "the beginning of a revolution was a fine time for an enterprising young man." No feeling of patriotism influenced his choice. It was simply that he, a poor foreign adventurer in the French army, was clever enough to see, in the condition of France at that time, the ready-made gambling-table, where his superior cleverness was likely to secure him many chances in life. His early training fitted him for stormy times; he had lived from boyhood among conspirators, and had been educated amidst the throes of a Corsican struggle for independence, in which he had himself played a youthful and enthusiastic part.

When, however, the final struggle came, in 1793, it must be recorded that Bonaparte deserted the Corsican cause and the

*He died near London, in 1807, where he had spent the last eleven years of his life. He wanted King George III. to annex Corsica to England.

national hero he had so long worshiped. Already, at the age of twenty-five, an intense personal ambition seems to have taken possession of his soul, to the permanent exclusion of any care for the independence of his native island. This was indeed a memorable epoch in his life. It marks the parting of the ways where he deliberately forsook the unselfish patriotism of his youth for the vulgar aspirations of personal ambition. Thenceforth his own advancement, not duty, was to be the main-spring of his actions, the loadstone of his life. If in pursuit of renown he made France once more great and famous, it was not because he loved her but because he felt it was only as her despotic ruler, and by linking her glory with his name, that he could secure for himself the immortal and preeminent fame his ambitious soul craved after. One might as well try to eliminate the name of Moses as that of Napoleon from the pages of history. He spilt much blood in pursuit of personal objects. But even those in France who hate him for this reason should remember that he rescued their beautiful land from the whirlpool of mad license and brutal savagery into which the Revolution had plunged it.

This desertion of Paoli and of his compatriots caused him to be proclaimed in Corsica as a traitor, and by the common action of all classes in the island his home was pillaged in June, 1793.

Upon finally leaving Corsica, he found himself, as it were, a human derelict adrift upon the stormy sea of a foul revolution. But a man so gifted, so constituted, was tolerably certain to ride out the gale. Ruth-

lessly indifferent to the feelings of others, we see him sweep from the world's chess-board everything animate and inanimate that interfered with his own great game in life. Unswayed by scruples of conscience, recognizing no code of laws but that of selfish expediency, he suited the epoch and the French world, and especially the class of men then in power.

In this great soldier's case, the moralist is ever prone to enlarge upon his want of truth and principle, and upon his overweening ambition. But mean and bad as he certainly was, his strong personality, immeasurable genius, and, if you will, his restless, gnawing hunger for undying renown, will never fail to fascinate men of every nationality and of all creeds and all classes. There was, after all, something grand about his desire for fame, for it was not vulgar ease, or comfort, or riches, or even personal enjoyment he sought after; his "immortal longings" were for the fame that should never perish, and in its pursuit he was prepared to violate, and did violate, every recognized law, human and divine, ignoring all right and justice. The unparalleled rise of a poor and foreign adventurer not only to the throne of France but to a European greatness unknown for many centuries, his wonderful success and equally colossal mistakes, combine to make his story peculiarly dramatic.

The philosopher often asks why it is that Napoleon has so long filled, and still fills, the world with his fame, and France with his glory? But the fact remains that millions still bow down to Napoleon Bonaparte, because he was the greatest embodiment of physical force in all ages.

(To be continued.)



CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

PART IX.

DANIEL GRAY REID.

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

THE romance of business! It sounds paradoxical to-day; but a hundred years hence! If we grant that the writers of historical romances have weighed accurately the relative importance of human motives in the times they describe, it becomes clear as day that the twenty-second-century novelist, in writing his thrilling tale of life in the dawn of the twentieth century will see romance in these, our times, and his book will appeal to his readers in much the same way that a seventeenth-century story appeals to romantic readers of this day. Why is the swash-buckling hero so attractive to those perennially child-minded grownups who buy such stories? Because he is a vanished type, naïf in his display of elemental passion. A child reads of animals that speak the language of men. She believes it, and she wishes the dogs or horses or kittens which she pets could talk to her. That child grown to womanhood reads of an adventurer in the brave days of Henry of Navarre. She is interested because she does not know any men who are like him. She also would like him to talk to her. Yet, if D'Artagnan and his disreputable companions had really existed, and been as Dumas depicts them, they would not have thought themselves romantic. Now, men do not love less strongly than they did a hundred or a thousand years ago. They still have hearts, but they do not wear them upon their sleeves. Yet we are obviously interested in the time when men did so wear them. Next to the love of man for woman comes the love of man for power. In the vanished centuries "power" was attained by physical or, later, by military prowess—that is, the ability to outnumber others. He who commanded the most skilful fellow murderers had the great-

est power, compelled the greatest respect. To-day, he has the greatest power who commands the most dollars. The acquisition of financial power, therefore, must necessarily occupy in men's thoughts the same place that the acquisition of military power did in the military days. He who wins financial duels is a great potential hero, for it is logical to assume that, as a human motive power to-day, greed follows love closely. There is this, moreover: that love is in reality but half instinct—



DANIEL GRAY REID.

other animals than man know it—whereas greed is exclusively human, and is absolutely the result of human civilization and human environment. As man becomes less and less a creature of instinct, greed forges ahead as a moving influence. Thus, also, as man has become less and less a swash-buckler, the ascendancy of the dollar over the sword has grown proportionately. At bottom, it is essentially the same motive which makes a man murder his fellows in the historical novel and makes men in actual life kill other men financially or commercially; and the time will come when the duel of competing manufacturers

will be no less interesting than the duel with rapiers is to some people now. Men no longer slay each other so blithely as they once did. Men will not fight so maniacally for money some day. There will come the historical romance of business in the early twentieth century. Take the case of a warrior a few hundred years ago, who, in a lifetime, by his courage, his military prowess, his genius for organization, becomes a great lord, the valued ally of sovereigns, the founder of a mighty house. Take the case of a nineteenth-century man, who, born poor, becomes a great millionaire, in control of a great railway system, the founder of a financial

dynasty, lord of the destinies of a great army of men who are fighting for him and his courtiers—the stockholders—fighting to make him ever more powerful. It is, after all, the *man* that counts; it is the exercise of certain gifts and abilities that makes the interesting reading. Here we have a group of men—the Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan, otherwise Messrs. Daniel Gray Reid, William Bateman Leeds, William H. Moore and James Hobart Moore.

In 1898, the tax-assessor would not have called them rich—as riches go. In 1901, they had between them more than one hundred millions of dollars! In 1902, they control absolutely, through the actual ownership of the majority of the stock, the great Rock Island system. They are devoting all their time and all their brains to making it greater. They will make it their monument. They have made history. In the course of time the Federal government will own all the railroads. The accomplishment of this will rank after the War of Independence and the Civil War. It will be a thrilling chapter in the book of our national history. In it will be found the names of Reid, Leeds and Moore beside those of Vanderbilt, Gould, Hill, Morgan and other great railway soldiers. It is difficult, perhaps unfair, to single one of the "Rock Island party" as the subject of this sketch. Judge Moore is known to the world of business and of finance as a man of great ability, as an industrial organizer, as a promoter. He is a quiet, unobtrusive self-repressive man, probably saturnine by temperament, certainly taciturn on principle. His legal attainments are of the highest order. As a corporation lawyer he ranks with the best. Mr. Leeds began his business life with an engineering corps of one of the "Panhandle" divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, rose to be superintendent of the Richmond division, became interested with Mr. Reid in the manufacture of tin-plate, grew enormously rich with Messrs. Reid and Moore, and is now president of the Rock Island. These men are loyal to each other—Reid and Leeds were chums when they were boys in the same town in Indiana—and none would wish to be exalted above his associates. But Mr. Reid is the most interesting in that his is the most elusive personality. Judge

Moore is the financial organizer, Mr. Leeds is the railroad man, and Mr. Reid is everything and, to boot, the diplomat-in-chief of the Rock Island party. He has successfully managed many deals which called for the utmost sagacity and courage and, above all, for unusual delicacy.

How he did these things, how he became a great American millionaire, how he developed from a country lad to what he is to-day: that is the fascinating romance.

Mr. Reid would smile amusedly at this accusation. A half hour's conversation with him, and the accuser would smile triumphantly; and, mind you, Mr. Reid has none of the showy qualities, none of the picturesque. He talks deliberately, and thinks like lightning. He is not epigrammatic, but he has a keen sense of humor. He takes life easily, yet he has never had a vacation since his sixteenth year. He has never worried, yet he has been on the ragged edge of utter failure a dozen times. He used to sweep the offices of the bank, and he became the vice-president of it. He never had manufactured anything, but he started and built the largest tin-plate works in the country. He never dreamed of being a trust-maker, but he organized one.

A stranger to the stock-market in 1898, and in 1901 beating James R. Keene at the game, he never loved money above everything else, and he probably possesses fifty million dollars. His boyhood and his early manhood associates were his fellow townsmen; he now, although barely in his forty-fourth year, hobnobs with the world-famous financial magnates of the Metropolis, their equal in all that makes them magnates—that is, in money and in brains. He was a country boy, but he is now one of the most diplomatic men in Wall Street. He is so suave that one would call him slippery—slippery as an eel, if that phrase did not convey an impression of dishonesty. He looks an easy-going man, and yet one feels that he is keenly alert, though never offensively so—surely a triumph, possible only to a mind out of the common. He appears to be the sublimation of common sense, the apostle of the matter-of-fact, yet his vision is fixed on twenty years hence like a dreamer.

So well-rounded is Mr. Reid that he has no salient feature. His gaze is not imperious, his words are never like military commands, his arguments are never pyrotechnically expressed, yet there is no semblance of repressed intensity about him. The strenuous life is not written in impressive wrinkles on his face, yet he must have lived it.

He laughs, but not too much; he jokes, but not too much; he talks, but not too much; he is calm, but not too much; he is magnetic, but not too much; yet, when he is done, he has impressed you as a man of unusual intelligence, whose psychological portrait would be easy to paint if he were an actor—which you are certain he is not.

Mr. Reid was born in Richmond, Indiana, on August 1, 1858, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His mother, Ann Gray Reid, was born near Belfast, Ireland. His father was a Virginian, the first Reid having settled there in the seventeenth century. Daniel Reid, the father of D. G. Reid, was an ardent Jacksonian. He swore by the great Andrew, who appointed him United States Land Agent at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and later postmaster of Richmond, Indiana. The elder Reid bought a farm a few miles from the town, and there young Daniel worked, doing what Hoosier farm-boys do—working and playing, but mostly working.

After his father's death the family moved to Richmond, where, in 1874, he obtained a position with the Second National Bank.

It was in 1891 that he became interested in tin-plate. Natural gas had been struck at Elwood, Indiana. Mr. Leeds and some fellow employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, together with Mr. Reid and a few other friends, organized a land-company in the new gas-belt.

Mr. Reid, after studying the matter, failed to see why, if Wales could produce tin-plate, America could not. The American Tin Plate Company was formed. Mr. Reid and Mr. Leeds raised the necessary capital among their friends, Mr. Leeds still retaining his position of superintendent of the Richmond division, and Mr. Reid as cashier of the bank. The capital was, I think, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They imported men and machinery from Wales, and started. It was a failure. The imported workmen could not adapt themselves to American conditions, there

were mishaps, and the first year was a loss. But Mr. Reid saw clearly that the business could be made a success. He and Mr. Leeds convinced their associates of this, and the plant was discarded—practically consigned to the scrap-heap. It took pluck and brains to do this. They secured an American from Pittsburg for their manager, designed and ordered American machinery, and shortly afterward began again. Tin-plate had been manufactured in a small way. They were the pioneers on a large scale. They prospered greatly. Mr. Leeds and Mr. Reid bought out most of their associates. All the profits were put back into the business, expanding it, increasing and improving the plant.

In a few years, the new industry was one of the most important. But soon there was overproduction. A reaction was inevitable. Mr. Reid foresaw it clearly, before his competitors did. His works began to book contracts, as far ahead as they could, at the best prices possible.

Later, when prices of tin-plate fell to an unprofitable level, Messrs. Reid and Leeds could make money where the others were losing. But the hard times came, and as early as 1895 Mr. Reid tried to avert general ruin by consolidating the most important works, and eliminating senseless competition. It was not possible to effect the combination. Again he tried, but too many held out for too big a price, and more money was lost. In 1898, Mr. Reid succeeded in obtaining the consent of the principal tin-plate works.

Many of the owners favored the selection of Judge E. H. Gary, president of the Federal Steel Company, but Messrs. Reid and Leeds favored W. H. Moore, of Chicago; and Judge Moore, with them, in December, 1898, organized the American Tin Plate Company, of which Mr. Reid became the president, and Mr. Leeds chairman, of the executive committee.

A few months later, Messrs. Reid, Leeds and Moore organized the National Steel Company, to supply the Tin Plate Company with raw material. The capital stock was twenty-seven million dollars preferred and thirty-two million dollars common. This was in February, 1899. In April, 1899, they organized the American Steel Hoop Company, with a capital stock of

fourteen million dollars preferred and nineteen million dollars common. In March, 1900, they organized the American Sheet Steel Company, with a capital stock of twenty-six million dollars preferred and twenty-six million dollars common. They represented a total capitalization of no less than one hundred and ninety-four million dollars!

It is impossible to say how much Messrs. Reid, Moore and Leeds received in stock of the United States Steel Corporation for their holdings of American Tin Plate, National Steel and the others, but Wall Street gossip had it that they found themselves in possession of one hundred and forty million dollars (par value) of common and preferred shares of the Billion Dollar Trust!

Then they looked about for investment. They were men who must work hard or die of ennui. A life of leisure did not appeal to these men who had grown fabulously rich almost overnight. They saw a hidden equity in Rock Island stock.

When Mr. Reid and his associates interested themselves in the Rock Island, it was a system with three thousand eight hundred miles of road, and incomplete in many respects. It started from Chicago, and ended "nowhere in particular," though it pointed in many directions. Its capital stock was fifty million dollars. The old management saw that something must be done to develop the road, and voted to increase the stock to sixty million dollars. Before they could carry out any plan, the new party was in control. The company then bought outright the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, with one thousand

four hundred miles of track, and extending westward to Minnesota through Iowa, strengthening the position of the Rock Island in a country formerly not touched by it.

The next purchase was the Rock Island and Peoria, one hundred and fifty miles long, tapping a rich section of Illinois. The purchase of the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf added one thousand four hundred miles to the system, and an extension was hurried through to El Paso, Texas. This is eight hundred miles long. A line is under construction directly south to Fort Worth and Galveston, by way of Dallas, some three hundred miles of track. The purchase of St. Louis, Kansas City and Colorado and St. Louis and Kansas City means two hundred and eighty-four miles more and an entrance into St. Louis with valuable terminal facilities there. The system now comprises eight thousand miles, and before the new management stops it will have ten thousand. It is impossible to explain in detail the importance of the plans of the Rock Island, the enormous strategic value of some of its acquisitions, or the important improvements in terminal facilities and equipment. To pay for these, the capital stock has been increased to seventy-five million dollars, of which it is said that Messrs. Reid, Leeds and Moore own seventy per cent. The stock, incidentally, rose to about two hundred dollars per share. Interesting though this romance of railroading is, far more interesting are the men who have played the most important parts in it, and of these Daniel Gray Reid is one.

RUSSELL SAGE.

BY ROBERT N. BURNETT.

WHENEVER one thinks of the incarnation of money-getting—the steady accumulation of wealth, by slow plodding at first, until it becomes a mighty force that sweeps on resistlessly, like a great river—the mind turns instinctively to Russell Sage, whose vast power in the financial community is unquestioned even by those more brilliant men who "put through" deals that startle the public. Only two or three of the greatest banks in New York City

now have more money out on call than has Mr. Sage. In addition to the twenty million dollars which he puts out in this way, he employs twenty million dollars in time-loans and another twenty million dollars to forty million dollars is invested in high-grade bonds and stocks. The amount of his wealth is one of the mysteries of Wall Street. A still greater mystery is what he intends to do with his wealth. Fifteen years ago Jay Gould said that Sage was

worth more than he (Gould)—and Gould at that time had sixty million dollars. If this estimate was correct, Mr. Sage is now worth from seventy-five million dollars to one hundred million dollars.

Several weeks ago the old money-lender, eighty-seven years of age (and with a record of nearly fifty years in Wall Street), spoke out sharply about the danger of "over-booming" in stocks, and of the merging of corporations in great trusts. His advice was a signal to the prudent to slow down before financial disaster occurred.

Rumors of Mr. Sage's death, which have been current every time he stayed away from business, suggested the possible demoralization that might result in case that predicted event occurred and the many millions which he has loaned out should be suddenly called in by his executors. Several times of late the financial district has been chilled by reports that the worst has happened. Down went stocks because of the anxiety of the brokers and their customers to avoid becoming involved.

If the twenty million dollars which Mr. Sage has out in call-loans had been suddenly withdrawn last October when the money market was stringent, interest-rates would not have stopped, as they finally did, at thirty-five per cent. It has often been suggested—it was suggested during

the recent money stringency—that Mr. Sage could easily quadruple his profits on loans by suddenly withdrawing all of his call-funds now and then, and causing a panic. Why does he not do it? Is it because of his deep sense of honor, and his unwillingness to do harm? Wall Street has winked at practises much more questionable than this.

Undoubtedly it would injure his great

money-lending business in the long run more than it would benefit it. Twenty-five years ago when Mr. Sage was working in unison with Jay Gould, they contrived to send interest-rates soaring. It was a common thing in those days to lock up all of the available currency in sight so as to produce an abnormal scarcity of money. Wall Street was a much smaller place then, and the brilliant coterie could make and unmake values. Mr. Sage's wealth grew apace with these tactics.



RUSSELL SAGE.

Mr. Sage's policy is to keep his money out as long as possible without changing the borrower. Some of the greatest operators in Wall Street are his patrons. Although they borrow much from him on call, the loans generally run along from week to week. They know that they can keep the money as long as they like.

Mr. Sage's principle is to get the highest interest-rates that borrowers will stand,

but not to lose business by forcing things. Here is the way that worked on the day that the call-rate ran up to thirty-five per cent. some weeks ago: When the money market opened at about eleven o'clock Mr. Sage's agents hurried around among those who had outstanding call-loans. The rate had been raised the previous day to ten per cent., although some money had been loaned on the Stock Exchange at fifteen per cent. Under the rules of the Exchange notification of the intended cancellation of a call-loan must be made before one o'clock, otherwise it holds over until the same hour next day, at the stipulated rate, or indefinitely, unless notice is given by either party. Mr. Sage's men, seeing the market open at fifteen per cent., immediately told the first borrowers they met on their travels that they would have to pay fifteen per cent. if they wanted to renew their loans. Some protested, but when the rate climbed to eighteen, twenty and twenty-five per cent. before one o'clock, borrowers paid those figures without grumbling, and the bulk of the Sage loans were renewed at an average of twenty per cent. Mr. Sage's agents thought they were doing well to get such attractive rates, but after the money was all placed the call-rate climbed to thirty-five per cent. It sagged off again then to twenty per cent. The next day the rate had come down still farther, and all the market would stand was fifteen to eighteen per cent.

Thus does this great machine follow the interest-currents up and down as the waves rise and recede. At the twenty-per-cent. rate it was grinding out wealth for the plain, farmer-looking man of simple habits at the rate of four million dollars profit a year on a third or less of his fortune. But this was too good to last. Back whirled the hand of the interest-dial, like that in the wheat-pit. When the rate tumbled to ten, then five per cent., Mr. Sage's profits were cut in two, and when it dropped to a quarter of that attractive figure his call-money was earning only a paltry one million dollars a year.

The old financier, who always goes about clad in the plainest of clothes, slightly bent and leaning on his rude cane—in appearance like a retired farmer—is missed by nobody so much as by the curbstone

brokers, to whom he is known as the "King of Puts and Calls." In this rôle he is famous the country over. Any man could gain admission to his office if he wanted to "dicker" for a "privilege," yet one has to rise early in the morning to get the better of the cunning money-lender. But he has his weak points, and the brokers know what they are. Here is a description of a typical scene in the meagerly furnished office in Nassau Street:—

"You want too much," said a broker, recently, who was trying to buy a "put" on Missouri Pacific, good for sixty days. "I will give you seventy-five dollars at one hundred and ten." (The stock was then selling around one hundred and fifteen.)

"No, no," the old man replied, shaking his head, and looking somewhat severe. "Ninety dollars."

"Seventy-five. See, here's the money!" persisted the broker, flashing a roll of brand-new bills out of his pocket.

"Well, all right," was the half-reluctant reply, and Mr. Sage clapped down on the bills. He never lets money get away if there is any human way of preventing it. Mr. Sage did not originate the privilege business, but he developed it on an enormous scale. His paper is always preferred to that issued by anybody else, because he is absolutely responsible, and nothing short of a disaster could break him. There was a supreme test of this in the panic of May, 1884, which was precipitated by the failure of Grant and Ward, carrying down several institutions and firms. Mr. Sage had outstanding puts, running into the millions, and there was a stampede to take profits. It was the privilege-buyer's harvest. They seldom make anything. Mr. Sage had contracted to take Missouri Pacific, Western Union and other Gould stocks ad libitum, at certain prices which he never expected them to reach in the ordinary course of events. When the panic broke, the bottom dropped out of the market, and the thousand and one traders who had bought Mr. Sage's puts ordered their brokers to buy in the stocks preparatory to "putting" them—that is, delivering them—to "the old man."

The financier saw the storm brewing, and he closed the doors of his office, overlooking Trinity churchyard, where years later

another cyclone struck him in the shape of Norcross's dynamite bomb, which he miraculously escaped. Wall Street was in an uproar. "Sage repudiates his puts," was the cry that spread from office to office like wild-fire. Had not Jay Gould, who occupied an adjoining office, interposed, some predicted a worse crash in stocks than had already occurred, since the privilege-holders in their plight would rush to unload what they had bought in the open market. Gould pictured to Mr. Sage the losses which they would suffer in their own stocks, and saved the day. Mr. Sage opened his office again, but let in only a limited number of privilege-holders at a time, "dickering" with them for a partial settlement where he could. As it was, he lost six million dollars on his privileges, and half as much more by sacrificing securities which he had to throw over to get money with which to buy the stocks represented by the puts.

Mr. Sage's remarkable capacity for business developed at an early age. Born at Oneida, New York, in 1815, he began his career as a clerk in a general country store, moved to Troy, and at twenty bought out his employer, who ran a still larger store. His thrift soon made him one of the leading citizens of that community, as evinced by his election to the Board of Aldermen, and, at about 1857, to a seat in Congress, from the Troy district. During his two terms he developed great influence in the Whig party, headed the delegation from this state to the convention that nominated Zachary Taylor for President, and personally nominated Millard Fillmore, in a fitting speech, for vice-president. His position on the Ways and Means Committee in Congress brought into prominence his ability as a financier, and he was often consulted by the administration on important matters. He was considered fairly wealthy when he left Congress, and came to New York City. He fell in with the shrewd Wall Street lights, known as the St. Paul "crowd"—that is, the Western railroads which were afterward brought together as the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. Among them were James, Gurnee, Cowdrey and Rudd—almost forgotten now. They got liberal land-grants from the Western states, and made large profits out of the deal. This was

Mr. Sage's first important Wall Street experience. He followed this by buying up, jointly with Commodore Garrison, most of the third-mortgage bonds of the Pacific Railroad Company, on which interest had been defaulted, and foreclosed and reorganized the company as the Missouri Pacific in 1876. The bonds had been hypothecated in Wall Street, and were picked up for a song. Sage and Garrison, it is said, issued most of the three-million-dollar stock of the new company to themselves, as they had a right to do, and it was later increased to a much larger amount. The aggressive new owners made the road a thorn in the flesh of Jay Gould, because it was a rival to the Wabash, which the latter controlled. Gould concluded he must have the Missouri Pacific at any cost. By judicious delay Garrison ran up the price on him more than double, and disposed of his interest, which was a majority, to Gould. Mr. Sage kept his stock, and made his first acquaintance with Gould, which proved to be a turning-point in his career. Mr. Sage's wealth grew rapidly from that time, he being identified with most of the Gould corporations up to the present day.

Mr. Gould was the more brilliant of the two men, but Mr. Sage was unquestionably the more cautious and evenly balanced, saving his associate from many pitfalls. Gould sometimes took desperate chances, Sage never, except on a single occasion, with privileges, which in the panic of 1884 cost him so dearly. The brilliant opportunities which Gould developed at his own risk served as stepping-stones for his associate, who carefully discriminated between the safe and the dangerous. Mr. Sage improved them to the utmost. He cared nothing for luxuries. He never let go of anything which he had once held in his hand.

Among many admirable traits Mr. Sage has that of being an agreeable conversationalist, generally talking in a low, gentle voice, and emphasizing his ideas with impressive gestures. His chief recreation is with his dumb pets, notably his horses, to whom he talks as if they were human. He said once that he intended to leave a monument which would make the name of Sage remembered for all time. His friends find it hard to restrain their curiosity as to what he really meant.

ROMANCES OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MINES.

II.—ALMADEN.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

A MINE is usually a type of the things that perish. Its glory is for a day. When its riches are uncovered they disappear, and its looted treasure-vaults remain a melancholy image of desolation.

Virginia City has been in decay for nearly a quarter of a century; yet there are thousands of men still in vigorous life who can well recall the discovery of the great lode that gave it birth.

But not so all. There is one mine that seems to have discovered the secret of immortality. For at least twenty-two centuries, with occasional interruptions, the great quicksilver deposit of Almaden, on the borders of Don Quixote's province of La Mancha, has been turning out ore, and the workings are richer now than ever before. Almaden has bridged the abyss between ancient and modern history. If Pliny is to be believed the Phenicians worked it seven hundred years before Christ. The Carthaginians knew of it, and its cinnabar may have daubed with vermillion some of the savage auxiliaries that followed Hannibal to Italy. The Greeks and the Romans were acquainted with it, Theophrastus, Vitruvius and Strabo allude to it, and Pliny tells how "Sisapona Cetobrix" used to send to Rome ten thousand pounds of cinnabar every year. There is nothing to show that the Visigothic conquerors of Spain made any use of it, but when civilization revived under the Moors the workings at Sisapona revived with it. "Almaden" is simply Arabic for "The Mine." There were many "Almadenes" in Spain, but "Almaden del Azogue"—"The Mine of Quicksilver"—so overshadowed all the rest that it soon monopolized the name.

For antiquity, continuity of production, and unbroken profit, Almaden stands at the head of all the mines of the world of whatever kind. There has been no exhaustion, and no alternation of "bonanza" and "borrasca." Through twenty-two, and perhaps twenty-five or more, centuries of production, the miners have simply had to

follow steadily widening veins. It gives one a sense of the littleness of mankind to reflect that seventy generations of human insects could burrow in a space of less than six acres without exhausting it. All the excavations of more than two thousand years are included in a block seven hundred and fifty feet long, three hundred and fifty feet wide and a little over a thousand feet deep. Perhaps if it had been located in America the time of its looting would be a shorter story.

Almaden is rich, but deadly—a not uncommon combination. Its mercurial fumes poison the miners, eat away their teeth and flesh, and cut short their lives. And so the humane old Romans, always thoughtful, decreed that men should not work in the quicksilver mines. Instead they substituted a kind of animals—slaves and convicts—whose sufferings were a matter either of indifference or of positive advantage. Convicts ought to suffer anyway—that was part of their punishment—and if their discomfort could now be made a source of profit to the state nothing better could be desired. Across the hard, blue chop of the Mediterranean, reflecting the sheen of a burnished metallic sky, leaped the prison galley, its oars pulsating to the mechanical beat of the hortator's hammer. It bore a cargo of criminals, condemned to the mines. Some of them might have been political conspirators, permitted by the clemency of the divine Cæsar to expiate their crimes in this way instead of by opening their veins in a warm bath. Some might have been guilty of possessing estates that seemed to promise greater usefulness in the hands of a monarch's friends than in those of their owners. Some might have had wives whose attractions had drawn the notice of an imperial favorite. Some, perhaps, belonged to the pestilent sect of Christians, and had refused to burn incense to Jupiter, or even to the divinity of the Emperor. These malefactors, whatever their offenses, were landed at Malaga, and marched along the great

military road that led across the Guadalquivir, through Cordova, to Sisapon. There they worked, digging out the poisonous ore whose vermilion dye incarnadined the imperial splendors of Rome. Gaunt and pallid, they staggered through the reeking galleries, shivering with ague, doubled from time to time with cramps and convulsions, dropping out their teeth, and exhaling an odor of the tomb from their rotting gums. In those times, and for many centuries afterward, there was little call for metallic mercury, and cinnabar was used almost entirely for coloring. The Roman ladies found it useful to refresh their experienced cheeks, and it was indispensable to painters for the production of those rich effects which their public demanded. The husband condemned to the mines, and decaying alive in the fumes of Almaden, could have the consolation of feeling that perhaps the very piece of ore that shook in his palsied fingers might put upon the cheek of the wife for whose sake he had been exiled the becoming blush with which she would grace an imperial banquet. The Roman government jealously guarded the treasures of Almaden, as the Spanish authorities do this day.

The governor of the province kept the mine always locked, except when it was opened, by special command of the Emperor, to take out the amount of ore required for Rome, after which it was immediately closed.

Century followed century, and at last Rome's demand for vermilion dye began to wane. The barbarians gave her enough of that on her battle-fields and among the ashes of her palaces. Suevi, Alans and Vandals devastated Spain until they were trampled under the foot of the Goth. Naturally we hear nothing of mining operations at Almaden during this time. But with the coming of the Moors the arts and industries revived. The Moslem conquest of the East was a calamity—in the West it was a blessing. Under the enlightened rule of the caliphs, Spain reached a pitch of prosperity it has never known since. Again "The Mine" poured out its treasures, and its burrowing shafts crept slowly deeper. For nearly five hundred years it was one of the jewels of the Moorish crown.

Then the advancing wave of the Christian crusade engulfed it, and it became an

appanage of Castile. For a century its fate was in doubt. It was on the bloody border where Moor and Christian wrestled for supremacy. A day's march to the north of it, the fortress of the city of Calatrava overhung the Guadiana. There, in the year 1158, King Sancho III. of Castile, surrounded by his chivalry, beat back a besieging Moslem army. It was the year of his death, but before the end came he formed among his knights the Order of Calatrava, the first of the great military orders of Spain, and the contemporary and peer of the Templars and Hospitalers of Palestine. Bound by vows of poverty, obedience and celibacy the Knights of Calatrava, half soldiers and half priests, were devoted to eternal war against the infidels. They long constituted the driving force of the Spanish crusade, and for a lifetime carried it on almost alone. Situated at the limit of the Castilian dominions, Calatrava in times of good fortune was the spear-point that drove into the vitals of the Moorish power; in evil days it was the shield that protected the Christian land from the Moslem invaders. Naturally gratitude soon gave the order rich endowments. Like the Templars and Hospitalers, equally vowed to poverty, the Knights of Calatrava became great landholders.

In 1168, ten years after the foundation of the order, Alfonso VIII. of Castile bestowed upon it Almaden, Chillon, and some neighboring mines, which had recently been wrested from the Moors. For more than three hundred years thereafter the Grand Master of the Knights of Calatrava was the ruler of the great mine that had already been worked by Carthaginians, Romans and Arabs. In 1483, long after the public need for the Calatrava Order had ceased to exist, King Ferdinand the Catholic became Grand Master, and that dignity was merged in the crown. The mine of Almaden thus became royal property again. Doubtful, however, of its ability to administer it profitably, the government looked about for some trustworthy person to take a lease of the property. Meanwhile the mine was worked on royal account, and a contract is extant by which the King of Spain, through his ambassador at Lisbon, sold quicksilver to the King of Portugal.

But an agreement was soon concluded

with one Alfonso Gutierrez, by which the lessee was given an absolute monopoly of quicksilver for all Spain. Even the government could not undertake another mining enterprise in this field. The importation of foreign quicksilver was strictly forbidden. The lessee was exempt from taxation, and he had civil and criminal jurisdiction over his works, with the power of naming his own judges and police. This contract was renewed on January 21, 1516, just two days before the death of Ferdinand, and a year before the discovery of Mexico, an event destined to have such a momentous influence upon the destinies of Almaden. But eight years later the lease was transferred to stronger hands. It passed into the possession of the Fuggers—the Pierpont Morgans of their age, the greatest family of financiers Europe had ever known or was to know, at least until the time of the Rothschilds, three hundred years later. It may be a surprise to some to know that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan takes a deep interest in the career of the Fuggers, and knows the details of their history by heart. The Augsburg weaver who held mortgages on an emperor's property, whose imperial debtor boasted to the King of France that this humble subject could match the coin in the French treasury, who anticipated the philanthropies of Peabody and Carnegie, and who founded a family whose members to-day, after the lapse of four hundred years, are recognized by kings as members of the royal caste, is certainly worth the study of anybody who is interested in the methods of achieving material success. "As rich as a Fugger," said the Spaniards in the time of Don Quixote. Obtaining the beginnings of their wealth by mining operations in the Tyrol and Hungary, they soon extended their industrial, commercial and financial operations over all Europe. When they obtained the lease of Almaden they also secured a similar concession of the silver-mines of Guadalcanal, and gained the privilege of farming part of the Spanish revenues. The brothers, Mark and Christopher Fugger, were the first of their family to exploit the mineral wealth of Spain. They brought German workmen to Almaden, and introduced German mining methods. The output of ore immediately increased. The Fuggers were the most ex-

perienced miners of their time, and they followed the most approved methods of that age. Still, even the best methods of the sixteenth century were primitive, and the fact that the Fuggers were only tenants, not proprietors, of the mine, led them to look more to immediate profit than to the permanent good of the property. They hastily scooped out the richest ore, and left hundreds of galleries filled with decaying timbering as material for future catastrophies. Two frightful conflagrations, the second of which wiped out all traces of the Fugger enterprise, were the results of this policy.

The Fuggers from Augsburg conducted their operations upon a thoroughly business-like basis. They had an arrangement with their miners a little like that which prevails in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania. Each miner was a small foreman, in charge of a gang of seven or eight laborers. Every Saturday the miner reported how many men and how many hours he had worked, and the bookkeeper figured his payment accordingly. All the higher managers, and many of the subordinates, were Germans.

The prosperity of these foreigners soon discontented the Spaniards, and they were not inclined to renew the Fugger contract. But here occurred a curious development, illustrating the unexpected similarities that crop up in ages seemingly the most diverse. The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria outbid the Fuggers through a Spanish representative, and the authorities were about to give the contract to him when one Ambrosius Hochstetter indiscreetly announced that Ferdinand had promised to turn it over to himself. As he already controlled the mine of Idria, in Austria, the only serious competitor of Almaden, this foreshadowed a European quicksilver trust, with an absolute monopoly of the business. But the Fuggers had a large stock of mined ore on hand; the undertaking promised to be an expensive one in various ways, and Hochstetter himself advised the Archduke to withdraw.

A more serious danger threatened the Fuggers in 1550. The mine was lighted with oil torches, which often started small fires. At last there was a terrific conflagration. The entire timbering of the shaft

was burned out, and many miners, penned in by the blazing beams above, and groping vainly for the ancient tunnel below, lost their lives. All the arrangements for keeping down the subterranean water were destroyed, and the mine was flooded. Operations came to a standstill. The government at once asserted that the suspension of work forfeited the lease, and claimed the mine as a reversion to the crown. But there was a clause in the contract providing that forfeiture should not be enforced in case of a suspension of operations on account of tumults, war, or the like. The Fuggers maintained that this covered any unavoidable interruption, and not only demanded the continued possession of the mine but called upon the government to make good the cost of resuming operations. They had one formidable weapon which they had sharpened for just such an emergency. There was a clause in their old contract which gave them four months' grace at the termination of their lease to smelt ore extracted and unworked. They had always reserved a mass of the richest ore for this purpose. At the time of the fire they had enough on hand to stock the market for a year, and they took advantage of the opportunity to raise the price. They carefully nursed their supply, and they had a good deal of it on hand eight years later. In 1557, the government declared the production of quicksilver a state monopoly, and resumed mining at Almaden at the public cost. But the officials lacked experience; there was a dearth of trained miners, and finally, after matters had dragged on for a dozen years, the King turned again to the Fuggers. In 1563, a new contract was made, more favorable than the old one, and remained in force for more than eighty years.

Meanwhile a great discovery had revolutionized the quicksilver industry, and given Almaden an importance it never had before. Spain controlled in America the richest silver-mines in the world; but, under the old methods of working, their wealth was largely unavailable. In 1557, or thereabouts, it was found that if crushed silver-ore was mixed with mercury the precious metal would combine with the quicksilver to form an amalgam, from which it could be easily extracted by heat.

Thus Spain found that in Mexico she had treasures of silver, and at Almaden the key to unlock them. Each possession increased the value of the other.

Philip II. tried to do without the Fuggers, but failed. They had demands against his government at one time amounting to more than two million ducats. The Rothschilds are relatively no greater creditors of any state to-day. The Fugger régime at Almaden lasted for a hundred and twenty years, until, gorged with wealth, the descendants of the Augsburg weaver withdrew from Spain at the end of 1645, and left the workings at Almaden to the crown. More than a century later Bowles counted six hundred galleries which the Fuggers had excavated, and left choked with rotting timbers. In 1755, these old workings took fire, the conflagration raged above ground and below, the mine was flooded, and when, after burning for two years and a half, the fire exhausted itself, the last traces of the Fugger enterprise had disappeared. Nobody knows now where the German miners worked. The present operations are conducted on lines proposed by Bowles just before the great fire. He found that the old miners had sunk their shafts vertically, without regard to the dip of the lode, and so often lost the veins which had to be found again by expensive crosscutting. He suggested sinking inclined shafts, following each vein, connected by galleries for ventilation. He also proposed the substitution of stone supports for timbering. Under the present system the ore is extracted in galleries, leaving pillars of cinnabar in place. The galleries are then lined with arches of masonry, or filled with broken rock, and when the ore is taken out the whole space is a mass of indestructible stonework.

Observers in all ages, with two or three exceptions, have borne witness to the blighting effect of the work in the mercurial veins on the health of the miners. When Dundas Murray visited Almaden a little over half a century ago, he said: "There was not a man that passed me who did not, more or less, bear the marks of its noxious influence. All were characterized by a deathlike pallor, from which the youngest and most robust were not exempt. The aspect of these, from the conjunction of

their muscular and rounded limbs, with the countenances of specters, was singularly strange. There were others, however, into whom the subtle poison had entered deeper; some were partially paralytic, and walked with a tottering gait; many were affected with a constant tremor, which was distinctly perceptible; and again others had lost either their teeth or an eye, and one or two an arm. The most striking phenomenon, however, was the change wrought upon the eyes of all. The dark, speaking eye of Spain was no longer to be seen, but in its place you beheld a lack-luster orb, colored of a bluish tinge, and giving to its owner the blank stare of idiocy." The mines at this time were worked by free labor, and Murray found that the rule of conduct was "a short life and a merry one." The miners earned no less than twenty pence a day apiece, and spent their royal revenues royally. "While the jornalero of the soil is satisfied with his frugal repasts of *gaspáchos*, garlic, bread, and melon, his fellow laborer in the bowels of the earth indulges in dainties and luxuries, such as fowl and flesh, generous wine, lemonade, and so forth. The one, however, lives to a generous old age; but the other consumes a few years in thus struggling against his fate, and finally dies young, or lingers on, broken in constitution, and prematurely decayed."

One of the rare witnesses to speak a good word for Almaden from a hygienic point of view was Don Guillermo Bowles, who executed an epoch-making inspection of the mines for the government in 1752. The work was then carried on by convicts, and Bowles thought their situation was one to be envied. "The felons who work there," he insisted, "feel no inconvenience from it, and do nothing more than wheel about the earth in barrows; yet many of them are so crafty as to counterfeit para-

lytic and other complaints, to impose on the benevolent disposition of those who visit the mine. Each man costs the government eight reals a day (about two shillings), they are better fed than any laboring man, sell half their allowance, and enjoy good health; yet, from a principle of compassion, are only made to work three hours a day, and the public think their condition so infinitely wretched as to be little short of death. The very judges on the bench must be of that opinion when they affix this punishment to the most atrocious crimes, yet they are deceived, and may be assured every laborer in Almaden does of his own free will double the work of these felons, and for half the profit."

The mine has been administered by the Spanish Government with a steady annual profit for the greater part of two centuries and a half, although the Rothschilds now handle the product. The esteem in which it is held may be judged by one fact. When the government took over the workings from the Fuggers, in 1646, it suspended the laws against heresy to attract German miners to its service. In the Spain of the seventeenth century that one circumstance is an illumination.

According to Spanish standards the state has been a model employer. It pays its men well, treats them well, keeps up an excellent mining-school, in connection with the works, for the training of engineers, and makes a handsome profit on its operations. Spaniards are not usually supposed to be more efficient administrators than Americans, but they would have been surprised, with Almaden's twenty-two centuries in sight, to hear some of the recent American assertions that it was impracticable for a government to run a mine. Some things that are preposterously "socialistic" in the progressive republic seem easy and natural enough in an effete monarchy.



MAKING A CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

I.—THE LAW.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

SOME years ago, in a conversation with President Eliot, of Harvard, regarding modern education, I ventured to urge that able, sincere men from the various professions should be brought to Harvard to lecture to the entire student body on the advantages, disadvantages, temptations and difficulties presented by the several professions. It was urged that the first thing a young man ordinarily did, upon graduating, was to choose his life-work. In most cases this choice was made long in advance of graduation. But too often it was the result of whim, or prejudice, or the chance of having had an admirable uncle who happened to be a lawyer or doctor or clergyman. Instead, it was urged, the choice should be based upon thorough understanding imparted by a carefully designed course of lectures.

As President Eliot did not seem to be impressed with the suggestion, and as, after several years, no official action has been outlined, THE COSMOPOLITAN has taken the matter in hand, and will present for the benefit of young men in school or university a series of articles, covering reviews of the prospects which will offer themselves to the average man upon entering a profession.

Perhaps no profession better illustrates the importance of full and complete information for the student so well as that of the law. New conditions are hourly transforming the legal profession. Existing environment is so different from that of twenty-five years ago that a resemblance scarcely exists. To-morrow it will be still different. If the forces at work continue moving, there will be an almost complete transformation within another five years.

In the great universities there are many thousands of young men preparing for the law. It is important that they should know of these changing conditions. Professors residing within college enclosures are but too apt to live in the past. Even leading lawyers in the great cities have been slow to note the causes producing this revolution within a profession.

The young men mentioned are working hard with the fixed idea that upon graduation they will enter the professions wherein fathers or uncles or grandfathers have in the past won honors and large money rewards.

Will they?

So many college men have the law before them as a profession that it would almost seem as if the great universities are specially conducted to turn out lawyers. If science is neglected, and Latin and Greek occupy an incomprehensible prominence

in the college curriculums is it not largely because the legal profession has in the past claimed the most brilliant minds, and Latin and Greek have been from time immemorial the chief preparatory exercises for those legally inclined?

Yet even while the student of 1903 works over his translations, and reflects with satisfaction upon the use which he will make of his Latin when called to the bar, his chosen profession is being itself transformed. Almost before he can take his place in the courts, the opportunities which presented themselves to the lawyers of the last generation will no longer exist.

Why?

The answer may be found in the thorough organization which is going on in every branch of modern business life.

Take, for instance, the United States Steel Company with its eleven hundred millions of capital. This represents what not many years ago was a thousand separate businesses—perhaps ten thousand would be nearer the number.

The supplying of coal, coke, oil, limestone and transportation was divided up among an endless number of small firms. There was lack of system in making contracts, there were failures in delivering, and there were imperfect understandings and unwise and unformed methods of doing business. All along the line there were

disputes, and, just as in the early frontier days, difficulties were settled with fist or rifle, so in this later evolution, differences of opinion were settled by this not-less-fierce or savage arbitrament of the courts. For while the fisticuff method generally resulted in no very serious bodily harm and in a subsequent feeling generated by goodly respect for each other's prowess, the wrecks made by the courts—the long bitter hatreds, resultant upon legal fights, embittered society, and marred the happiness of every community.

To come back to 1902 and the United States Steel Company, we have a single company bringing ten thousand little businesses under one harmonious management. There is no room for disputes, because one board of directors, receiving high salaries only so long as they resolve wisely, is sitting for the express purpose of bringing about harmony, not discord.

Instead, then, of several thousand lawyers grouped around a number of small business interests, each finding his most profitable employment where there is misunderstanding, dispute and quarrel, we have a few able counselors employed for the exact end of preventing legal squabbles.

All over the country this organization of interests, this harmonizing of, so to speak, possibly conflicting interests—this bringing of production to a scientific basis where the maximum output can be secured—is in rapid progress. Every kind of business is undergoing this improvement.

But that is not all. Better methods of conducting business are coming into rapid adoption—contracts are more carefully made, most often upon approved forms which allow no room for misconstruction.

In Colorado, a constitutional convention, composed of bright minds gathered from many parts of the United States, and intent upon starting the new state with the fewest drawbacks to the accomplishment of business, insisted upon the adoption of a form of deed for real estate which should embrace less than three hundred words, excluding descriptions. This was to be substituted for the pages of verbiage which persons in other states have insisted upon as necessary to a proper conveyance. Boundaries of real property were reduced to geometrical forms which any one might

understand. As a consequence, the drawing of a deed in Colorado can be performed by any fairly intelligent citizen.

The lawmakers of the state also provided that the collection of all taxes—state, county, city, school, military and poll—should be concentrated in a single office, that of the County Treasurer, where the humblest individual may safely pay his taxes without legal advice, or even determine the tax liens existing against any piece of property which he contemplates purchasing. Compare with this, Westchester County, New York, with its several kinds of taxes—each collected from some law office or barroom, as the collector may select—notices of times of collection posted on trees, no receipts, describing the property, given—a system of confusion, combined with encouragement to blackmail in penalties—which would compare favorably with the most benighted province of Turkey.

The men who sat in that convention were intent upon securing laws drawn with a view to simplifying life—not, as has so often been the case, with an eye to forcing by these intricacies the heavy costs of legal counsel.

In nearly every state there has been an effort, during the past dozen years, to remove unnecessary complications. The growing demand in this direction will, within a few years, force upon the statute-books of every state, laws of like explicit character. This is the trend of the times—everywhere simplicity of forms, so that the brain and hand of man be left free for the highest work of production.

In every city, trust companies are being formed to take over the guardianship of estates, and a dozen other functions, formerly almost exclusively in the hands of the legal profession. The system of these companies is such that but few highly trained men are necessary. The work is largely performed by clerks. The young lawyer who enters their employ, unless of extraordinarily brilliant mind, leaves behind him the hope of appearing before the public, or of becoming otherwise distinguished. His life must largely remain one of routine.

Another form of organized work is that of title-guaranty companies. It is only a few years since in every part of the country

one of the chief businesses of the attorney was the examination of land-titles. Tens of thousands of lawyers were engaged in this work. It is needless to state that many careless searches, and some by stupid minds, resulted in misunderstandings of titles, and false reports thereon. All of which meant additional searches of title, and consequent, prolonged and expensive litigation. Within the past fifteen years corporations with large capital have been engaged in all the leading cities in taking on not only this work of examining the titles but afterward guaranteeing, at a reasonable charge, the validity of the same, thus removing these titles permanently from the court as matters for dispute. Add to these causes that large number of titles which, owing to crude methods of survey and irregular records, were in dispute twenty or thirty years ago, but have gradually been brought into court and permanently quieted.

We have thus many causes at work, tending to minimize litigation in regard to land-titles. First: Simple and well-understood methods of conveying and taxing. Second: The absorption of business from the lawyers and courts by the guaranty companies. Third: The natural settlement of all questions affecting titles, because increasing values and necessity for unencumbered transfers make settlement necessary. Fourth: The guaranty companies which are being organized to cover all classes of risk.

The business man operating in a small way can, by insurance in these companies, prevent himself being made the victim of unscrupulous legal proceedings. Formerly a slight technicality was in danger of being taken advantage of by a smart attorney, who saw in the law an instrument intended solely as a means of livelihood for a profession. If, rather than be unjustly mulcted, the victim submitted to a long and vexatious suit, the cost of defense, the time consumed in preparation, were often greater than the sum demanded. Many preferred to pay a part rather than be compelled to suffer the greater loss which would follow even if the verdict were given in their favor.

Now, a large number of these classes are insured by the guaranty system. The attorney forcing litigation cannot hope for

compromise. Instead of a man anxious to get away from the courts to his affairs, he must encounter a large and fully equipped legal bureau, which will fight an unjust claim to the last extreme, while the business man, by the payment of a moderate fee, has escaped the harrassment of what is but too often only a form of blackmail.

But perhaps that cause which more than any other is revolutionizing the legal profession is the tendency to organize great legal firms where two or three able men, controlling the business of large corporations, are able to employ many lawyers not as partners but as paid assistants. There are law firms which have on their rolls more than one hundred persons, of whom one-half have been admitted to practise. Three or four names only are known to the public, and these reap the fees of success. The others are, to all intents and purposes, clerks, drawing not even very high salaries, because the universities are turning out lawyers in such endless profusion: the supply so far exceeding the demand, that many able men are compelled to take these underpaid positions.

One other cause is working strenuously to diminish business before the courts. This is the dawning recognition by the business man that for every dollar he succeeds in collecting through the law, he has been charged a dollar for legal fees and expenses. This is so well understood that no really able organizer ever contemplates the law, except to prevent unfair advantage when such is intended.

This brings us to the discussion of the three classes of lawyers known to modern life. The first stand high. They are men of marked mental caliber, practising their profession honorably, preventing litigation whenever possible—conducting it, when necessary, in a straightforward way, and reflecting credit at all times on their profession.

The second is composed of the unfortunates, who, because of slight mental equipment, or lack of opportunity, or naturally low moral standards, have sunk to the point of using the law as club with which to hold up the fortunate and the unfortunate of the men engaged in the business world.

Unfortunately, but too many technicalities occur in connection with the law not to give opportunity to the conscienceless man to attack his neighbor, if so disposed, either by hatred or a desire for gain. The number of men who are desperate because of families dependent upon them, or because of extravagant habits, who are ready to use the law in ways entirely unscrupulous, is, in great cities like New York, the crying scandal of the profession.

The time is, however, not far distant when bar associations will distinctly define the ethics which must regulate the conduct of every lawyer in good standing at the bar.

✧ The third class of lawyers is so new as scarcely to be generally known. But the developments of the past ten years have already produced many distinguished examples. This new division is that of the counselor who becomes connected with large business affairs. His first duty is to prevent litigation. In the second place, he familiarizes himself with every department, and keeps in touch with the officers and all of the company's affairs. Less technical in his training, and perhaps for that reason more capable of taking a bird's-eye view of the company's affairs than those more immediately interested, he becomes an efficient adviser in many directions. He familiarizes himself with questions of science which enter into the evolution of the business. Instead of being a clog upon the industry of others, he is himself a leader in the direction of highest economic development.

The young man must determine at the

beginning of his college career to which branch of the legal profession he aspires. The high position of counselor, who becomes a part of the upbuilding of great business enterprises, or that of leech, which sucks the life-blood of the industrious. Already this latter part of the profession is overcrowded to such an extent that its members are the terror of legitimate workers. Every man engaged in active life knows to his sorrow the tax which their work makes upon his time and resources by suits trumped up under the provisions of laws enacted for very different purposes.

The student, then, must decide to which branch of the profession he will attach himself. If to the constructive, and not the destructive, side of the social fabric, then the more of science he puts into his curriculum the better; and, conversely, he must take less Latin and Greek, for he will not have time for both.

There is not a branch of modern business life which does not require scientific knowledge, and the more science, of the most widely differing kinds, the better. Sooner or later it all comes into play.

If it be true that legal contention is a condition of warfare, as civilization advances that branch of it which is not constructive must pass. The student will do well to consider before making his choice what manner of world it will be with higher education generally diffused, and a consequent higher regard for one's neighbor generally prevailing. His determination of this part of his problem of life may mean to him the difference between ultimate success and failure.



NATIONAL AID TO ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

BY WALTER P. BROWNLOW, U. S. House of Representatives.

THE plan proposed in House Bill Number Fifteen Thousand Three Hundred and Sixty-nine, introduced by the writer on the first day of the present session of Congress, seeks to establish a policy, to be pursued by the United States Government, in reference to the permanent improvement of the public highways of the country. Some will say that such improvement is outside the jurisdiction of the general government, but the Constitution was ordained and established (among other things) to "promote the general welfare," and Congress is especially authorized to "establish post-offices and post-roads." Few things will contribute more in a time of peace and industrial prosperity to the general welfare than the permanent improvement of the public roads; and there never was a time when Congress could so appropriately exercise its power to establish post-roads as at present, when, to use the language of the President's message: "Rural free-delivery service is no longer in the experimental stage; it has become a fixed policy. The results following its introduction have fully justified the Congress in the large appropriations made for its establishment and extension." Every such rural free-delivery route is a post-road.

It is well known that the Congress of the United States, during the early history of the Republic, appropriated large sums of money to build and maintain a system of National roads, the most famous one of which is known as the "Old Cumberland Road," and by reason of its preeminence, the "Old National Road." This road was started in the year 1811, at Cumberland, Maryland, and continued almost due west in practically a straight line through Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to St. Louis, and is said to be the longest straight road ever built by any government in the world. Though never fully completed on the western extremity, it was substantially seven hundred miles long, and

it cost about seven million dollars, or practically ten thousand dollars a mile.

The subsequent abandonment of the policy of the United States Government, as expressed and carried out in this great road, has led many persons to suppose that the entire question of road-building, or substantial aid thereto, so far as the United States Government is concerned, had been settled and disposed of for all time; but a careful examination of the controversy, which ended in the abandonment of the former policy of the United States, will show that it turned more upon the question of jurisdiction pertaining to the control of the road by the United States Government, or by the various state governments through whose territory the road passed, than upon the right of Congress to make appropriations to build such roads. Most of the trouble resulted from the attempt to collect toll for the use of the road, and not on account of appropriations of money from the United States Government to build it. The objection was not made to a free road, but to a toll-road. The infringement of the rules for collecting toll subjected the citizens of the various states to the pains and penalties of violating a United States law, and of being arrested by United States officials.

The following paragraph, bearing upon this question, is quoted from "The Old National Road—A Chapter of American Expansion," by Archer Butler Hulbert:—

"But the road was hardly completed when a specter of constitutional cavil arose, threatening its existence. In 1822, a bill was passed, by Congress, looking toward the preservation and repair of the newly built road. It should be stated that the road-bed, though completed in one sense, was not in condition to be used extensively unless continually repaired. In many places only a single layer of broken stone had been laid, and, with the volume of traffic which was daily passing over it,

NOTE. Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee, son of the famous Brownlow who held Tennessee in line with the Union during the critical period of '61 to '64, has proposed, at the opening of the present Congress, a scheme of the wisest and most comprehensive highway improvement. Fortunately, there are enough men of influence who comprehend the immense annual loss through poor roads. THE COSMOPOLITAN has from time to time urged the very great importance of National highways. The forms of the magazine were rearranged in order to permit the insertion of Mr. Brownlow's article. It is interesting to note that the modern magazine is, after all, the forum in which even a measure before Congress must be discussed.—EDITOR.

the road did not promise to remain in good condition. In order to secure funds for the constant repairs necessary, this bill ordered the establishment of turnpikes with gates and tolls. The bill was immediately vetoed by President Monroe on the ground that Congress, according to his interpretation of the Constitution, did not have the power to pass such a sweeping measure of internal improvement.

"The President based his conclusion upon the following grounds, stated in a special message to Congress, dated May 4, 1822:—

'A power to establish turnpikes, with gates and tolls, and to enforce the collection of the tolls by penalties, implies a power to adopt and execute a complete system of internal improvements. A right to impose duties, to be paid by all persons passing a certain road, and on horses and carriages, as is done by this bill, involves the right to take the land from the proprietor on a valuation, and to pass laws for the protection of the road from injuries; and, if it exists as to one road, it exists as to any other, and to as many roads as Congress may think proper to establish. A right to legislate for the others. It is a complete right of jurisdiction and sovereignty for all the purposes of internal improvement, and not merely the right of applying money under the power vested in Congress to make appropriations (under which power, with the consent of the states through which the road passes, the work was originally commenced, and has been so far executed).''

The original policy of the United States Government, by which it appropriated all the money required to build a great road, was followed by the other extreme of appropriating nothing either to build or maintain or to contribute in any way to the betterment of the common highways of the country. This latter policy has continued for practically two generations, and the result is that there has been very little improvement in our public roads. While the Nation has made more progress than any other nation in the world during that time, it is a remarkable fact that it is behind all other civilized nations in reference to the improvement of its highways. It seems that by the former policy the Government did too much, and by the latter policy it

does too little. There should be a middle ground between these two extremes, which would conform to the composite nature of our Government, and have a tendency to distribute more equitably its burdens and benefits.

A reference to the present bill will show that it does not seek to reestablish the original policy, requiring the United States Government to appropriate the total amount of money necessary to improve any given highway, but that it only provides that the Government shall contribute one-half of its cost, when the road is built, in cooperation with "any state or political subdivision thereof." The following sections are quoted from the bill:—

"Section 5. That any state or political subdivision thereof, through its proper officers having jurisdiction of the public roads, may apply to the Director of the Bureau of Public Roads for cooperation in the actual construction of a permanent improvement of any public highway within the said state in the following manner: Every application for the cooperation herein provided for shall be accompanied by a properly certified resolution, stating that the public interest demands the improvement of the highway described therein, but such description shall not include any portion of a highway within the boundaries of any city or incorporated village.

"Section 6. That the Director of said Bureau, upon receipt of any such application, shall investigate and determine whether the highway or section thereof sought to be improved is of sufficient public importance to come within the purposes of this Act, taking into account the use, location and value of such highway or section thereof for the purposes of common traffic and travel, and for the rural free delivery of mail by the United States Government, and after such investigation shall certify his approval of such application. If he shall disapprove such application, he shall certify his reasons therefor to the public officer or officers making the application.

"Section 7. That if the Director of said Bureau shall approve such application, he shall cause the highway or section thereof therein described to be mapped, both in outline and profile. He shall indicate how

much of such highway or section thereof may be improved by deviation from the existing lines whenever it shall be deemed of advantage to obtain a shorter or more direct road without lessening its usefulness, or wherever such deviation is of advantage by reason of lessened gradients. He shall also cause plans and specifications of such highway or section thereof to be made for telford, macadam or gravel roadway, or other suitable construction, taking into consideration climate, soil and material to be had in the vicinity thereof, and the extent and nature of the traffic likely to be upon the highway, specifying in his judgment the kind of road a wise economy demands."

It is important to notice that in case any state should fail to avail itself of the privileges granted in this bill, any political subdivision of the state could take advantage of it. Some of the states have provided political machinery whereby they can take charge of, and direct the work of, road-making; others have not, but there is no state that has not some political subdivisions in it that are provided with the proper political machinery for putting this work into operation, and they may thereby avail themselves of all the benefits provided for in the bill. In order that no state may receive an undue advantage in the distribution of this fund by reason of priority of application or greater ability to furnish its portion of the cost, it is provided in Section Thirteen "that no state shall receive in aid of road-construction out of any money appropriated for that purpose according to the provisions of this Act a greater proportion of the total amount appropriated than its population bears to the total population of the United States."

The change in the policy of the United States Government, as indicated above, has been adopted by all of the states in the Union that originally built state roads or gave substantial aid in maintaining them. Many of the older states followed concurrently the original policy of the United States in building and maintaining state roads within their limits as the United States Government built and maintained the National-road system connecting state with state. But all these various states abandoned that policy, and followed the ex-

ample set by the general Government of withdrawing their support from the movement, and the result has been that the entire cost of building good roads in the United States during the last two generations has fallen upon the counties or the townships or the districts in the immediate locality of the road improved. The entire burden of road construction has therefore been thrown upon the people and property of the rural districts, which has proven to be too heavy a burden for most of them to bear. The consequence is that it has been dropped to a great extent, and the roads remain unimproved.

It was perhaps not unnatural when the great mass of all the people in the United States lived in the rural districts, to require each community to make such improvements as it chose of its own public roads; but at the present time a very large proportion of the population and a much larger proportion of the wealth is concentrated in large cities, and according to the generally prevailing method they do not contribute anything to the improvement of the highways. It is therefore desirable that some new method should be introduced whereby all the people shall contribute to the improvement of all the roads. This is not only desirable, but it is just and equitable, because the public highways belong to all the people, and their improvement is beneficial to those living in the great cities as well as to those living in rural districts. This is especially true when we consider the newly invented vehicles that are now in common use upon the highways—that is to say, the bicycle, the automobile, and the suburban street-car.

Within the past few years several progressive states have inaugurated a new method of cooperation different from that prevailing at any time before in this country either according to the policy of the general Government or the government of any of the states. The beneficial results that spring from such a cooperative method of building permanent highways have been well illustrated by the States of New Jersey, Massachusetts, and New York. In each of these states a general road fund is provided by taxing all the property in the entire state, both city and country.

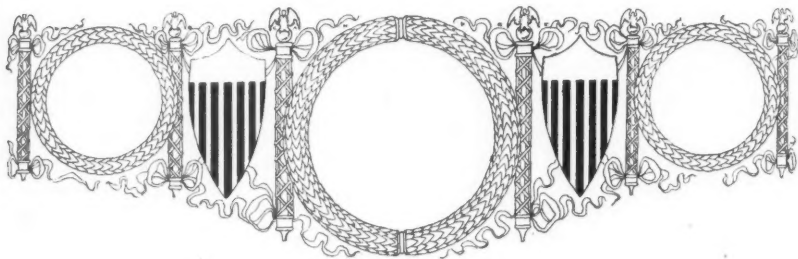
The fund so raised is contributed to very

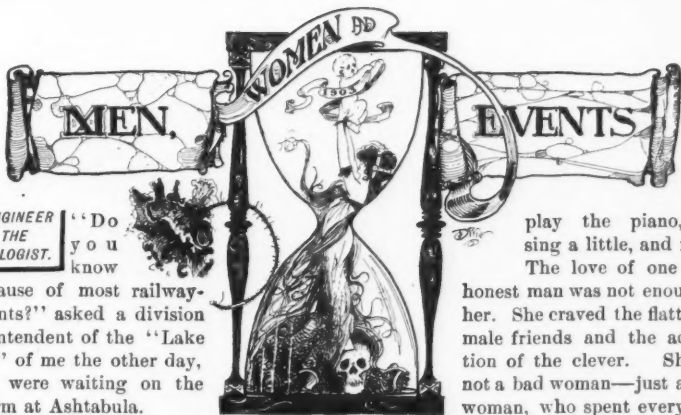
largely by those who, under the heretofore-prevailing plan, would not pay anything for such purposes. In the State of New York, nearly ninety per cent. of the state tax, and consequently of the road-fund, is paid by people living in great cities, and by the corporations of the state, so that only about ten per cent. of the state road-fund is paid by the owners of property in the rural districts, although by a provision of the law one-half of the cost of each and every improved highway is paid for out of this general fund, the remaining half being paid by the county, fifteen per cent. of which may be taxed against the property abutting upon the improved road. In the twelfth section of the bill is a proviso that "nothing herein shall be construed to prevent any state or political subdivision thereof from distributing the said one-half, so that the state may bear a portion, the county a portion, and the owners abutting on the said road another portion."

The bill under consideration seeks to extend the principles of cooperation to a still greater extent, and to bring in the United States Government as a cooperating factor to contribute its quota out of a fund that is still more general than any state fund could be, and to which all the people contribute more or less. If it is wise and equitable and beneficial for the State of New York to raise a general fund, out of which a portion of the cost of constructing the highways is to be paid, it would seem to be just as equitable and beneficial for the United States Government, having already raised the general fund, to contribute

a portion toward the cost of constructing permanent highways in each and every state. Appropriations made by Congress for the River and Harbor Bill aggregate in the whole something over four hundred and forty million dollars, and the last annual River and Harbor Bill appropriated an amount nearly equal to one dollar per capita for all the people of the United States, for the single purpose of cheapening transportation over water by deepening the water in the rivers and harbors; whereas the entire appropriation annually by any state for all state purposes seldom exceeds one dollar per capita, and is generally less. If it is a good policy to appropriate so liberally in the River and Harbor Bill, which no one seems to doubt, it may be just as good policy to contribute with equal liberality to cheapening transportation over land, and especially when it is considered that for every dollar contributed by the United States, at least an equal amount must be contributed by the various states and subdivisions to supplement that fund, which is not the case in the River and Harbor Bill.

Another reason for this course will be found in the fact that nearly all great appropriations made by the United States Government are expended in or near great cities, while but little, and generally nothing, is expended in the rural district to benefit the inhabitants thereof. The great river-and-harbor improvements, and the great public buildings are found mostly in the great cities, and illustrate the general rule.





THE ENGINEER
AND THE
PSYCHOLOGIST.

"Do
you
know

the cause of most railway-accidents?" asked a division superintendent of the "Lake Shore" of me the other day, as we were waiting on the platform at Ashtabula.

"What causes most accidents? Why, disobedience of orders," I answered.

"No; it is domestic infelicity. 'Disobedience of orders,' you say, and this is partially right, but the cause lies deeper. Why should a railway-employee disobey orders? Why should an engineer run past the station where he is ordered to stop? It is his own life he endangers most. Why should a train-despatcher send out two trains, facing each other, on same time, on one track? Or why should a switch-tender throw a switch right in front of a fast express?"

"You call these things accidents, but that is not the word. They are the result of mental conditions, and it is for the general manager to be on the lookout for these conditions, and every good railroad-manager now is. Do you remember when two passenger-trains met head-on, out in Indiana, last year? The engineer of one of those trains had in his pocket an order to take the side-track at a certain station. He ran by that station at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and in five minutes there was a crash that snuffed out fifty-four lives and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property.

"The cause of that crash was marital trouble. I knew the engineer. Let us call him Hank Bristol, for that wasn't his name. He was married to a smashing, dashing, beautiful creature, and they boarded at a hotel. They had no children. I boarded there, too; and we all made eyes at Hank's beautiful wife. She used to

play the piano, and sing a little, and recite.

The love of one plain, honest man was not enough for her. She craved the flattery of male friends and the admiration of the clever. She was not a bad woman—just an idle woman, who spent every spare

cent Hank earned on fine clothes, and, of course, wanted the finery and her shape to be admired. Hank was proud of her, too. One evening he kissed the dear creature good-by, and went out to make a night-run. He went to the roundhouse, and at the last moment the Old Man decided to save Hank back, and let him take out a special, carrying the president and directors of the road, in the morning. Hank was tickled, for it was a great compliment to him. He went home to tell his wife. He used to tell her everything.

"But when he got home she wasn't there. She had gone to the theater with a boot-and-shoe drummer.

"Hank went away, and walked the street all night. His wife never knew, and I believe she doesn't yet. He walked the streets all night, and ran out the special in the morning.

"But, after that, he was never the same. He used to confide in me—he just *had* to tell some one to keep his heart from bursting.

"He grew absent-minded, lost flesh, appetite was gone, and he was nervous. The doctor said he should quit coffee, and cut out half the tobacco.

"I knew what was the matter—he was jealous. I told him so, and he laughed a laugh that gave me goose-flesh. 'I jealous? Why, Bill, you do not know me! I jealous? The idea! No, I am only mad at myself, Bill, because I am married to a damned fool of a woman, who makes my

heart eat itself out with grief, because she lives on the fringe of folly. Why don't I leave her! My God, Bill, that is the trouble—I can't! I love her!"

"Hank didn't work on our road, or I'd never have let him touch a throttle-valve, even if he'd been my brother. I knew it would come. He was found under his engine, the order that he had disobeyed in his pocket, and a picture of the woman who caused the disaster in his watch. No, it probably has never dawned upon this woman that she caused the wreck. She wore deep mourning, and the cutest little black bonnet with a white ruche. She was the most fetching widow you ever saw, and she knew it.

"Yes, that is what I said—'marital infelicity' causes the railroad-wrecks, and most others, too.

"The only safe man is the one whose heart is at rest—he who has a home, and a wife who stays there, and minds her business, looks after the babies, has no secrets, and does not make eyes at other men—that's the kind! I know every man that works for me, and I know a disturbed, distressed and jealous man a train-length away. My heart bleeds for 'em, but I serve the public, and none such can run an engine for me.

"Do you see that man in the blue overalls, down there at the end of the platform? Well, he is the engineer that will take out this train. See how calm, satisfied and self-possessed he is; he has no cares, no anxieties beyond the desire to do his work well. See him now walking around his engine, lovingly looking it over. He is not so awfully brilliant, but he will never disappoint employers. Now, at a point about two miles out, you will hear the engine give three soft toots, and over to the left, a woman will come out of a white cottage, and wave her apron."

The conductor called "All aboard!" the bell clanged warningly, we stepped aboard the coach, and the train started. We had reached the outskirts of the town, and were skimming along at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The engine gave three short, soft toots, and I saw the white cottage, a woman standing on the back porch with children holding on to her skirts all 'round. She was waving a big check apron!

"What did I tell you?" asked the superintendent. "That man's heart is at rest. He will never forget an order; his mind is free, so he does his work properly!"

ELBERT HUBBARD.

